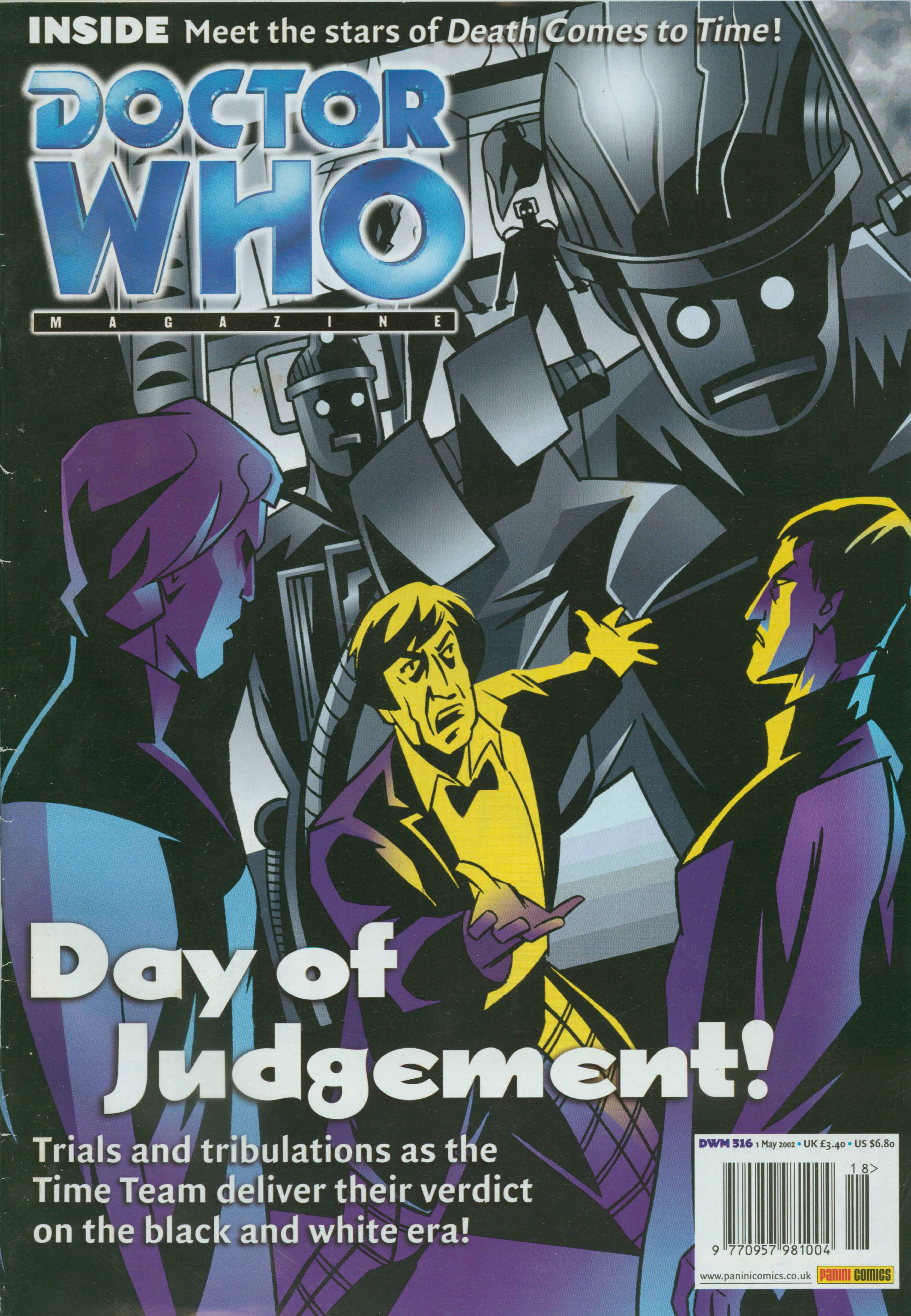
INSIDE Meet the stars of *Death Comes to Time!*

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE



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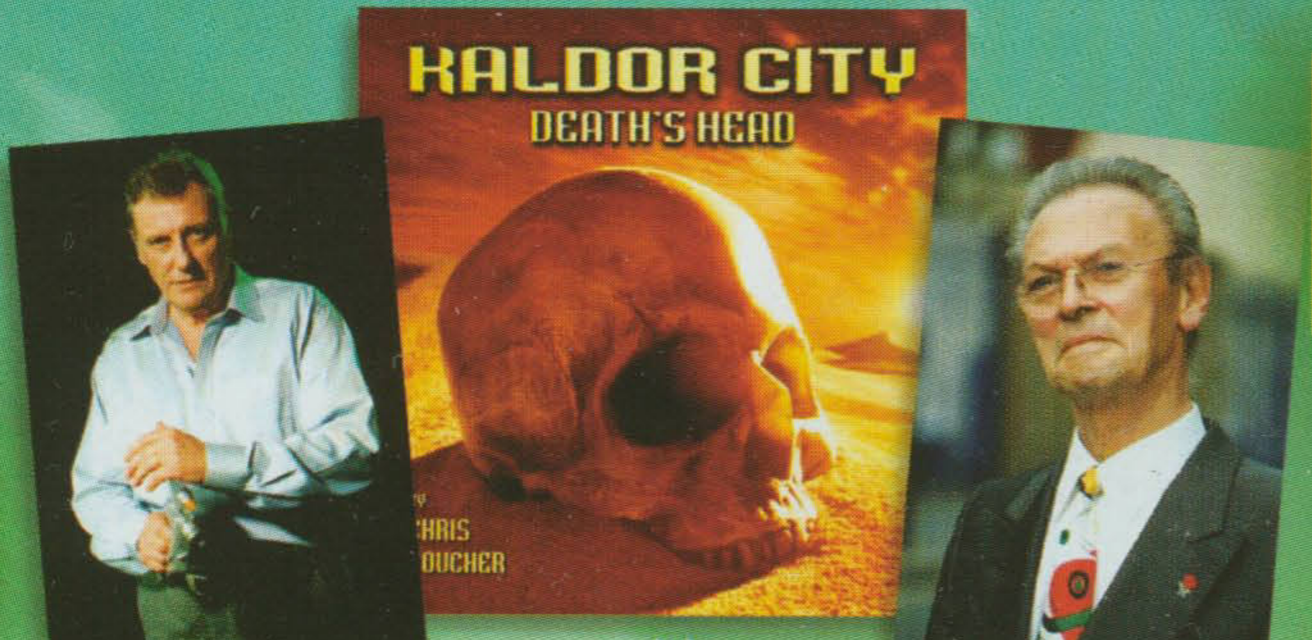
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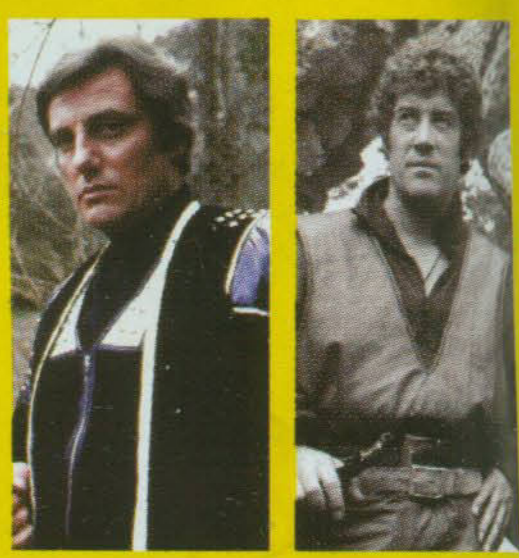

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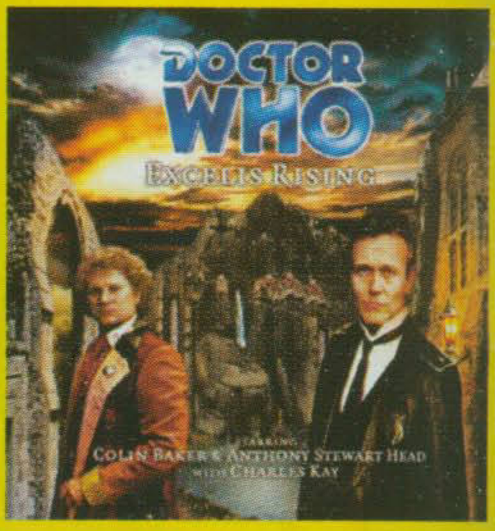
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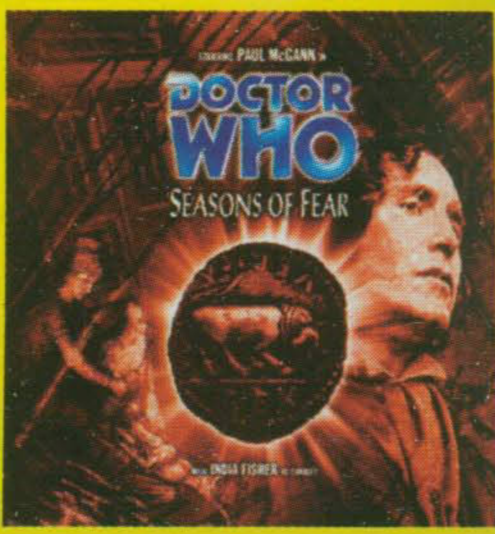
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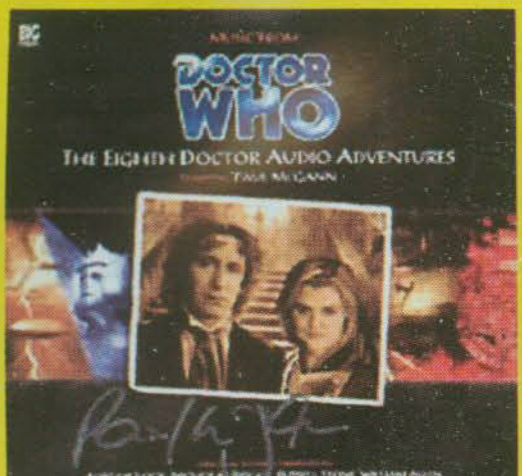
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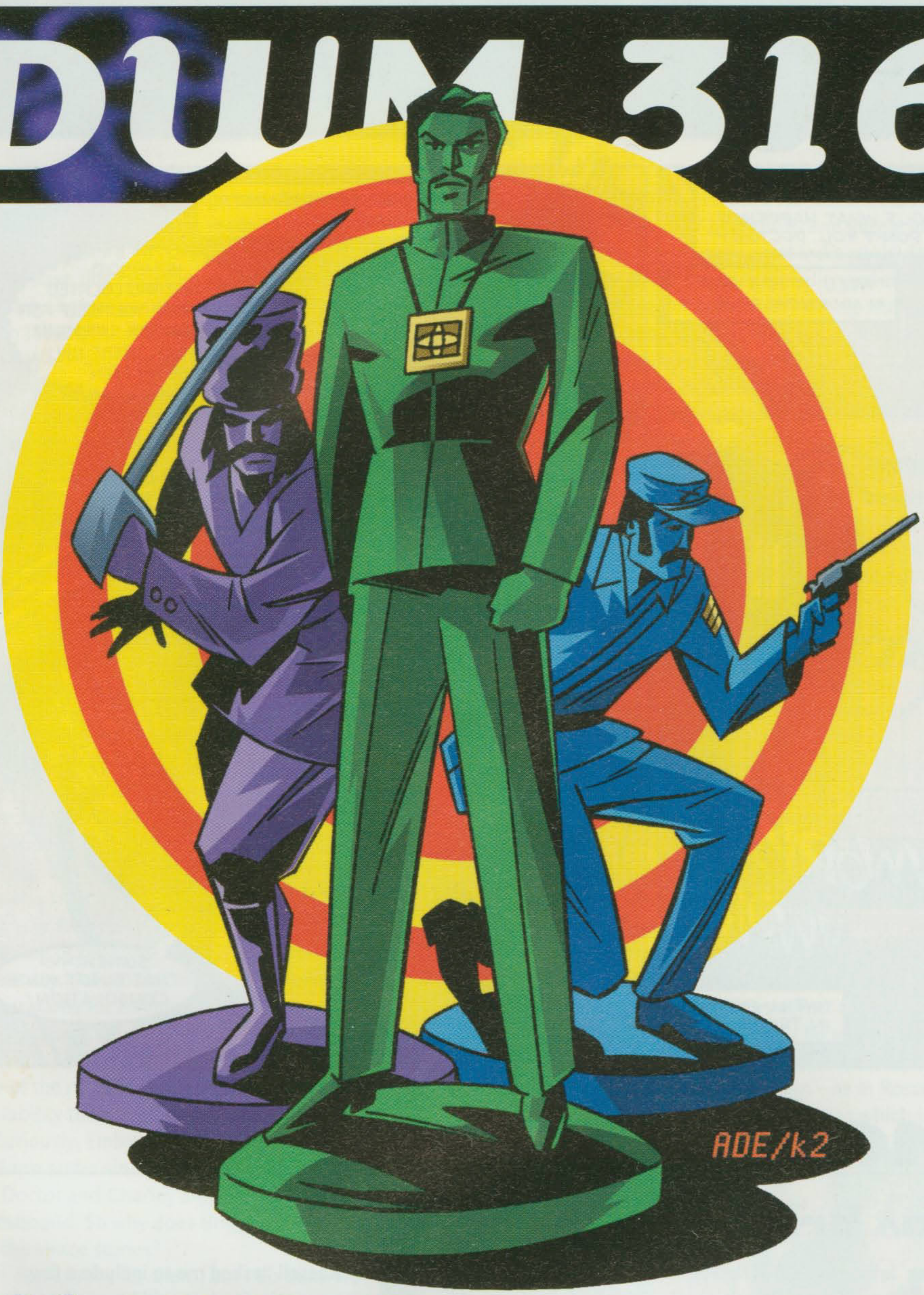
DWM 316

'It's bollocks really, isn't it?'



FEATURES

8 Sounds familiar

DWM catches up with the stellar cast of BBCi's *Doctor Who* internet drama, *Death Comes to Time*!

14 Out of the pit

In the final part of our interview, Christopher Barry recalls visceral violence, phallic foes and furry fiends!

20 Doc Hollywood

Or how to make a big-budget *Doctor Who* movie without upsetting everyone under the sun. Well, possibly ...

50 Read all about it!

The Watcher is on holiday, so we present tomorrow's news today via the *Space-Time Telegraph*!

REGULARS

4 **Coming Up ...**
7 **Gallifrey Guardian**
30 **The DWM Archive**
The Space Museum
36 **Comic strip**
Children of the Revolution Part Five
45 **Timelines**
46 **The DWM Review**

26 COVER STORY

The trial of a Time Lord

This issue, **DWM**'s Time Team reach *The War Games* – and the end of their journey through *Doctor Who*'s black-and-white years. To mark the occasion, they take a look back over six seasons of monochrome madness and give us their verdict ...

War Lord Clayton Hickman
War Chief Benjamin Cook
SIDRAT Peri Godbold

Production Mark Irvine
Managing Editor Alan O'Keefe
Managing Director Mike Riddell

Front cover Adrian Salmon

Thanks to Sophie Aldred, Christopher Barry, David Brunt, Kevin Davies, Kevin Eldon, Leonard Fenton, Dan Freedman, John Humphries, Julian Knott, Sylvester McCoy, Andrew Paresi, Jac Rayner, Justin Richards, Robert Rietty, Gareth Roberts, Julie Rogers, Gary Russell, John Sessions, Jan Vincent-Rudzki, Martin Wiggins, BBC Worldwide, Big Finish.
Big hugs to James Goss, Rob Francis and Ann Kelly at BBCi

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Editor's letter INSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Something very exciting happened to me last week – I got to go inside Doctor Who's TARDIS! No, honestly!

Working on **DWM**'s coverage of *Death Comes to Time* (I assume you're listening to it already? If not, get thee to *www.bbc.co.uk/cult* right after you've read the feature that starts on page 8), I was lucky enough to pay a visit to TV Centre, meeting the lovely lads and lasses of BBCi. As part of my grand tour – taking in the infamous BBC canteen and the disappointingly-postage-stamp-sized *Blue Peter* garden – we wandered down to the scene store, where bits and bobs of sets and props while away the time until next needed. And there, next to some old *Top of the Pops* lighting rigs and an arched window of uncertain origin was the TARDIS. Just standing there. *The* TARDIS. Obviously, I owed it to myself to step through those doors ...

Okay, so I'm a grown up (near enough), and I *knew* that I wasn't going to enter an impossibly large, brightly-lit hexagonal control room about the height and breadth of a small restaurant. But the titchy, fibreglassy, slightly cleaning-fluid-odoured interior still came as a disappointment. It's all very well reading **DWM**'s *Archives* and learning about mirrorlon, rehearsals in the Drill Hall and all the other minutae of *Doctor Who*'s production – as grown ups we can take it in our stride 'cos we know it's only a television series *really* – but when you're standing inside the TARDIS and can see the big hole in the roof where the light is meant to fit, it's hard not to feel just a mite depressed. Where was the magic?

Just as we were closing the doors, an old man in overalls, who looked like he'd been working at the Beeb since Ally Pally, clocked us messing about with BBC property. I expected a brisk "clear orf aht of it!" from him, but instead he called over: "'Ere, careful lads! You'll get yerselves lost in there!" and scurried off, chuckling.

Ah, *there* was the magic.

Clay

Coming Up ...

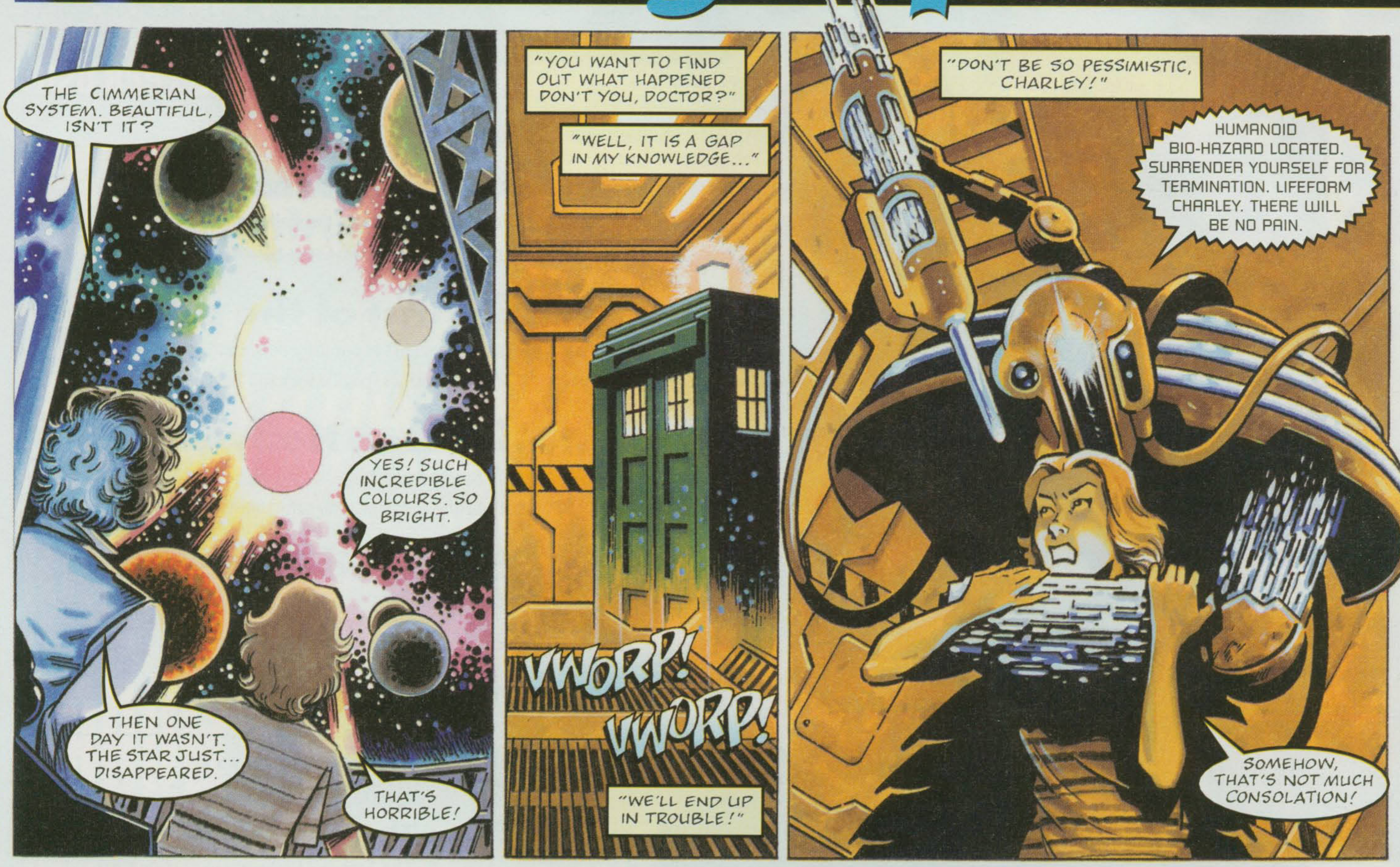
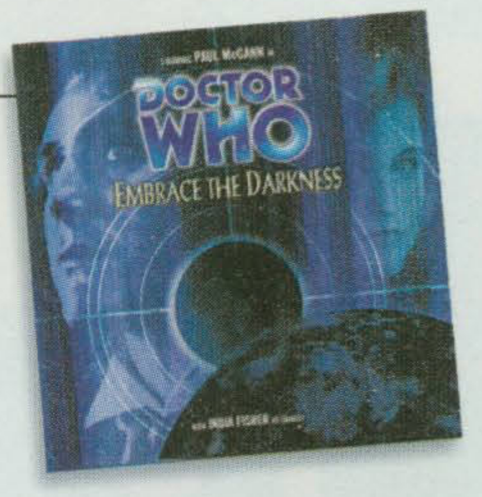

THE CIMMERIAN SYSTEM. BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?
YES! SUCH INCREDIBLE COLOURS. SO BRIGHT.
THEN ONE DAY IT WASN'T. THE STAR JUST... DISAPPEARED.
THAT'S HORRIBLE!
"YOU WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED DON'T YOU, DOCTOR?"
"WELL, IT IS A GAP IN MY KNOWLEDGE..."
VWORP! VWORP!
"WE'LL END UP IN TROUBLE!"
"DON'T BE SO PESSIMISTIC, CHARLEY!"
HUMANOID BIO-HAZARD LOCATED. SURRENDER YOURSELF FOR TERMINATION. LIFEFORM CHARLEY. THERE WILL BE NO PAIN.
SOMEHOW, THAT'S NOT MUCH CONSOLATION!

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GERAGHTY

Embrace the Darkness

an audio drama by Nicholas Briggs


DOCTOR WHO
EMBRACE THE DARKNESS

Released on 29 April
Featuring The Eighth Doctor and Charley
Enemies The Cimmerians, if they really exist – plus an artificial protector.
Setting The sunless Cimmerian System
You'll like this if you like ... Stories where scientific outposts are under attack (*The Moonbase*, *Colony in Space*, *Planet of Evil*); computers that run ships (*2001*, *Blake's 7*); audio drama that could never be shown on TV ...
Listen out for ... The different voices of the ROSM robot

The Doctor Paul McGann
Charley Pollard India Fisher
Orllensa Nicola Boyce
Ferras Lee Moone
Haliard Mark McDonnell
ROSM Ian Brooker
Cimmerians Ian Brooker, Nicholas Briggs

Music Jim Mortimore
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Nicholas Briggs

"Cimmerian: Of darkness. Of the Cimerii, a people fabled by the ancients to live in perpetual darkness."

Taking action to avoid others in the Vortex, the Doctor places the TARDIS within sight of the Cimmerian system – so named by Throxillian explorers after its sun vanished. Intrigued by legends about the star's disappearance, he and Charley are loitering when they are intercepted by an automated Rescue Operational Security Module. The implacably logical ROSM is to rendezvous with a small Throxillian party at the Cimmerian IV scientific base. They think the planet is uninhabited, but someone has already attacked the base, plunging its inhabitants into darkness ...

How can the Doctor and Charley evade the ROSM's ruthless protection of its mission objectives? If there are Cimmerians attacking the base, what could their purpose be in spreading darkness? And what long-dormant peril will be awoken should the darkness be lifted?

What could have happened to make a sun vanish?

Embrace the Darkness is the second Eighth Doctor story to be both scripted and directed by Nicholas Briggs, after last season's *Sword of Orion*. Briggs was busy for much of 2001 writing, directing and producing the *Dalek Empire* quartet of CD stories; yet *Embrace the Darkness* is not his only contribution to the 2002 season featuring Paul McGann. For good measure, he also directed next month's release, *The Time of the Daleks*, back-to-back with this story.

Asked how his work on this Eighth Doctor season fell into place, Briggs says: "I think it was always intended that I'd do another McGann script, but I was never sure of where it would fit in." He recalls that producer Gary Russell "asked me to include a few things for season continuity, but said he was keen for mine to be a bit of a respite from the story arc."

So what was Briggs's starting point for this story? The ancient word 'Cimmerian', in dictionaries, refers to a mythical people described by Homer as dwelling in a remote realm of mist and gloom. Had Briggs wanted to write a *Doctor Who* version of that legend?

"Not exactly. My starting point for the story was to think of a new kind of alien race. The best source of inspiration is the variety of species on Earth. So, just as an exercise, I thought, 'What about moths?' They'd kind of been done in *The Web Planet* – but what is it that's interesting about moths? One thing is their attraction to light ... but what if another race attracted to light was terribly destructive? What could be done to stop them – shut out the light maybe? It developed from there, and the moths got left far, far behind... It was only when I started filling in detailed motivations that I stumbled upon the Cimmerii thing. Dictionaries are very useful for story inspiration, you know. I was actually looking for fancy terms which meant 'without light'.

"I also wanted to take the very traditional 'base under threat' principle, familiar since the Troughton era, and give it a nasty twist: to experiment with making the audience dread what was coming next. I aimed to veer towards psychological horror, utilising the audio medium to make that less about blood and guts and more about fear."

Had the core idea been with him for long? "Yes, since just after *The Sirens of Time*" – Big Finish's début

Doctor Who story, also written and directed by Briggs. "I'd been fiddling around, ready to pitch another new story, long before McGann materialised." And did it always have this rather imperious title? "I originally had two alternatives, one was *Embrace the Darkness* – which I liked, but felt was a bit more *Star Trek* than *Doctor Who* – and the other would have been *Return of the Cimmerians*, I suppose. But Gary loved the former, so I was very happy. It fulfils my basic principle of good titles balancing something nice with something nasty. Embrace: nice. Darkness: nasty. Works a treat. Oh, and my next script is called *Creatures of Beauty* ..."

Having directed over one-quarter of Big Finish's *Doctor Who* releases prior to this season, it pretty much went without saying that Briggs would take charge of this one. "Since I can direct and have quite a lot of experience directing, for video and theatre as well as audio, it seemed a fairly logical choice. It means that I know the material well and can attend to any rewrites on the spot."

How, then, had he balanced handling two stories during the hectic recording block in January 2001? "The one didn't impinge upon the other," says Briggs. "Directing *The Time of the Daleks* just meant that I had two jobs in a row. I had one day without Paul McGann for *Time*, so I did every scene without him. In the time left over, since I had the cast already there, I did a couple of *Embrace* scenes too. Then we had the hard, hard slog of doing all Paul's *Time of the Daleks* scenes in one day and a break the next to do last minute preparations for *Embrace*. For *Embrace*, we had a day and a half's recording, and Paul did comment to me that he felt like he was being dragged down the fast lane of the motorway; but it was, unfortunately, his availability that created the problem."

Curiously, *Embrace The Darkness* is the first McGann audio since *Sword of Orion* in which the Doctor and Charley aren't at all Earthbound. So why does Briggs always get the space stories?

The crew of the Cimmerian IV scientific base. Tactile, ain't they?

"I don't lobby for them, but I do think we do too many stories set on Earth. I mean, the Doctor has all of space and time to explore. I know it's a question of making the predicament of the story meaningful and interesting to we Earthlings, but it's good to have a change. I think it makes us sympathise more with the Doctor and his companion if we surround them with aliens and 'space people'. We cling to familiar elements for reassurance. It also gives more chance for a story to contain a big frightening concept, out there in deep dark space ..."

Having worked on both McGann seasons, did Briggs find himself adding much to the regulars' characters? Had the actors' approach changed at all, several months after recording their first season?

"Paul McGann had already done a week's recording for the season when I went into studio with him, and he'd really developed the Doctor's eccentricity, far more than previously. He was quite bubbly – and of course he and India get on like a house on fire. They bounce off each other beautifully and giggle together at lunch a lot. Having seen what India could do last year, I knew I could throw real challenges at her. So that's why I gave her some really strong stuff: she gives the Doctor a good dressing down in Part Three. She's a fabulous actor, so uncomplicated in her approach. She just goes for it with every instinct in her body: I love that kind of single-mindedness. I think she's made Charley one of Big Finish's most exciting characters. She's a great ambassador too, and, of course, she's such a delight to work with. It's beer, fags and dirty jokes all the way with India. Fabulous! Actually, I said that at a convention once, and everyone went quiet – but it's not a criticism, it's a recommendation!"

The guest cast in *Embrace* are all actors who re-appear in *The Time of the Daleks*, and mostly again in *Neverland*. Mark McDonnell and Ian Brooker then went on to appear in the *Dalek Empire* series. How did Briggs come to cast them for *Embrace*? Had he written any characters with individuals in mind?

"No, but for cost reasons I knew I had to cross-cast with *Time*. Gary recommended Mark McDonnell – who'd previously been in *The Fearmonger* – and he was great. I was already formulating *Dalek Empire* then, and it hit me that Mark would be excellent in the lead. He's a great actor and a great bloke. He makes me laugh a lot. Need I mention beer and fags again? Ian Brooker sent me a voice demo on spec and it was fantastic! He's such an accomplished radio actor and he knows his *Doctor Who*. He is fabulous at just coming up with weird voices. 'Er... Ian, could you be a funny little alien creature?' 'Sure ...', and off he goes. Ian did two distinct voices for the ROSM robot – as in Rossum's Universal Robots, the Karel Capek play which introduced the word robot. There's a very unfriendly Billygoat gruff voice for the combat units, then this rather cultured, slightly irritated, pedantic purr for the central processor. Some of the *Embrace* cast ended up in *Neverland*, because we knew they'd be around for the recording and they'd already proved themselves to be excellent."

The coquettish cast: Lee Moone, Ian Brooker, Nicola Boyce, Mark McDonnell and India Fisher mug for all they're worth! © BIG FINISH

On this occasion, Briggs didn't handle the editing of the story, and some revisions were made during the process. "Jim Mortimore, who did post-production, because I was too busy with *Dalek Empire*, is a very accomplished writer. He brought some of this strength to the editing process, by picking up on some story issues in *Embrace*. After a lot of forthright discussion, we agreed to cut a couple of scenes, and the result was that the plot was tightened up and the dramatic impact was increased. Well done to Jim for that. He's also done some of the weirdest, most wonderful music you've ever heard, by the way. Great stuff!" Briggs pauses. "It's actually ended up far creepier than I'd expected."

One to listen to with the lights off, by all accounts ...

MARK WYMAN

Time-Path Indicator

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN *DOCTOR WHO*

APRIL

Saturday 6

TV Doctor Who: Frontier in Space by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

Sunday 7

TV Doctor Who: Planet of the Daleks by Terry Nation [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

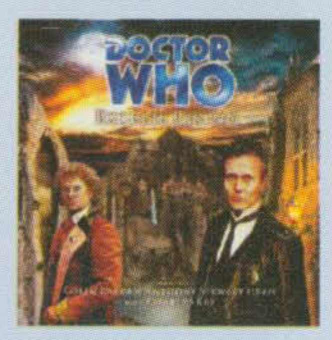
Monday 8

DVD Doctor Who: The Ark in Space by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry] BBC Video

Novel Doctor Who: Amorality Tale by David Bishop [Third Doctor & Sarah] BBC Books

Novel Doctor Who: Trading Futures by Lance Parkin [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] BBC Books

Audio drama Doctor Who: Excelis Rising by David A McIntee [Sixth Doctor] Big Finish



Saturday 13

TV Doctor Who: The Green Death by Robert Sloman [Third Doctor & Jo] UK Gold

Sunday 14

TV Doctor Who: The Time Warrior by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Saturday 20

TV Doctor Who: Invasion of the Dinosaurs by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Sunday 21

TV Doctor Who: Death to the Daleks by Terry Nation [Third Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Saturday 27

TV Doctor Who: The Monster of Peladon by Brian Hayles [Third Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Sunday 28

TV Doctor Who: Planet of the Spiders by Robert Sloman [Third Doctor & Sarah] UK Gold

Monday 29

Audio drama Doctor Who: Embrace the Darkness by Nicholas Briggs [Eighth Doctor & Charley] Big Finish

MAY

Saturday 4

TV Doctor Who: Robot by Terrance Dicks [Fourth Doctor Sarah & Harry] UK Gold

Sunday 5

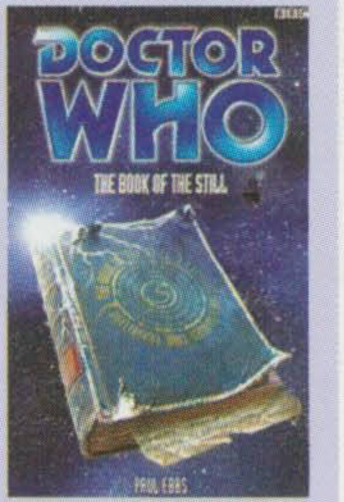
TV Doctor Who: The Ark in Space by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor Sarah & Harry] UK Gold

Monday 6

Video Doctor Who: The Ambassadors of Death by David Whitaker [Third Doctor & Liz] BBC Video £16.99

Novel Doctor Who: Prelude by Terrance Dicks [Fifth Doctor & Peri] BBC Books

Novel Doctor Who: The Book of the Still by Paul Ebbs [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji] BBC Books



Soundtrack Doctor Who: The Smugglers by Brian Hayles [First Doctor, Ben & Polly] BBC Radio Collection

Saturday 11

TV Doctor Who: The Sontaran Experiment by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor Sarah & Harry] UK Gold

Sunday 12

TV Doctor Who: Genesis of the Daleks by Terry Nation [Fourth Doctor Sarah & Harry] UK Gold

Monday 13

Novella Doctor Who: Nightdreamers by Tom Arden [Third Doctor & Jo] Telos Publishing £10/£25

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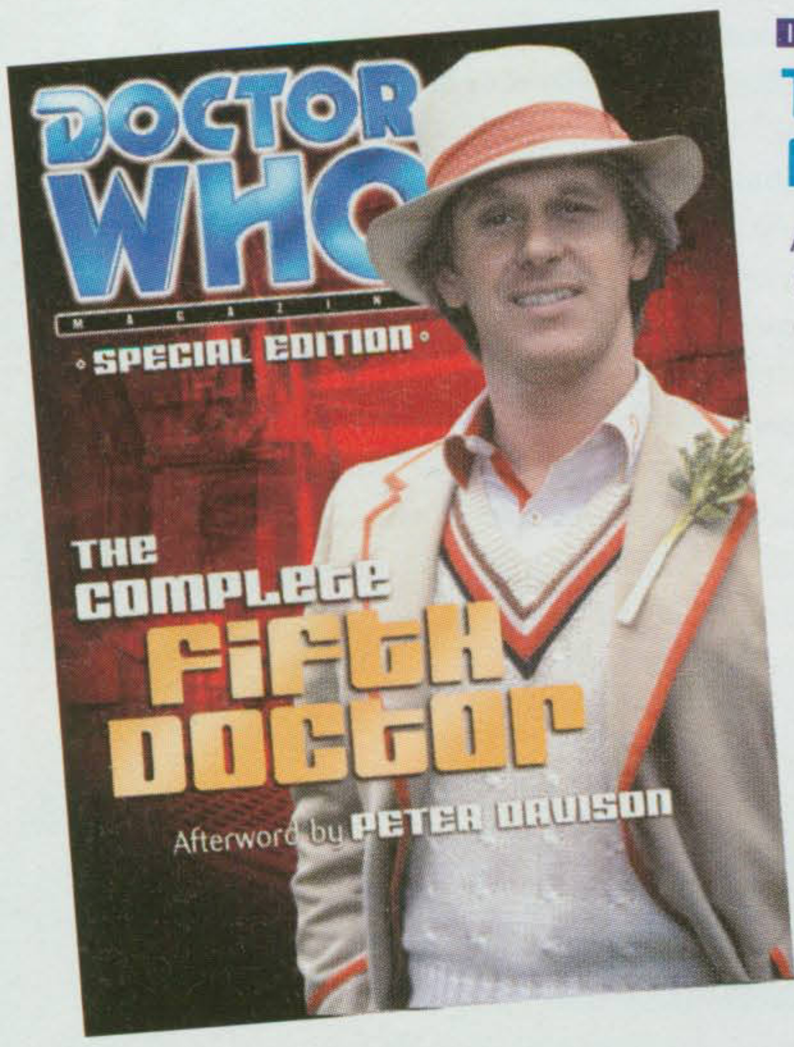
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THE COMPLETE FIFTH DOCTOR
Afterword by PETER DAVISON

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We count down the greatest Doctor Who stories of all time!

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The top telly tales and the best books revealed in a **DWM** Awards special! We provide the commentary for the single largest survey of Doctor Who fan opinion ever undertaken!

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of monsters, mystery and mad adventures!

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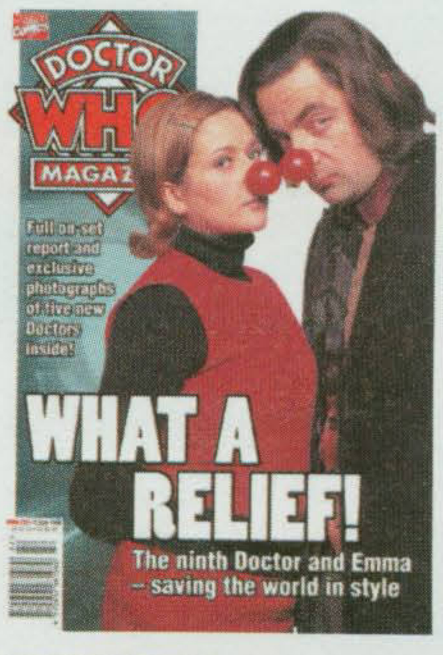
68-page 35th anniversary issue! Terrance Dicks and Waris Hussein interviewed; Lalla Ward goes *Out of the TARDIS*; a bumper *Archive* on *The Daleks' Master Plan*; and strip *Happy Deathday*!


DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
WHAT A RELIEF!
The ninth Doctor and Emma – saving the world in style

DWM 278
Exclusive set report and star interviews from the Comic Relief special *The Curse of Fatal Death*! Plus: *Death to the Daleks* is *Archived*; and script editor Anthony Read reveals all about the Key to Time ...

DOCTOR WHO
Bang on Target!
Uncovered! The inside story of the Doctor's paperback past!

DWM 291
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The first part of David J Howe's acclaimed history of Target Books; Gareth Roberts looks for morals in the Pertwee era; more from Tom Baker; and the making of *Terminus*!

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ISSUE 300
FREE CD!
SPACE ODYSSEY

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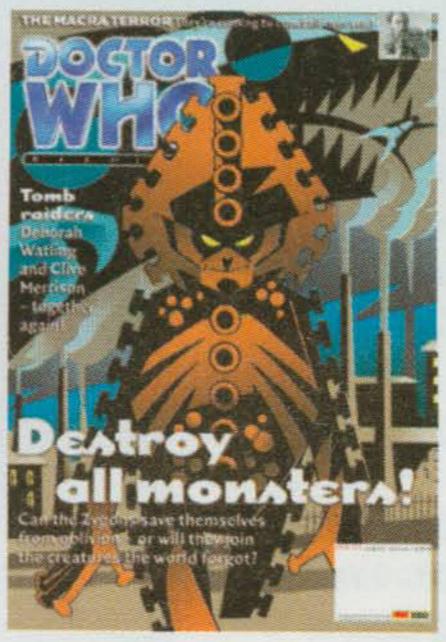
DOCTOR WHO
LUNGBARROW
SPECIAL ISSUE!
Stranger than fiction

DWM 305
New Adventures special! The first of our in-depth features on the Virgin book range; comic strip action from Gareth Roberts; how to write an original Doctor Who novel; Marc Platt talks; and making *Inferno*!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Destroy all monsters!

DWM 308
Jon Blum looks at Doctor Who's many monsters; the final instalment of Michael Troughton's *Memories*; Deborah Watling and Clive Merrison team up again and *The Macra Terror* claws its way into our *Archive*!

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DWCC 22
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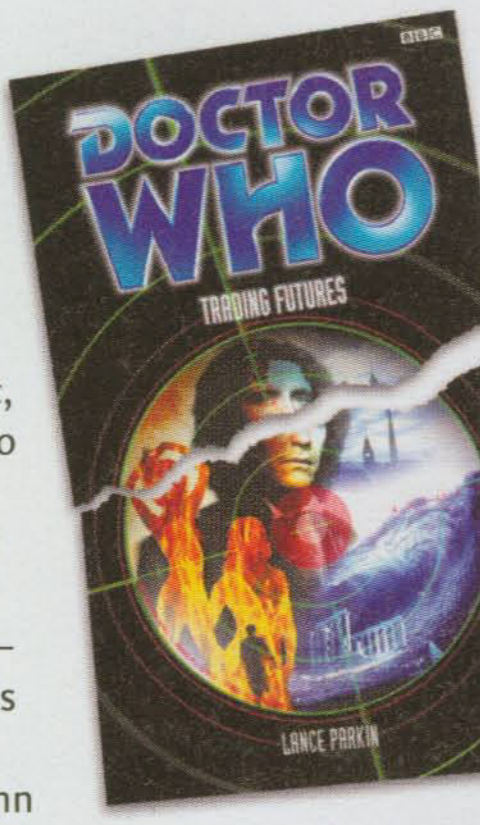
SHOCK FOR BOOKS FANS: TWO BECOME ONE FROM SEPTEMBER!

BBC Books halve novel output

In a shock announcement, BBC Books plans to decrease its output of *Doctor Who* books to one per month to make way for several special projects.



The reduced schedule will kick off this September and, although no previously-announced novels have been cancelled, several releases – including *The Domino Effect*, *Blue Box* and *Reckless Engineering* – have had to be postponed until 2003. *Time Zero* will kick off the new schedule in September, followed by *Heritage* in October, *The Infinity Race* in November and *Fear of the Dark* in December – the first time that a BBC *Doctor Who* novel has been released in the Christmas month.

In a joint statement, range editor Ben Dunn and commissioning editor Justin Richards said: "There is a lot of high quality *Doctor Who* merchandise around at the moment – and that's set to increase with the 40th anniversary, so we have taken a deliberate decision not to risk over-saturating the market. One novel per month will make room in the schedules – and the pockets! – for some of the special publishing projects that are coming up."

These special projects look set to include the Dalek-shaped *Ultimate Dalek Survival Guide* this autumn, which will "collect and reproduce every speck of information on the Daleks", on top of a hardcover 'biography' of the Skaro meanies for early 2003.

A special anniversary volume is also planned for November 2003, which promises to be the most lavish *Doctor Who* book ever published, "exploring every aspect of the fictional worlds of Doctor Who, and the people, places, monsters and technology that he has encountered on his many travels."

In other book news, Richards has confirmed that the title of Terrance Dicks' May 2002 novel has reverted from *Prelude* back to *Warmonger*.

Meanwhile, Telos Publishing has announced an *increase* in its novella publishing schedule for 2003 – and a new open-door policy on submissions. Publisher David Howe said: "Telos may not be a large publisher but we are great supporters of finding previously unpublished writers. We are committed to producing books of high quality, and want to find authors willing to work with us on a variety of projects."

BIG FINISH: CASTING UPDATE – THREE COMPANIONS TO RETURN!

Sarah Jane and company

Elisabeth Sladen: ask the family

Big Finish has released more details of its *Sarah Jane Smith* audio series, which will be released monthly from July.

Elisabeth Sladen will star alongside Jeremy James as 'companion', Josh, and Robin Bowerman as recurring villain, Mr Harris. Sladen's husband, Brian Miller, and daughter, Sadie, are also set to appear. Other guest actors include *Doctor Who* stalwarts Roy Skelton, Peter Miles and Robert Jezek.

Contrary to a previous statement, Samantha Jones, former companion to the Eight Doctor in the BBC Books, will now *not* feature in the range. Juliet Warner, who had been cast as Sam, will instead play a new character, Ellie.

The range kicks off with Terrance Dicks' *Comeback* in July, followed by *The Tao Connection* by Barry Letts in August, David Bishop's *Test of Nerve* in September and Rupert Laight's *Ghost Town* in October. It concludes with *Mirror, Signal, Manoeuvre*, written by Peter Anghelides, in November.

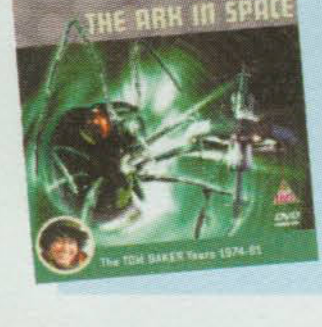
In other Big Finish news, *The Sandman*, set for release in November, completed recording at the beginning of March. Alongside regulars Colin Baker and Maggie Stables, the play features Anneke Wills, best known for her portrayal of companion Polly during the 1960s, Ian Hogg, who played Josiah in 1989's *Ghost Light*, and Stephanie Colburn, familiar to fans as Zog in *The Ultimate Adventure* stage play. Meanwhile, Ian Collier (star of *The Time Monster* and *Arc of Infinity*) is to star as Commissar Sallis in June's *Excelis Decays* alongside the TV Movie's Yee Jee Tso as Major Brant.

Finally, March 2003's audio release has been confirmed as *Doctor Who and the Pirates*, a Sixth Doctor and Evelyn tale penned by Jacqueline Rayner.

Win Wirrn!

After thousands of years in suspended animation, Noah was rudely awoken by Doctor Who, infected by the Wirrn, taken over, and transformed, cell by cell, into a giant insect. Ever had one of those days? But you, dear reader, needn't get into such a larvae, as we have ten copies of *The Ark in Space* on DVD (available to buy from 8 April) to give away courtesy of the nice people at BBC Worldwide. To qualify, all you have to do is answer this question ...

Which other *Doctor Who* serial has the word 'Ark' in its title?



[a] *The Ark*; [b] *Robot*; [c] *Silver Nemesis*

Answers on a postcard marked LEEEAVE THE ARK, VIIIIRA! to the editorial address by 15 May, ta.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Paul damned!

What have **Paul McGann** and the late Aaliyah got in common? They both feature in *The Queen of the Damned*, the sequel to Anne Rice's *Interview with the Vampire*, which opened in the US on 22 February and arrives in the UK on 31 May. Meanwhile, McGann's Liverpool gangster *King Lear* homage film, *My Kingdom*, has finally found a UK distributor in Metro Tartan.

Anneke's fire

A fire broke out at **Anneke Wills'** cottage on 27 January when her television set exploded, causing major damage and the loss of personal effects. Fortunately, the house was empty and she was also fully insured. Work in progress compiled for her forthcoming autobiography, encompassing her childhood through to the end of the 1960s, was salvaged. To keep up with Anneke news, log on to *www.anneke.8m.net*

Bonnie's in town

Bonnie Langford hits the road with her musicians for a concert tour commencing on 4 May at the Brewhouse Theatre, Taunton. She will then be performing in Hereford, Newark, Durham, Leeds, Hunstanton, Eastbourne, Harlow and Tamworth. Prior to the tour, she will contribute to Channel 4's history and celebration of dance, *You Askin'? I'm Dancin'* in May

Did you Miss?

Jean Marsh in the latest series of BBC1's *The Ghost Hunter*; **Tom Baker** as Collington Smith in Radio 4's *The Further Adventures of Sherlock Holmes: The Saviour of Cripplegate Square*, which also featured **Clive Merrison**; **Louise Jameson** as Stacey Harrison in *The Gentle Hook* at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, alongside *Marco Polo*'s **Derren Nesbitt** and *Kinda*'s **Richard Todd**; **Mark Gatiss** as Aragon in BBC 4's opening night drama *Surrealissimo*.

Screwed! Are you stuck in a tight spot? Need to escape a sticky situation? Or do you just want a pen? Well, the answer to all your problems can be found at The Stamp Centre, which has just released a groovy new Sonic Screwdriver-cum-biro, priced at £17.50 (+£2.50 p&p). Check out their website: *www.scificollector.co.uk*

Shaw PROBEd again! BBV has confirmed that Caroline John will be returning to her *Doctor Who* role as Liz Shaw in their forthcoming *PROBE: Drome* audio drama, written by Dave Stone. John first reprised the role in four BBV videos based around a top-secret investigatory unit called the Preternatural Research Bureau (PRoBe) in the mid-1990s. This, however, will be the character's first audio appearance. *Drome* is released later this spring.

Yes, Schirr! The cover of June's Past Doctor novel, *Ten Little Aliens*, is set to feature a model of a 'Schirr' sculpted by BBC visual effects designer Mike Tucker. The Schirr, pictured here with the book's author, Stephen Cole, is set to do battle with the First Doctor, Ben and Polly.

Vocational vacation! Calling all actors – from the complete beginner to professionals! Have you ever thought of combining a holiday in an idyllic location with the chance to develop or explore your acting skills? This summer, from 19-25 July 2002, 'Nextstage' are offering a unique experience: six days in the picturesque village of Megeve, France, attending drama workshops led by professional *Doctor Who* directors and actors. Sophie Aldred will be in attendance, with both Sylvester McCoy and Christopher Barry also hoping to join in. More names will be announced soon and for more information e-mail 'Nextstage' on *info@nextstagedrama.com* or telephone on 020 8378 0763. **DWM** readers are offered 20% off the usual cost of £550 for the holiday, making it £440. This does not include travel expenses.

Control the Daleks! Product Enterprise, BBC Worldwide's new toy licensee for *Doctor Who*, has announced a number of new products. Their popular Talking Dalek will be succeeded by an ambitious new toy which the company hopes will become *the* gift for Christmas 2002 – a 12-inch radio-controlled Dalek, with powered rotating head and flashing lights, which will be invading the shops from October. Available from April will be a smaller range of articulated Daleks, known as Roll-A-Matics, which include micro-motors. The Roll-A-Matics range will later be expanded to include fully-articulated Cybermen, Sea Devils and Ice Warriors, as well as a TARDIS. Large-scale talking action figures of Cybermen, K9, Davros, and the Fourth Doctor are also in preparation.

Hark! The Doctor and Ace, now older and wiser, are back at Auntie Beeb – and they're not alone! **Benjamin Cook** talks toast with the new TARDIS team. And a Bond villain. And Morrissey's drummer. And an Eastend medic. And a political pundit. And ...

Living Death

Tall? Blonde? Dark or lean? Rough? Or tough? Or strong? Or mean? However you like your *Doctor Who* celebs, the recording of BBCi's *Death Comes to Time* webcast is the place to go – at just about half-past ten. Take a seat in the green room – it's virtually raining them ...

"Would you like some toast, Sophie?"

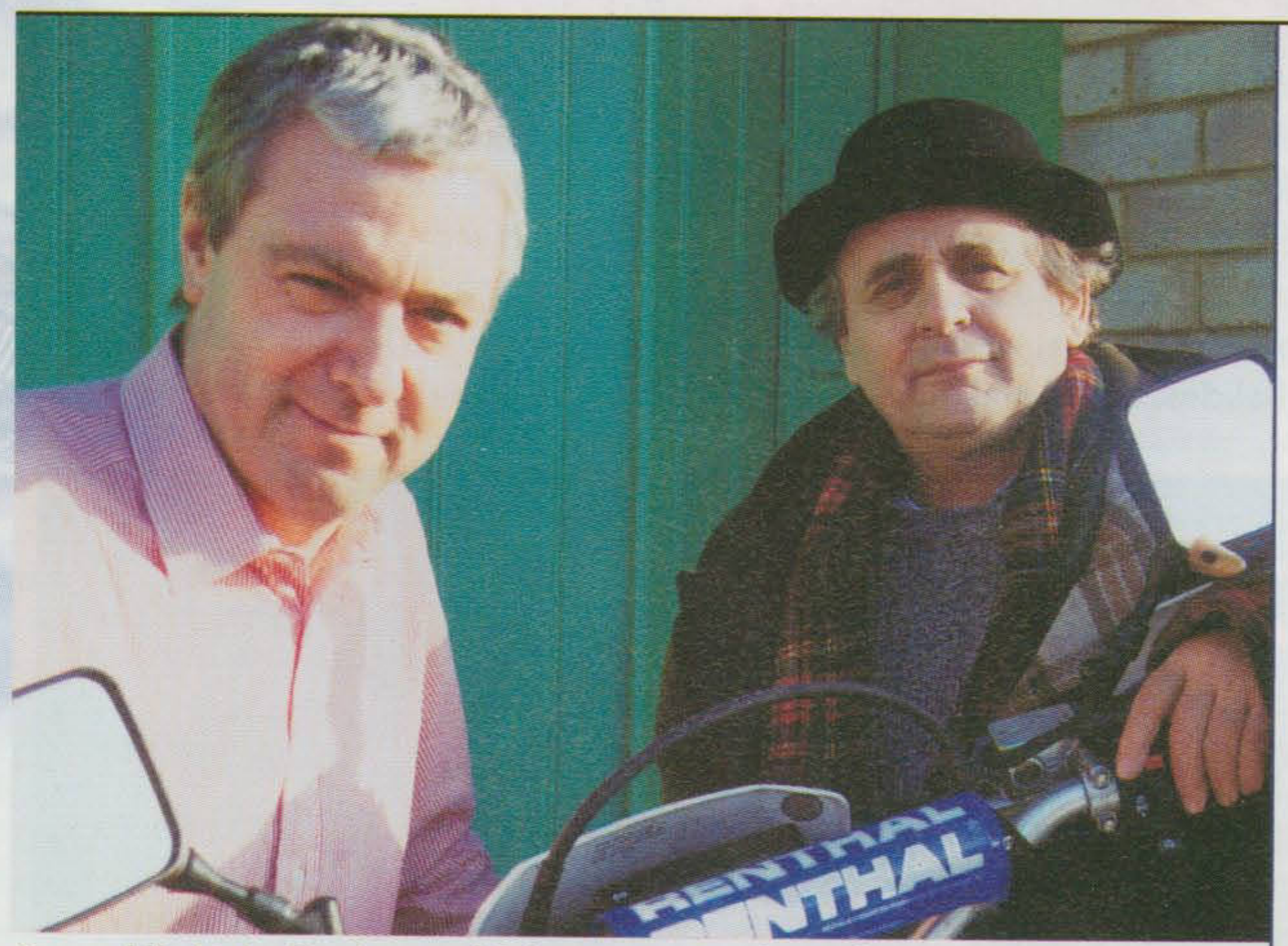
"Yes, please! Have you got any Marmite?"

"Do you realise," John Sessions says, turning to me, "that *Doctor Who* began almost 40 years ago. I find it astonishing that someone as young as yourself knows so much about it."

"Oh no," cries Sophie Aldred, mid-mouthful, "that's terrible. So young! I mean, not terrible, but wonderful! Er – would you like some toast?" I politely decline.

"I don't want to say how much older I am than you," admits John, "so you'd better ask us some questions –" First off, then – tell me a bit about the character that you play. "A military leader, General Tannis," he replies, "who is, if it is not blasphemy to mention this in the context of *Doctor Who*, the Sauron – or Saruman, perhaps – to Doctor Who's Gandalf. A Time Lord gone wrong! He's utterly dark – and in the business of enslaving and destroying. And Ace, of course, who is the Doctor's daughter – that's you, Sophie – must try to ..."

"Ace is more of a, er, girly companion," cuts in Sophie, "than his daughter, though they are very close." She reaches for another slice of toast.


On yer bike! John Sessions and Sylvester McCoy, best of enemies!

"Evil geniuses," he affirms, "are always defeated by people who understand that real power is the withholding of power. Tannis kills vast numbers of people, but he doesn't lose any sleep over it. I could say that he comes to a sticky end, but that would spoil the plot, so, er ... maybe he doesn't? The danger of playing villains is that – without wanting to sound too pretentious, though I fear I might be – it's too easy to make all the blacks black; I like to find the little white points that indicate that the villain was once not bad, though I've yet to do that with Tannis. Wouldn't it be nice to see how he might have grown up sweet, like the Doctor?"

'Listeners can decide whether they want to take *Doctor Who* seriously or have a bloody good laugh'

Sophie has finished her toast. "I never thought of Ace as a hero," she insists, taking another slice, "as she was, let's face it, slightly unstable. She was allowed to be a bit of a clot sometimes so that the Doctor could put her right, but I'm not with the Doctor for much of *Death Comes to Time*, which is quite unusual. When we did the telly series, the writers kept us together – or I was left smashing a Dalek with a baseball bat! – but I'm paired with another character, Casmus, in this story, which has been quite refreshing."

How do you stop characters becoming caricatures of themselves? "Very tricky," answers John. "I'm getting worried here. I'm still working on General Tannis, but I don't know how much time I have left to avoid the caricature. Hmm. If one's going to be very bad, I suppose, one must do it with absolute conviction. Richard III has a wonderful speech, which is often cut, that –" He cringes. "Sorry! I'm going off the point, aren't I?"

Sophie waves her toast in defiance. "Don't be daft! This'll educate the fans!"

"Well, then, when Richard III wakes up after the nightmare sequence, he has this incredible soliloquy about being terrified of being damned – and you actually begin to feel sorry for him, though his villainy saves him from the battle, so it would be nice if Tannis had a moment like that – but we're very plot driven here! Adventure all the way! It would be nice to take a moment to consider: 'If I hadn't wet myself when I was six, maybe I wouldn't be like this –?' But that's just me talking!"

"I'm finding it quite difficult now," Sophie confesses, "to keep Ace from turning into a caricature. She was such a different kind of companion – very feisty, tomboyish. She had a tendency to be a bit, sort of, gung-ho. People must be sick of her by now! The fans always ask, 'What's new about Ace in *this* story?' – and some writers make her different just for the sake of it. A problem childhood? An abusive father? She must be the most screwed up individual alive! Ace isn't in *Death Comes to Time* as much as might be expected, which many actors would find alarming. When actors get scripts, you see, the first thing we do is count our lines, but –"

"I've never done that!" John fibs. "Never!"

"Have you not, John? It must be my ego," sighs Sophie, safe in the knowledge that it isn't. "Is that your nose growing? Hmm?!"

A member of the production team has entered the green room, bearing more toast – and Marmite. You either love it or you hate it, frankly. "Is that Marmite? On toast?" John Humphries, presenter of Radio 4's flagship *Today* programme, has crossed our threshold – and is eyeballing Sophie's snack. "It is, isn't it? Marmite!"

"John has contributed to *Death Comes to Time*," clarifies Sessions. "He was in recording something else, so we asked him to make a cameo – and he very kindly conceded. And this gentleman," he announces, turning to Humphries but pointing at me, "is from the **Doctor Who Magazine**."

"Ah, right ... I see. How are you? I, er, play a policeman," Humphries adds, "but only briefly." Is this, I ask, a wise career move – from respected journalist to layabout luvvie? "Probably not – but how could I refuse? They offered me so much money! My fee was bloody vast! I mean, a six-figure sum for 20 minutes work ..."

"At the very least, John! And that's just the beginning," raves Sessions. "You'll get residuals and all! We'll be able to visit you in your place in Acapulco!"

"Will they be recording the *Today* programme," Sophie grins, "from your suite in Acapulco?"

"Oh yes – that's already where we do it, actually!"

"And would you like some toast?"

"Better not. I've got to shoot off – to, uh, spend all my money!"

"The question," notes Sessions, "is whether Tony Blair would come out to Acapulco to talk to you, John."

"I'm sure he would!" Humphries' eyes narrow. "But would Peter Mandelson come out?"

"I think," Sessions smirks, "we already have the answer to that one."

Humphries heads off and Sophie assures me: "He isn't at all scary. Not really!"

"I can't think," considers Sessions, "of a single instance of working with somebody and being intimidated to an extent that I can't – to use a rather luvvie expression – 'trust' them. It is, I think, important to feel at ease with the people that you work with. Trust is important. If I may flagrantly namedrop ..."

Alas, he is interrupted. Dan Freedman, wearing his director's hat, is standing in the doorway. "You're needed in studio," he says, drawing a lengthy breath, as though trying to suck something more than air from his surroundings. "Another scene in time and space!"

"What!? No, Dan – I can't! Not now! I was just about to drop a name!"

"Were you, John? Not *another* anecdote?"

"Would you like some toast?" Sophie asks. "Eat it. It'll help."

"Directors have no time for toast," laments Dan, trying to be meek, "so I'd better not. Hmm. Whose name was you about to drop, then, John?"

"Anthony Hopkins! I was going to drop his name, but –" John's eyes dart downwards. "Oh, look – I'm blushing now! You know that I'm 'AA-ing'!" Say what? "Anecdotes Anonymous! I was going to say that Hopkins is an example of a dynamic – and trustworthy – person to work with." He gets up to go, vowing: "I'll be back! I've got plenty more anecdotes ..."

"I like his anecdotes," Sophie tells me when he's gone. "Lovely man! Have you heard his General Tannis? He's marvellous." How different is working for BBCi, I ask her, to Big Finish? "Not that different, actually, now that Big Finish attract such a high calibre of actor. The BBC can afford a nicer studio – but Dan's an old mate of mine, so I can slag him off!"

"Do you want my lurgey?" Sylvester McCoy has emerged, bleary-eyed, from the studio.

"Hello, Sylv! I must have your lurgey by now!"

I decide not to ask. Instead, I wonder whether the twosome will ever get tired of striking up their on-screen partnership. "Striking, eh?" Sylvester starts hitting Sophie with his cane. "Striking!"

"Ouch!"

"Striking!"

"Ouch – that was my arm!"

"This is fun!" Play nicely. "She likes it! We've never really struck down our partnership, have we?"

Photos © Ben Cook (except where credited)

Stephen Fry portrait © Ian Nolan

Yes, Minister

As the mysterious Minister of Chance, Stephen Fry is helping to fight the good fight in *Death Comes to Time*. BBCi's Rob Francis caught up with a very English Gallifreyan ...

Is science fiction something you have much of an interest in?

Well, it's bollocks, isn't it? There are some good science fiction books but usually, unfortunately, it's fantasy rather than the imagination – fantasy being a bad thing, imagination a good thing. I think science fiction is good when the characters are good. After all, the cliché about science fiction is that it's violence set in the future. However many light years have passed in the distance it should be about *us*, who we are and what we go through as humans. I'm talking about literature if I can use the word literature here.

Science fiction on television I've always absolutely adored. I'm a completely unreconstructed Trekkie, I like *Blake's 7*, I like *Sapphire and Steel*, I love *Doctor Who* with a passion bordering on insanity and I enjoy all kinds of science fiction films. Even the very very bad ones like *Tron* and *Battlestar Galactica*.

Was there an interest in sci-fi amongst your contemporaries?

I think most people enjoy mocking science fiction and words like 'Chosen One' and 'Dark Side' and the somewhat, shall we say, un-thought-through morality and allegory that attend such things.

But time travel is, of course, the most interesting subject of all because it raises so many questions about the contingency of our lives and the moral choices we make. How much are we victims of circumstance and the malice of time and fate and chance? There's the opportunity to go back and do things again and the fun idea of seeing the past as it was.

I remember an old American television series called *The Time Tunnel* which I loved because of that. The idea of arriving back in the Battle of Gettysburg or something, and of going forwards. I always prefer the idea of going forwards, rather like the HG Wells character in *The Time Machine*, but with the odd visit back to Regency London or the Roman Empire. In *Blackadder Back and Forth*, obviously great fun was had playing with all those conventions.

I think it's an endlessly fascinating thing, time travel. We know it can't exist and never will because if time travel were to be invented in the future someone would have come back and killed Esther Rantzen and as she's still alive it obviously has never happened because she's here. So that proves there can never ever, sadly, be such a thing as time travel.

How are you approaching playing the Minister of Chance?

The Minister is a Time Lord like the Doctor. He has two hearts and presumably therefore is also capable of regeneration. I'm not playing him like the Doctor exactly – not that the Doctors aren't all different! I think what he has in common with the Doctor, and therefore one must assume he has in common with the rest of his species, is a rather, shall we say, friendly, almost donnish quality; endless curiosity and a kind of hopeless optimism about every species he finds. And a hand-wringing despair about the evil he finds in the universe.

In fact the Minister feels that more strongly than the Doctor. The Doctor is slightly more realistic about it, but the Minister is a bit of an idealist. He really does believe that there's just too much wickedness and that the powers of the Time Lords should be used if possible to help get rid of it. But of course that would corrupt the timeline and fiddle with the correct future. You know, the prime directive that all science fiction insists

"Ouch! No, we haven't," flinches Sophie, edging away. "Would you like some toast?"

"Is that Marmite?" Sylvester looks disgusted. "No thanks."

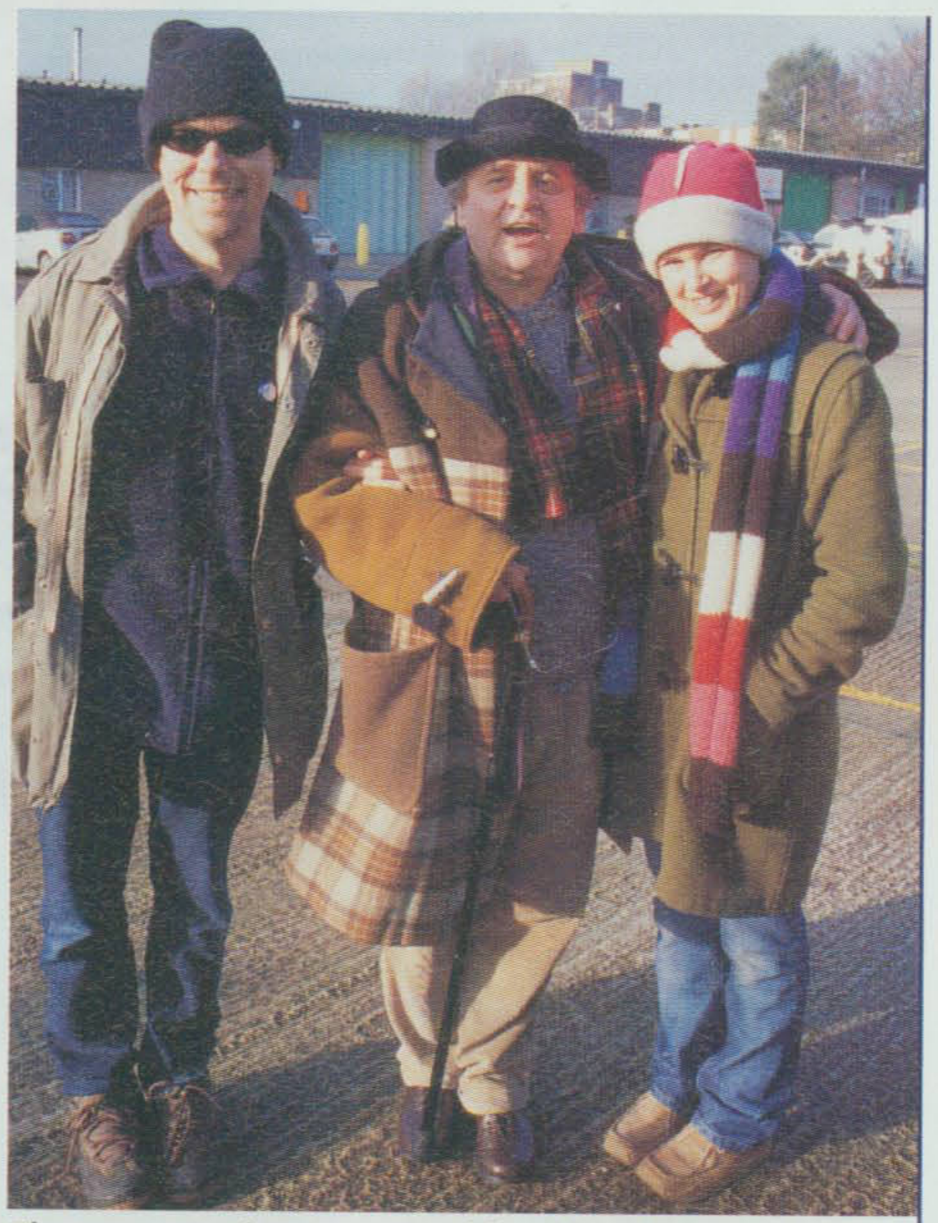
"Whenever we go to conventions," says Sophie, returning to the point, "we do double-act thingies – and we've done Big Finish CDs together, and BBV ones before that, so it doesn't feel unnatural at all."

"And the Doctor is multifaceted, so he could go in any direction," Sylvester smiles, "so I'll never get bored of playing him. I enjoy his darker side, though he shouldn't necessarily remain that way. I don't think we *can* leave *Doctor Who* behind. We wouldn't be allowed to. People will never let us forget it, so I may as well do it – and enjoy it."

"And me! I love it. It was – and is – a very enjoyable part of my career." How has Sophie changed as a person over the last decade? "Ooh, I'm a bit older! I've had a baby, got married –"

"That's not very much, is it?"

Sophie laughs. "I'm enjoying my career more now, because I'm not worrying about it so much. I have other things in my life – and *Doctor Who* is a sort of bonus. I used to worry where the next job was coming from, but now I just enjoy the ride." Is she still learning from *Doctor Who*? "I think you can always learn – especially when you work with different producers. Life is a learning process."



The new crew: three's no crowd for Eldon, McCoy and Aldred

'This webcast should introduce people to *Doctor Who* who have, perhaps, scorned it in the past'

As we sit, talking, we wait for two taxis: "I'm off to Sadler's Wells," enthuses Sylvester, "for the matinée performance of *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe*." Who does he play? "Mr Beaver! And soon, I'm going to be touring in *Play It Again, Sam*; Woody Allen has given his permission for me to do it – personally, I heard."

"Ooh, great! He's a *Doctor Who* fan, isn't he?" laughs Sophie, who, it seems, is also keeping busy: "I've taken over as New Mums Co-ordinator for Lewisham," she says, "for the National Childbirth Trust, so I'm getting involved in our local Steiner School in Greenwich. And my career seems to carry on, despite me not making much of an effort, which is great. Life has become much simpler in many ways – and harder in others. I'm much happier now that I'm a mother. I'm not as ambitious. My favourite sorts of days are going to the park in the morning, playing in the sandpit, having a little nap at lunchtime and –"

"And then," teases Sylvester, "going to pick up the baby!"

Kevin Eldon has joined us in the green room. "What was that about a baby?" Best known as a comedy performer in such legendary series as *Fist of Fun*, *Knowing Me, Knowing You* and *Big Train*, Kevin plays "the Doctor's muscles" – that is, new companion Antimony. "I was so delighted to be asked," he enthuses, joining us on the sofa, "though I was surprised, you know, because of my age. I mean, the Doctor's assistants are usually in their early to mid-twenties, but I guess it doesn't matter so much on audio."

"Would you like some toast, Kevin?"

"Love some!" He bypasses the Marmite. "When I was a kid, I used to record TV programmes – like *Steptoe and Son* and *M*A*S*H* – on my tape recorder and listen to them in bed! I liked the homemade feel of *Doctor Who*, but science fiction always lends itself well to audio or the written word."

"The imagination," states Sylvester, dropping a cliché, "makes better sets than the BBC ever could."

"Your imagination has no budgetary restrictions," nods Kevin, dropping another.

upon – you can't interfere too much.

I think the people of Gallifrey are a goodly bunch and, let's be frank, Gallifrey is an English planet. There's something peculiarly English about the Doctor and I think in that sense about the Minister as well.

It's that mixture of a tiny bit of Sherlock Holmes in there, but also a tiny bit of Father Brown and naïve wisdom. There are all kinds of things to be drawn on the character of the Doctor which I think in a sense are basically the best sides of the English character. Not the arrogance, not too much of the misery, not too much of the vanity, not too much of the over-false modesty. Generally speaking, I think that's what we'd look for in a Gallifreyan.

If *Doctor Who* came back to film or TV, is the Minister a role that you'd like to take on?
If one were to play a character like Doctor Who, or even if the Minister were to become a sort of new Doctor Who, one of the difficulties now, which didn't really attend Patrick Troughton, or William Hartnell, or even Tom Baker, is the focus of publicity that goes on these days.

Tom Baker was deeply loved by all children of my generation, we absolutely adored him, but we didn't read articles about him in every newspaper, we didn't know what his private life was. He has since written an absolutely brilliant and entertaining autobiography of how he liked to drink and how he liked the ladies.

If we'd then had the kind of press we have now, I don't think he could have played Doctor Who. It's like a magnifying lens, it distorts and it burns. As you can burn in your initials in wood with a magnifying lens, so you can focus and distort and burn people with publicity. That's one of the great difficulties.

The other one is, of course, that doing remakes of things – a new this and a new that – never really works. Like 'The All New, New, New, New Adventures of Superman'. It's always a disaster to do that, unless things are really thought through properly. What one needs is a truly intelligent script editor and very good scripts that are not camp and self-knowing.

The great thing is we all laughed at the sets and the fact that you could read the newsprint on the papier-maché monsters and you can see the bits where the studs go on the crash helmets that are supposedly space helmets. That kind of stuff is fun, but if it gets self-knowing, it gets arch and self-referential, and then it's destroyed.

The beauty of *Doctor Who* was its innocence. It didn't make fun of itself too much. I mean when Douglas Adams was brought in as script editor there was some great wit but it was all in the service of cracking good stories. Think of some of the people who wrote for *Doctor Who*. Terry Nation, for example, was one of the great storytellers of the twentieth century. He had an extraordinary ability to write stories, not just *Doctor Who*, but *Survivors* and other series of his which show a superb ability to tell stories and not draw attention to his own writing process. There's no vanity, just writing purely to entertain.

If I felt it would be like that then of course it would be an honour to be involved, but I think one does have to be very cautious of the attendant caravan of publicity that goes with almost anything.

If you had a chance to go back in time and explore, which time periods would appeal and why?
There are two times and they're very close together. The beginning and the end of the nineteenth century are the times that I'd like to go to.

I like the beginning of the nineteenth century, what you might roughly call the Regency era. There was so much going on, so much energy. I mean from 1798, which is almost the beginning of the nineteenth century, you had things like the publication of the lyrical ballads and the explosion of the romantic spirit. It was a time when, a kind of modernism in art was born.

You also had the fantastic stylishness of the beauxs and the bucks and the macaronis. There was all the fantastic dress and the incredible gambling. The stylish Regency dandy is a great figure but Jane Austin was also around. And of course you had Waterloo. History was being made and no battle's ever been bigger than Waterloo, so 1815 was an extraordinary year.

And then, at the end of the nineteenth century you've got worlds overlapping – the worlds of Oscar Wilde and Sherlock Holmes. The clink and clank of an industrialised society, the first cars arriving, trains properly working, the London Underground ... it's just a fantastic mixture of things.

'I love Doctor Who with a passion bordering on insanity!'

"I remember watching the Dalek come out of the River Thames, which completely freaked me out! And an episode where a bad man was chucked out of a spacecraft! And I remember the Cybermen on the moon! One of them got killed and loads of, like, horrible shaving foam – in fact, it probably *was* shaving foam – came out of his stomach, like when you step on a bug or something, and I thought, 'Yeeeuch!' And wasn't Patrick Troughton a hippy? The big hat, the recorder ..."

Sylvester joins in: "And the Beatles haircut!"

"He had a moptop in 1968," Kevin chides, "which is just what you'd expect from the BBC!"

Should *Doctor Who* come back on television, then? "Sometimes I feel as though it might," claims Sylvester, "and there's no reason why it shouldn't, but the latest rumour is that they want to make a film of it ..."

"I want it back on television," moans Kevin, "where it belongs! *Doctor Who* is an institution."

Hasn't this particular institution run its course, though? "I hope not. I never understood why it was taken off. It seemed ridiculous! The BBC weren't listening to their viewers."

"There was a time," recalls Sophie, through a mouthful of toast, "when I thought it was dying out – a few years after it'd been axed – but then there's been this huge resurgence. The fans kept it going."

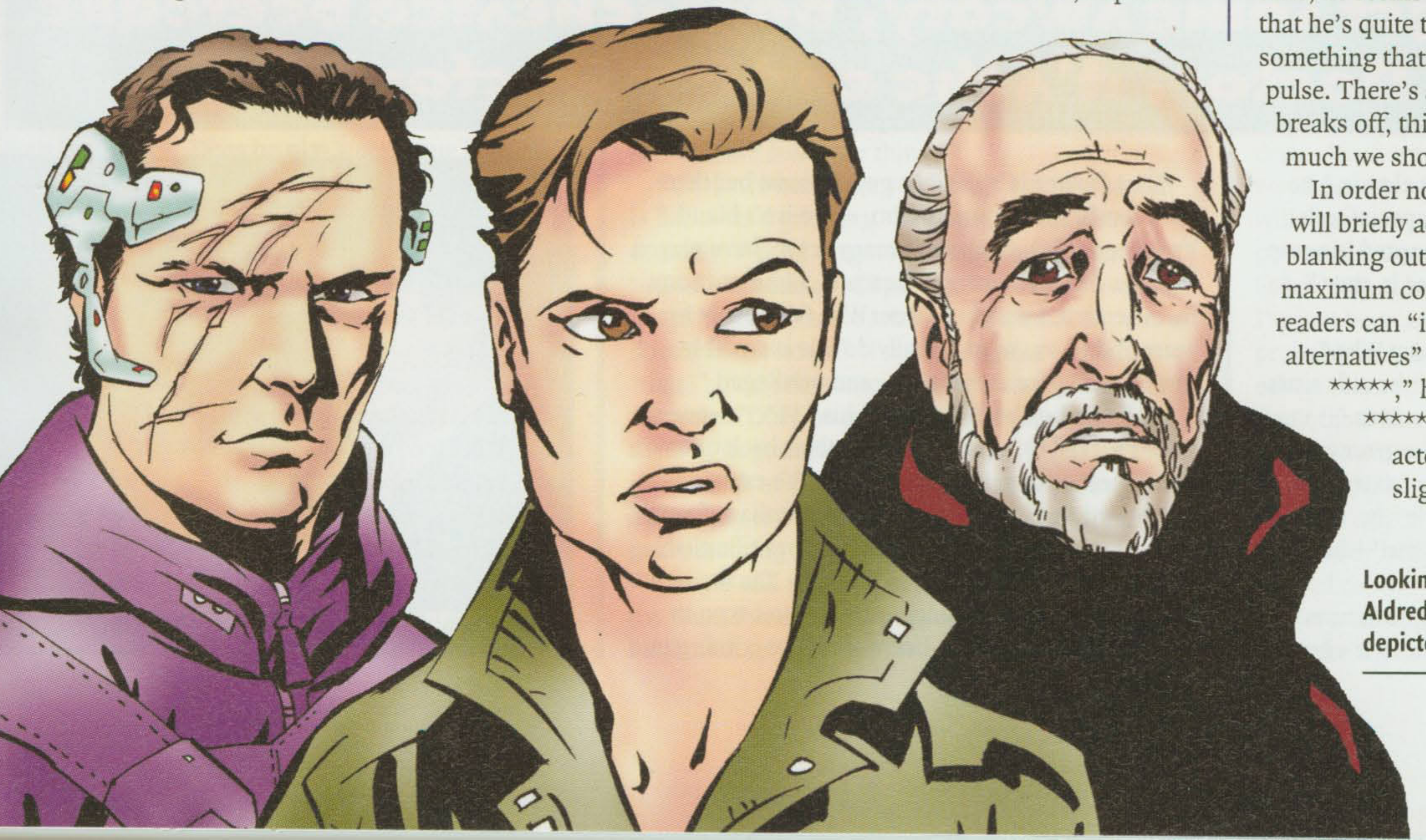
"I like *Doctor Who* fans," affirms Sylvester. "Funnily enough, when the show was axed, a small group of fanatics had helped bring it down – but general fandom has now become much more healthy. The fans celebrate the show!"

"It's nice to have fans of any kind," Sophie nods, toast in hand, "but fandom was so negative when we were on the telly. Some of the nicer fans are now programme-makers, though, which is lovely, so they could bring *Doctor Who* back ..."

"Ah ha! Time to go!" Sophie and Sylvester's taxis have arrived. "Come on, Sophie. We've got work to do." We say our farewells. As the twosome head off, arm in arm, into the winter sunshine, somewhere else, I think, Sophie's toast is getting cold – "Hello again." Sylvester hobbles back in. "I've forgotten my cane!" How unbefitting. "Goodbye."

The green room is now emptier than I have ever seen it. Amid towering masses of uneaten toast, Kevin and I sit, wondering why the green room is, in fact, painted beige. "Perhaps," he declares, "the room was once painted green – but now, so to speak, it isn't." Would changing its context change its function? "I think so. I mean, if it were considered a reception area, say, then beige walls would be justified." We decide never to speak of this again; instead, Kevin tells me a little more about Antimony. "He is, I suppose, quite naïve," he says, "but, at the same time, he seems worldly-wise. Just when you think that he's quite thick and unperceptive, he'll say something that shows that he has his finger on the pulse. There's an aspect of his character that –" He breaks off, thinking. "Hmm, I don't know how much we should give away ..."

In order not to ruin major plot twists, **DWM** will briefly adopt the cunning convention of blanking out telltale words – though, for maximum comic effect, Kevin suggests that readers can "insert their own highly inappropriate alternatives" in the blank spaces: "Antimony is a *****," he reveals, "but he doesn't actually ******, so there are aspects of his character that are ******! This explains his slight disassociation from ******.



Looking drawn? Andrew Paresi's Carne, Sophie Aldred's Ace, and Leonard Fenton's Casmus as depicted by artist Lee Sullivan © BBCi

John Sessions (Tannis), musician Nik Romero and David Evans (Pilot) are joined by *Dead Ringers* star Jon Culshaw – not playing the Fourth Doctor, we hasten to add! PICTURE © IAN NOLAN

He's also a kung fu expert, so he's physically very strong, which is a lot easier to do on audio than in front of a camera! He's very good with his *****, fiercely loyal to the Doctor – and very curious, so he's always asking questions. Antimony must know that something isn't *****, so he wants to know what's going on. He wonders why **** happens, which is a very childlike quality. It makes sense, you know, when he turns out to be, erm –" And why is Antimony coloured in ever decreasing purples? "Erm – probably because he's *******!"

While we've been talking, Robert Rietty has arrived in the not-so-green reception area, having been released from the studio. I try to offer him toast, but Kevin beats me to it, which is mildly frustrating, as Robert is a voice actor of no small acclaim. He is best known as the voice of Number Two in *The Prisoner*, but he has also voiced several James Bond villains. "A so-called cult classic," he reminds us, "is just another job. No special technique. Nothing new. If an actor is tempted to camp it up or go over-the-top then, let's face it, they'll do that in any part!"

"If there's any campness about *Doctor Who*," pipes up Kevin, "then it comes out of the silly situations, rather than the actors' performances."

"*Death Comes to Time* will introduce a great many people to the show," predicts Robert, "that have, perhaps, scorned it in the past. People say, 'Oh, I'm not going to watch that! It's beneath me!' – but when they do ..."

"*Doctor Who* is so fantastical," Kevin concurs, "that there is, I think, a funny element to it – but, at the same time, it'd be no good if you could hear us actors laughing. Listeners must decide for themselves whether they want to take it seriously or have a bloody good laugh!"

"My children were tremendous fans," reflects Robert. "If I came home in the middle of an episode, they'd scream: 'Don't talk, Dad! We're watching *Doctor Who!*'" Who, I ask, does he voice in *Death Comes to Time*? "I play Bedloe," he divulges, "who thinks he's a great man, but is bloated with his own importance; he's trepid and frightened, in fact, always hoping – against the odds – that he's making a great impression."

"The comical characters are usually more fun to play," says Kevin. "Straight guys – and good guys – seem, by their very nature, to be bland."

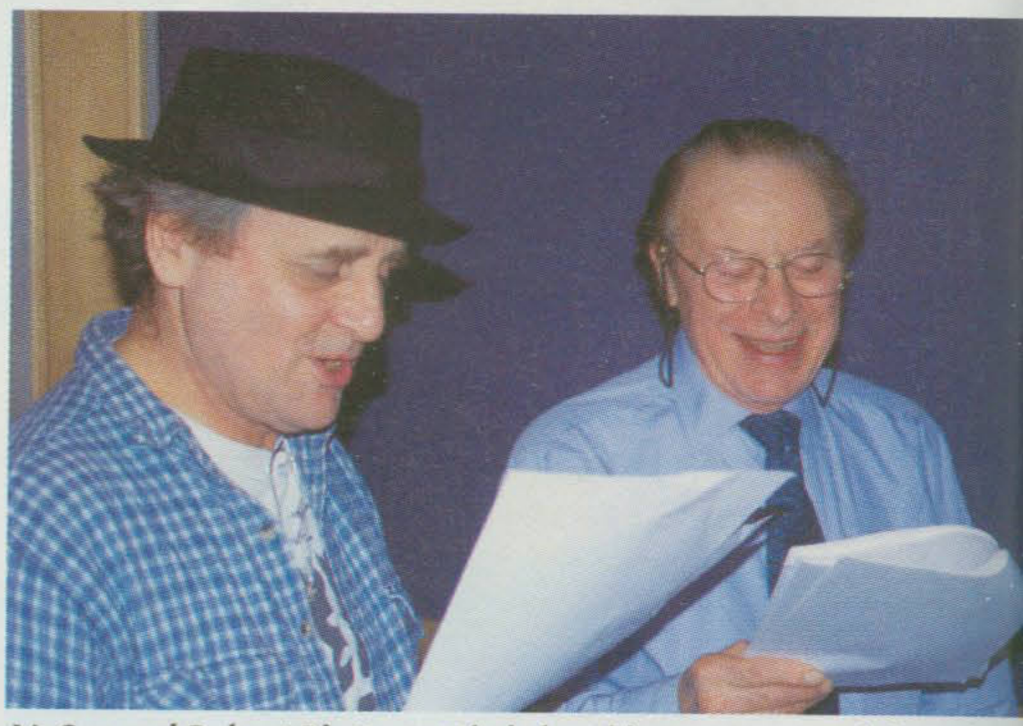
Robert disagrees: "Any part can be fun to play, as long as it's well written."

"The Doctor is a straight guy, I guess, but there are a few hidden layers to him, so he isn't bland," Kevin concedes, "although many actors have played the role. I enjoy starting characters, like Antimony, from scratch. I watched *Doctor Who* religiously for years and years, so to actually do it is incredibly marvellous! I feel honoured – and privileged."

As Kevin heads off to record his ****** scene as a *****, I fail to resist steering Robert back onto the subject of 007: "In many cases," he explains, "they used foreign actors – German, Italian, French – who looked the part but couldn't speak English, so they'd call me in to re-voice them – Tanaka in *You Only Live Twice*, for instance, and Emilio Largo in *Thunderball*." Is it odd to hear your voice coming out of another actor's mouth? "I've got used to it, but it's weird for other people. In the film *Waterloo*, for example, I voiced 98 different characters! It's an anonymous activity, but very enjoyable." I wonder from where Robert's ear for accents stems. "My father was from Italy," he explains, "my mother was from Russia – and they met in Egypt, so their neutral language was French. With that kind of background, it isn't difficult to pick up accents!"

How would he account for the universal appeal of heroes like James Bond and Doctor Who? "I think," he muses, "it's the desire, especially amongst children, to be heroes ourselves – to do something that the world will acknowledge. James Bond and *Doctor Who* both appeal to people, I think, because they feature heroes that we look up to – and, given the chance, would like to be." And with that, he heads back into the studio.

'Once you get some sweaty, bare-chested beefcake playing the Doctor, it's the end for *Doctor Who*'



McCoy and Robert Rietty get their laughing gear around the script

Robert Rietty isn't the only cast member with an Italian surname. Meet ex-Morrissey drummer Andrew Paresi – aka Andrew McGibbon – "I thought I'd get more drumming work with a funkier name," he explains, seating himself on the sofa, "so my girlfriend, who was Italian, hit upon this word – 'paresi' – that was an obscure Italian medical term for an embolism! There was something appealing about calling myself after a heart attack – some sort of Post-Punk bollocks, I guess, which meant a lot to me back in 1982 – so I changed my name from 'McGibbon'." How did Andrew come to drum for indie idol Morrissey? "I worked, in the 1980s, on odds and sods," he recollects, "making an album with Bucks Fizz, for instance, titled *New Beginnings* – ironically, as it marked the end of their career! – and in 1987, [producer] Stephen Street phoned me up and said, 'The Smiths have split. Do you want to record an album with Morrissey, and me, and Vini Reilly from Durutti Column?' – and that was *Viva Hate*. I also did *Bona Drag* – which was going to be another album, but ended up four songs shy, so we turned it into a 'Best of' – and then *Kill Uncle*."

Was Morrissey tough to work with? You hear such horror stories ... "And they're all true! He's a lovely guy, but quite lonely, really – and controlling in some ways. We got on well, so it wasn't an issue; I showed him a lot of respect, which often people don't. I had to conceal my 'muso' credibility – or else I wouldn't have survived!" How did Andrew make the progression from drummer to actor? "I started off writing, actually, first on a local radio station, LBC, and then on the *Radio 1 Breakfast Show*, with Kevin Greening and Zoe Ball. Then, about three years ago, I wrote a radio sci-fi comedy called *The Routemasters*, which featured Sophie Aldred." Other roles were filled by the stars of Radio 4 comedy show *Dan and Nik: The Wildebeest Years* – that is, *Death Comes to Time*'s director Dan Freedman and composer Nik Romero! "I can't shake them off!"

Andrew describes his character in *Death Comes to Time* as "an inadequate, loathsome, two-faced worm of a commanding officer, who wouldn't have climbed the ranks were it not for a lot of bum-licking! Captain Carne has a nasty-but-not-really-very-interesting persona – two-dimensional, cartoon-like, with a little campness. And he's easily disposable: the Kleenex of the military! I like playing irretrievable lunatics!" Does he base his portrayals on real people? "Oh yes – I spend most of my days just observing. I worked in a supermarket in Isleworth, once, and I was struck by the butcher – not physically, of course, but by the way that he handled his meat cleaver. He had the face of a psychopath. I think he's in prison now ..."

"I would love to play more bad guys, but people often forget that I can!" So says Leonard Fenton, as the celebrity tally rises again. How long must it have been since these studios played host to so many famous faces in so short a space of time? "At the back of their minds," he reckons, "people think of me – and, no doubt, always will – as Doctor Legg from *EastEnders*!" Does he play a good guy in *Death Comes to Time*? "Surprise, surprise! Casmus is the teacher of the Time Lords. He is, I think, beyond other beings, though I'm not playing him as otherworldly. I mustn't play him like an alien, as –"

"The worst kind of acting," Andrew interrupts, "is 'put on' and projected – and doesn't really come from anywhere. *Doctor Who* can tie strange or silly characters into credible and substantial sci-fi concepts. That said, when the show took itself too seriously, I don't think it worked. You have to get the balance right. You need to find the 'X' factor."

What is it, though, that makes a TV show – such as *Doctor Who*, or *EastEnders* – a national institution? "Aah, a very mysterious thing. As far as *Doctor Who* is concerned," mulls Leonard, "it's that imaginative otherworldly aspect, which interests everybody; on *EastEnders*, of course, it's a very worldly thing. When we opened with *EastEnders*, we didn't know that the show would be a success. We were absolutely bowled over, but no one could explain *why* the show worked! What you call the 'X' factor is very difficult to identify, which is why backing theatre or television projects is a very dicey business."

"High camp," exclaims Andrew, "is the key to *Doctor Who*!" Did he have time to watch *Doctor Who* in the 1980s – in between striking the skins for La Moz? "Oh yes – I did! And I used to hide behind the sofa – not because of *Doctor Who*, you understand, but because I had personal problems!"

Leonard smiles: "I was quite old when it was on, but I enjoyed it vicariously through my children. And I've worked with Sylvester on stage, you see, so it's been a pleasure to catch up. I got the part in *Death Comes to Time* through Sylvester, who brought Dan to see me in a stage play. Nicholas Courtney, who plays the Brigadier, is another friend of mine. When you're with a group who've worked together before, there's always a good atmosphere."

Hell's Time-Travellers (Earth Division)? Eldon, McCoy and Aldred rev up!

"I'm an absolute nonentity of an actor," marvels Andrew, "so it's been tremendous to step out of nowhere into this wonderful arena. Everyone works together! The point of any artistic endevour, I think, is that it is a collective thing –"

"Christ! Where have you been?" Dan Freedman is back – and grinning. "We need you, Andrew – urgently! We, er, forgot to record one of your lines!"

To a soundtrack of light-hearted expletives, Dan drags his embolism back into the studio. Is there a doctor in the house? "I wish," implies Leonard, "that I could sometimes disassociate myself from that role." Does he regret taking on Doctor Legg, then? "I'm grateful to have done it – as, when I was in the thick of it, my four children were young, so it helped pay for their education. And I was lucky to get something like that that late in my career, but –" People still stop you in the street? "Oh yes – all the time. I'm asked medical advice – in a jokey way. I tell them to go to the Caribbean for a month!"

Leonard believes that *Doctor Who* has found a "good home on the internet. A lot more depends on the writing, as everything is expressed through sound, which is why Shakespeare works so well on radio. After the pilot of *Death Comes to Time*, for instance, I played in Danté's *The Divine Comedy*, with John Sessions, who played Dante to my Virgil!" Talk of the devil ...

"So there you are again!" John has re-emerged. "You see? I said I'd be back!"

Leonard chuckles: "John is very lively! He has a fertile mind! Working with him again has been an enjoyable experience." And Leonard clearly enjoys his voice work: "I'm rediscovering so much," he proclaims, "because I'm a singer as well, you know – and at my advanced age, the whole gamut interests me enormously. I don't want to stop!"

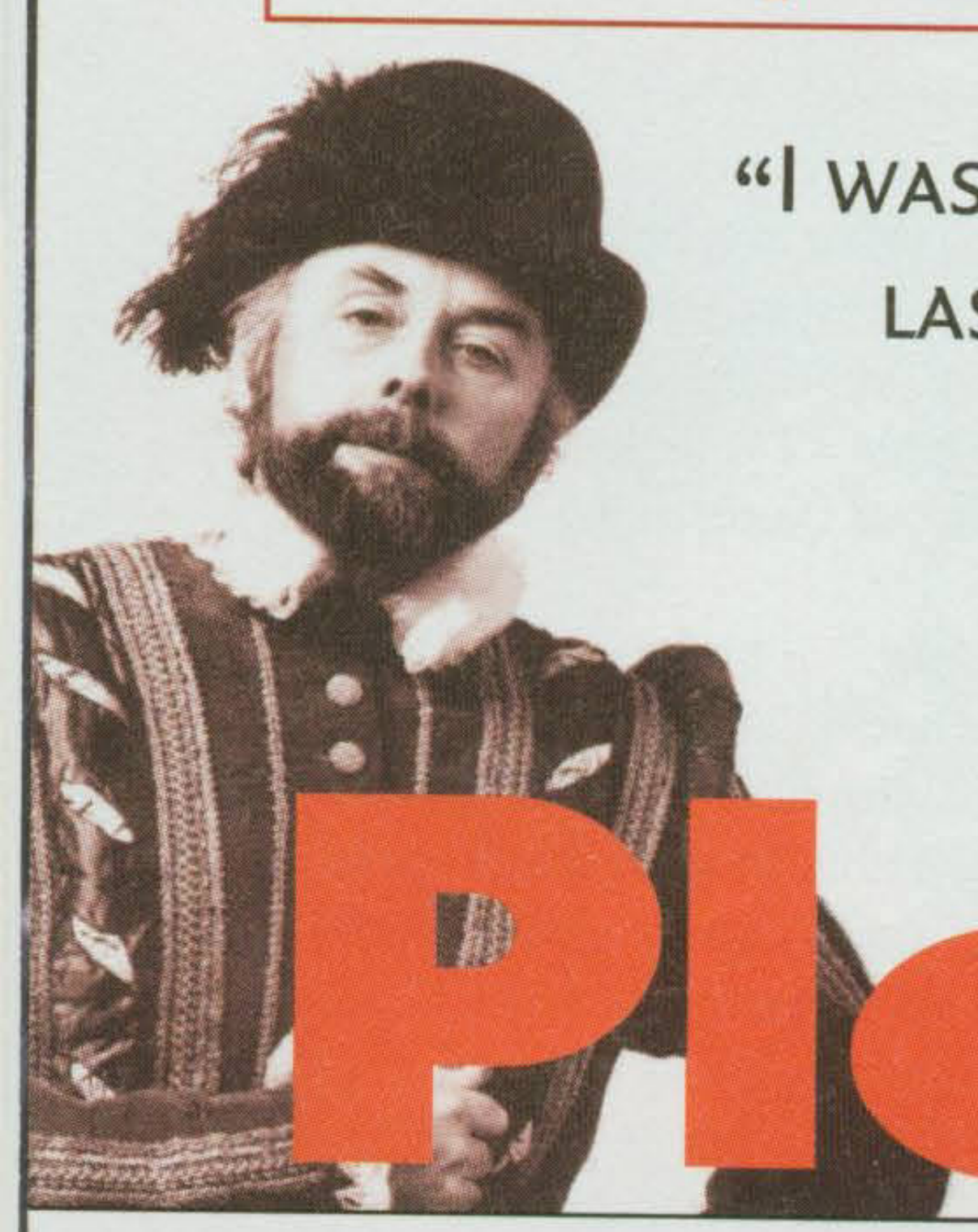
The reception area. Late afternoon. Recording is over and Dan Freedman is happy. "*Death Comes to Time* is sounding bloody fantastic!" He beams. "This is going to be huge! See you in the pub, yeah?" Problem is, Dan, the 'green room' is harder to leave than you might think ...

What is it with actors and rambling anecdotes? "If your story is amusing," says John Sessions, "then it earns its way – but worthless namedrops, I admit, belong to the Terminal Boredom Society! There are people – Stephen Fry, Robbie Coltrane, Ken Branagh – who tell stories, and tell them hilariously, but many of the best actors are quiet! Just ... not me!"

Interestingly, John was considered for the role of the Eighth Doctor in the 1996 TV Movie. How would he have played the part? "A little bit Heath Robinson, I think! An amalgam of everything odd, cranky and individualistic about the loveable English eccentric! I would save the trappings of a buffoon, I think, but my whole demeanour should remain 'English' – in the best sense of the word. My Doctor would be dashing, even when fighting the forces of darkness. Once you get some sweaty, bare-chested beefcake – say, Val Kilmer – playing the Doctor, surrounded by gooey-lipped babes, spouting third-rate dialogue, then that is the end for *Doctor Who*."

In his videotaped audition for the TV Movie, John read every part in the sample script himself – playing both the Doctor and Napoleon, improvising nearly five minutes of additional dialogue. "Napoleon is a fascinating figure," he argues, "who had good qualities. The tree grew straight for a while – but then, by 1809, he was justifying his own deity, which would indicate mental instability at the very least. He was, like General Tannis, a weak-willed person – fantasising that he's strong and powerful." Does John not admire Tannis – just a little? "No – I hate bossing people around! I mean, I've just been asked to direct something, but that's probably as near as I'll ever get to controlling others. Some directors like to control everything, don't they? The term 'control freak' is regarded as derivative, but the desire to control others just isn't my thing! To control *myself*, on the other hand ..." He trails off. "Er – hang on! Where did all the toast go? Bloody hell!" He frowns. "Don't tell me Sophie scoffed the lot!"

Never mind, John. There's still plenty of Marmite left ...



"I WAS HORRIFIED TO DISCOVER JUST WHAT I'D TAKEN ON!" THE LAST LAP IS OFTEN THE WORST, ESECIALLY WHEN THE MOMENT *HASN'T* BEEN PREPARED FOR. IN THE FINAL PART OF HIS *DOCTOR WHO* MEMOIRS, CHRISTOPHER BARRY TELLS BENJAMIN COOK ABOUT BRAINS, CHAINS, AND NASTY RED STAINS ...

Please release me

'I am still here. You have locked me into hell for an eternity. Can you understand a thousandth of my agony?' Poor old Morbius – no body to call his own, you see – but those wretched remarks could just as easily have been made by prolific *Doctor Who* director Christopher Barry. "You may be amused," he says, "to know that in my casting book from that period, at the top of the page, is written 'Dr Who (Again!)', as I was obviously feeling myself being typecast. Directors can be typecast as easily as actors, you know, and I just couldn't escape *Doctor Who!*"

Why, then, did Christopher agree to direct *The Brain of Morbius*? "I'd just been kicked off *Poldark*," he admits, "which I'd helped start and very much enjoyed doing, so I was unexpectedly available to direct a *Doctor Who*. What internal politics lay behind that, heaven and [Head of Serials] Bill Slater alone know!" What did Christopher make of *The Brain of Morbius* story? "*Doctor Who* had reworked well-known stories before, so why not rework *Frankenstein*? I thought this one worked all right, though it didn't do that well in the ratings."

'I kept asking to meet the writer of *Morbius* but was told that the script editor would speak for him. It all seemed very odd ...'

I point out that writer Terrence Dicks thought the final script bland enough to ask that the serial be broadcast under a pseudonym. When did Christopher twig the identity of 'Robin Bland'? "I kept asking to meet the writer and was told that the script editor would speak for him, which all seemed very odd! Only later was I told the whole story." He continues: "I got on very well with the script editor, Robert Holmes. He was a giant of a man in more ways than one! [Producer] Philip Hinchcliffe was an entirely different kettle of fish. Things were more difficult with him – never more so than when he later issued a severely edited version of *Morbius*, which cut a quarter off the original running length, without consulting me, despite my offering him my time and help. I was furious that I hadn't been given a chance to have any input. I didn't like what I saw of the compact version," he sighs, "and I still don't. It was painful to watch!"

Almost every other *Doctor Who* serial up to that point had some material shot either on location or at Ealing Film Studios; how restricting was shooting *The Brain of Morbius* entirely at TV Centre? "We had to record a full programme every week," recalls Christopher, "rather than just the studio scenes, which put a strain on everyone. All tricky or spectacular scenes had to be adapted for the studio; filming or pre-recording would have allowed us more leeway and better production values. As far as the sets of the main buildings were concerned, I asked [designer] Barry Newbery for something based vaguely on the work of Spanish architect Gaudi – and he gave me some unusual-looking settings. It was a tight fit getting such large sets into the studio, but I think he succeeded magnificently. The columns allowed me to get all sorts of interesting compositions to shoot through, around and behind."

The Brain of Morbius was made during *Doctor Who*'s so-called 'Gothic period'. Did this influence Christopher's style of direction? "The *Frankenstein* story was 'Gothic' in itself, but my only contribution to this aspect was the Gaudi appearance of some of the sets, to be honest, which were bizarre enough in themselves to assist the Gothic feeling – but yes, I wanted a macabre quality." How did he manage naked flames in the studio? "Special permission had to be obtained from BBC House Services at Broadcasting House. We had firemen with extinguishers standing just out of camera range. Poor Tom Baker got extremely hot at the stake! Those scenes would have been pre-filmed had we been allowed the time and money to do so, but we never had enough time. I think it was on this serial that the heat set off the ceiling sprinklers and doused the studio with water, which took some time to clear up!"

The Doctor and Sarah sup up in Solon's Gaudi-esque gothic pile. © BBC

How did Christopher approach casting Solon's neighbours, the mysterious Sisterhood of Karn? "Young and attractive women," he proclaims, "with some dancing experience. Dancers cost more to hire than walk-ons, so I only cast one proper dancer – and the rest copied her! I wanted the choreographed part to be good, so I didn't do it myself. I always used Geraldine Stephenson whenever I needed a choreographer. I loved the scenes of the Sisterhood gliding about the place, both in their cavern and on their journey. I wanted a sort of ritual. The words 'sacred fire, sacred flame' were in the script, I think, but I decided to have them delivered in a chant, overlapping the sounds and visuals, making it more mysterious. The bit where the sacred flame is revealed received its share of criticism, but I think the flame needed to be that low to highlight how dangerous this is for them."

When Maren 'fires' her ring, Sarah Jane is blinded; what advice did Christopher give to actress Elisabeth Sladen on how to feign sightlessness? "Momentary blindness always provokes fear, as one doesn't know how long it will last, so without having experienced it oneself, one must rely very much on the instinct of the actor doing it. This was my prime consideration; the rest was up to Lis. The difficult thing is not to use your eyes at all. It's terribly hard to be convincing. Lis had a good crack at it. Others might have done better – or worse!"

The scenes of Condo being shot in the stomach and of the brain falling to the floor were criticised at the time for being too horrific. Does Christopher regret upsetting poor Mary Whitehouse? "Haha! With hindsight, I think that might have been a bit over the top," he acknowledges, "but, like my contemporary peers, I was out to make an impression. And if it upset Mrs Whitehouse then that was fine by me! I can't remember who suggested seeing that red splat when the bullet hit Condo, with his tunic then later stained red, but I agreed without really thinking about it. I can see why that might have been wrong, but I still love the brain effect. I never considered that a brain falling to the floor would offend susceptibilities of people on account of the human brain's sanctity – rather, I thought it would bring a frisson of shock to young viewers. I didn't think the scene violent at all."

So Morbius' glowing brain floating in a tank for most of the story was also concocted to induce a few 'frissons', yes? "Actually that was just so we could see it!" Ah – of course. "And so that it could be kept alive in a vital fluid. I decided that the brain was going to flash just to indicate that it was

Universal domination or bust: Solon's Make Your Own Morbius kit should really have alerted the Doctor sooner ... © BBC

talking. The flashing also helped create its living condition and can be compared with that of the Dalek 'headlights'." And where did the unusual patchwork 'mobile Morbius' monster design come from? "I really don't know who should take the credit for that – our special effects designer, I should think, probably in conjunction with the costume designer. We decided that it should be built from bits and pieces of other creatures, not being specific as to their origin, without using anything too inorganic. I wanted the head – when fitted later – to be the only part that looked false."

How was Morbius' cliff-edge demise managed? "With great difficulty! Had we been able to film it beforehand, we could have made it more spectacular, but we had to do the very best we could in the studio with low angles, lots of large cardboard boxes, and a very gallant stuntman! He actually hit the camera, which is why the picture shakes, but I don't mind that. Nothing was too much for Stuart Fell. I worked with him well."

Christopher used the faces of production crew members during the memorable mind-battle sequence, which "seemed the easiest – and the cheapest – way to do it, as well as a bit of an in-joke, but [actors union] Equity didn't like it, as it did that number of actors out of a job! But in all honesty, it would have been far too expensive to hire that many actors, as it cost just as much for one mug shot as for a day's work! We had to make a special payment to Equity in the end." Are the faces on screen earlier incarnations of the Doctor? "Does it matter?" To a small minority of fandom, Christopher Barry is an early incarnation of the Doctor! "You amaze me! I had absolutely no idea..."

> **'I thought dropping the brain on the floor would simply bring a frisson of shock to the viewers. I didn't think it overly violent'**

After directing *The Brain of Morbius*, Christopher worked on *Angels*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *All Creatures Great and Small*. "I was working very happily on the second series of *All Creatures*," he takes up, "which has burnt itself into my affections more than most programmes, but then a vacuum appeared in my schedule that could only conveniently be filled by a coincidental vacuum in *Doctor Who*'s own schedules. And I was, by then, considered an 'old *Doctor Who* hand', so I found myself directing *The Creature from the Pit* before returning to the third series of *All Creatures*." Christopher rejoined the *Doctor Who* team in late January 1979 – prior to taking a short holiday in the Mediterranean, during which he read David Fisher's script ... "And I was horrified to discover just what I'd taken on. I was not enamoured with his script, but far worse was to come ..."

Maren tries to guess which one of the Sisterhood is a trained dancer ... © BBC

The sacred spark, er, flame: "It was meant to be that low!"

Graeme McDonald, BBC Head of Serials, criticised *The Creature from the Pit* for being 'littered with schoolboy humour that reduces Tom's authority and credibility hopelessly'. Does Christopher concur? "As you know, I always favoured a humourous approach," he points out, "but [producer] Graham Williams and [script editor] Douglas Adams were even more inclined to give comedy a good run! I think I was lucky in that respect. I'd long known Graham as a charming, talented and witty person – but not as a producer, in which role he was extremely supportive. I was shattered when I heard some years later of his tragic death."

Christopher cast a previous *Doctor Who* director, Morris Barry, in the minor role of Tollund. Am I right in thinking that Morris was a distant relative? "There was a very distant – and unproved, though highly likely – relationship between Morris and myself. I cast him because he'd recently left the Beeb, where he'd been a producer, and it was for old time's sake. He was a mate and he needed the work."

Was Tom Baker still behaving himself by this stage? "The fact that I'd been there at his initiation as the Doctor was, no doubt, a great help. I didn't find him temperamental," muses Christopher, "so much as more self-assured and wilful in what he wanted than when I'd worked with him before. He seemed more at ease on *Robot* and, indeed, *The Brain of Morbius* – but by *The Creature from the Pit*, he could prove rather dominant. There was one afternoon in rehearsals, I remember, when he more or less took over directing a scene – and I, in a simulated fit of pique, sat down away from the set and let him get on with it. He soon realised the situation, smiled, and apologised and we went back to doing the scene more or less as I wanted. There is no one way to deal with 'difficult' actors. It's a matter of psychology and experience. Every case is different."

Was Christopher conscious of the first signs of a relationship between Baker and his co-star Lalla Ward? "That Tom and Lalla were into a close relationship was apparent, of course, though it didn't appear to affect their work at all. I thought Lalla was a lovely little person – and not at all the featherbrain that she appeared. I believe she is now married to Professor Richard Dawkins."

The Creature from the Pit marked the début of actor David Brierley as the new voice of K9. Christopher selected him after two rounds of auditions. "I forget my motives here – but I did not like K9! I thought he weakened the story by providing a convenient way to get the Doctor out of trouble, rather than developing a plot line that made him do the clever thing. And the K9 prop was a bit temperamental in whether or not it would behave obediently. Its receiver would pick up other radio signals in the studio area. I blamed Visual Effects and Visual Effects blamed me, but it was a real pain in the neck!"

Christopher wanted to shoot *The Creature from the Pit* forest sequences on location, but the lack of foliage in March, and the need for a pit and flat surfaces for the wolf weeds to roll along, necessitated the use of the BBC Television Film Studios at Ealing. "Val Warrender created a convincing jungle," he remembers, "with dry ice and water giving a misty effect, but the model shots were more of a problem and I was less happy with the original rushes. The cameraman, Paul Wheeler, who'd been assigned to the models job had a good reputation – but had not lived up to it. I could plainly see the wires on which the TARDIS was flown!" Graham Williams also deemed the material unusable, sanctioning an expensive re-shoot. "It seemed an elementary mistake. We were livid." This marked a further deterioration in the production office's relations with the Visual Effects department, which was nothing compared to the aftershock of a certain giant ambulatory blob ...

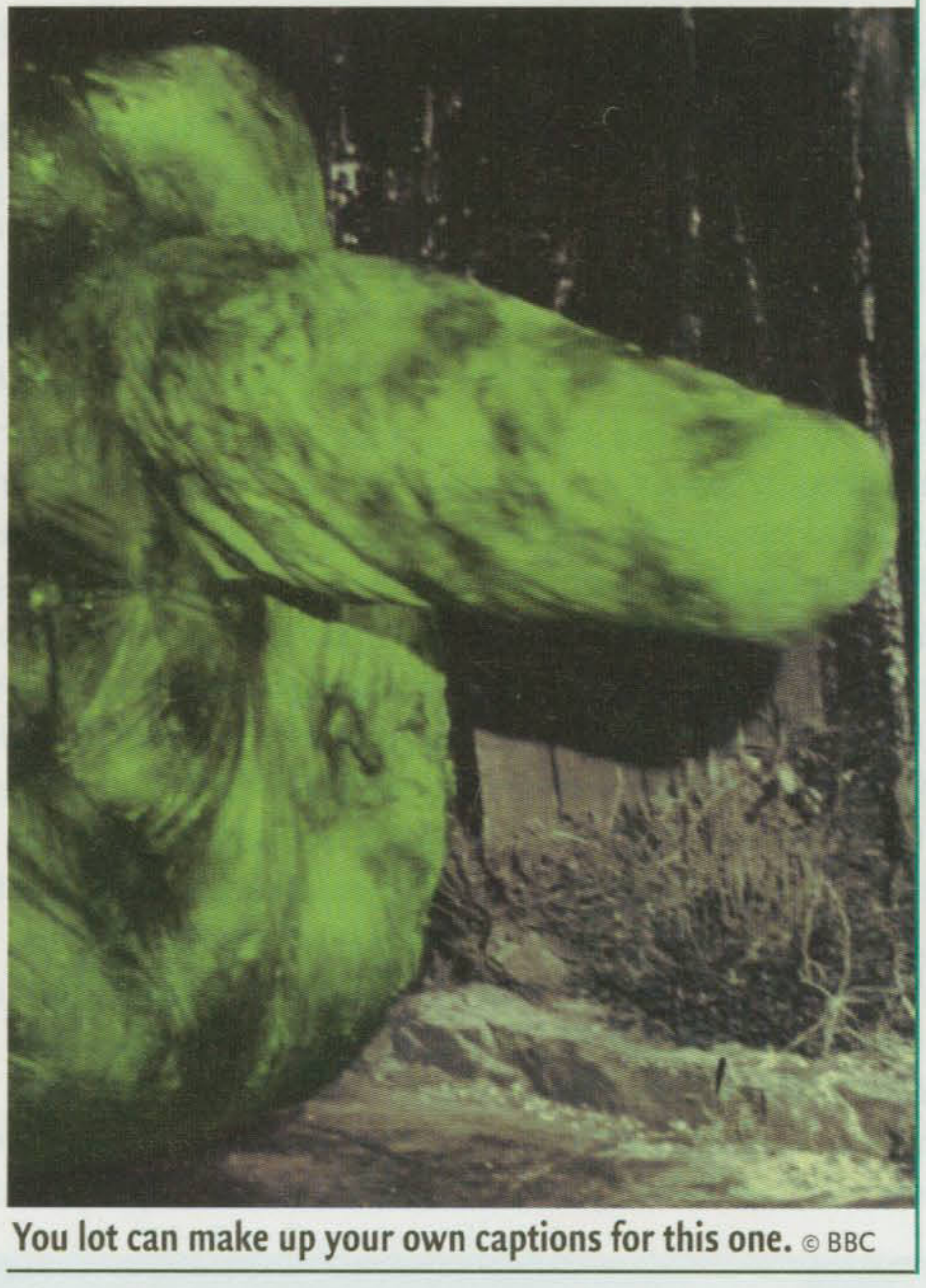
'I'm not sure whether I had any real idea of how the 'creature' could be created. I had qualms about it from the very start . . .'

"I'm not sure whether I had any real idea of how the 'creature' would – or could – be created," Christopher confesses, "but I know that I had qualms and worries about it from the start." The 'creature', Erato, was a Tythonian high ambassador on a mission to trade. How did the the crew react when the ambassador was unveiled in studio? "Laughter! And horror that we were going to have to make do with the thing! [Visual effects designer] Mat Irvine explained that the creature was not ready, bar its proboscis mechanism, but there was one moment when it resembled a penis in the act of penetration!" Williams also complained that the creature looked like a 'giant green blancmange with a four-foot phallus'. Christopher insists: "Although I'd kept in close touch with Mat Irvine and his workshop, it was ultimately a failure in communication that caused the disaster – and no doubt I was much to blame for not being able to give precise enough details of what I needed." He decided to use model corridors to make Erato ooze along instead, but Irvine maintained that this was "not possible in the time we had left, so the prop couldn't be tested or rehearsed. It wouldn't be fair to blame Mat personally, although he must inevitably share collective responsibility. We had an inquest when the show was over – attended by Graham, Mat, Michaeljohn Harris [Head of Visual Effects] and myself – and I think that satisfied both Graham and Harris that no-one could be blamed absolutely for the poor special effects.

Christopher takes revenge on "pain in the neck" K9! © BBC

"I don't know for certain who called for the inquest," admits Christopher, "though I believe it was Harris, as he was anxious to clear his Department's name of the slur that was cast upon it. It was a civilised meeting with allegations made but no lost tempers or intemperate language. Very civilised, very BBC! This was one of the unhappiest encounters of my career. It should have been avoided, of course, though I cannot see how – short of rewriting the creature out of the story altogether! Ironically, had Paintbox and other computer-generated images been available to us, the serial could have been a great success. It would certainly have made life much easier. *The Creature from the Pit* has remained the nadir of my career. I was sorry that it was my last foray on the show and is, no doubt, at least one reason why, when John Nathan-Turner became producer and I offered him my services, he declined to use me."

Does Christopher regret not working on the show again? "No, not really. I didn't like the even greater lack of seriousness that developed from John's time, which turned the whole show into a pantomime rather than a thrilling science fiction series." Beyond technological advances, then, what changes has he observed in the industry as a whole over the last 40-odd years? "The greatest change, I suppose, is the thorough commercialisation of it all. Standards often seem to be of secondary importance. The BBC has certainly become a far unhappier place to work." Has the Corporation lost its way? "That's one way of putting it! Maggie Thatcher really wanted to destroy it and set it on its downward path. The BBC has always had to justify its licence fee, but it once managed to do so with – mainly – good work. Nowadays, far too much of its output is of a deliberately populist nature – and the good, whilst still there, has to be searched for."


You lot can make up your own captions for this one. © BBC

Baker and Ward: that "close relationship" rather apparent! © BBC

After *The Creature from the Pit*, Christopher continued to work at the BBC on shows such as *Juliet Bravo*, *Angels* and *The Tripods*. He took early retirement in 1983 ... "I fully intended working on for some more years as a freelancer, but the time that I took out to move and settle into my new home 'lost' me to the business for a while, so I

Tom: "self-assured and wilful" during *Creature from the Pit*. © BBC

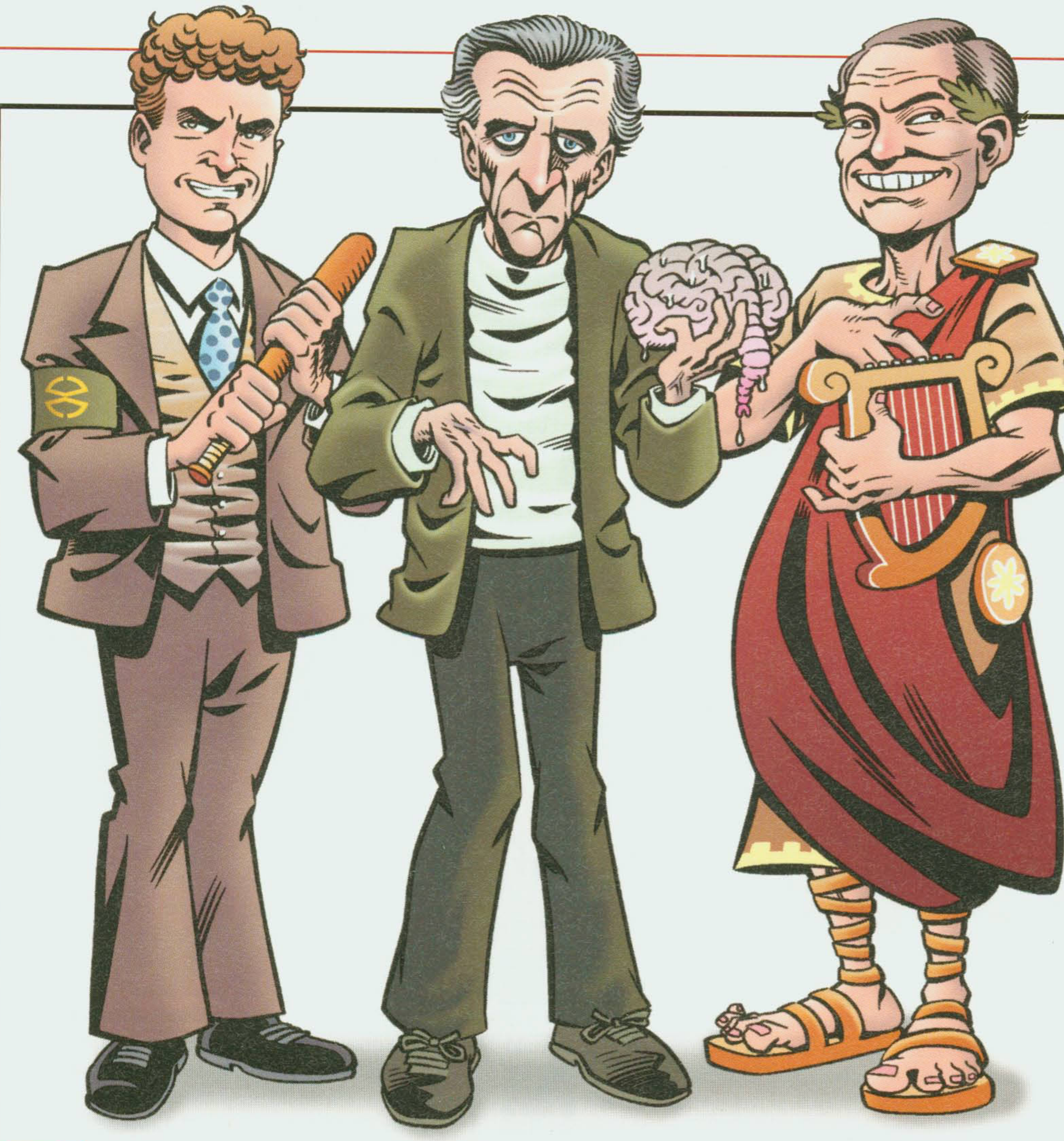


Illustration by Roger Langridge

The ones that got away

"The visiting cast are the director's responsibility. I would sometimes read a script and instantly envisage an actor for a part," says Christopher Barry, "and sometimes I was lucky enough to get them." Directors would often have several ideas as to who might play a given part – "and what a good thing that I still have my original casting books!" The following are some of Christopher's original *Doctor Who* casting ideas ...

The Rescue

The double role of Bennett and Koquillion gave Christopher "quite some difficulty". His shortlist included **John Carson** (later cast as Ambril in *Snakedance*), **William Lucas** (later Range in Frontios), **Michael Goodliffe** and Australian character actor **Alex Scott**. "As is so often the case, one sees a good performance in something and wants to use that actor when one can, which was why I cast **Ray Barrett** in the end."

The Romans

Derek Francis, a well-known comic actor, was initially reluctant to accept the role of Nero. "The script had been written with Derek in mind," reveals Christopher, "but I'd also considered several other actors," including **Paul Whitsun-Jones** (Squire Edwards in *The Smugglers*, later Marshal in *The Mutants*), **George A Cooper** (Cherub in *The Smugglers*) and comedian **Dick Emery**, who was for years a backbone of BBC light entertainment. "Francis was persuaded to accept by Jacqueline Hill," discloses Christopher, "who I'd known socially for some years, as she was married to director and friend Alvin Rakoff, who was close friends with Derek Francis. I'm sure Derek was the best choice, and he seemed to enjoy playing Nero, though Dick Emery might have been amusing!"

The Dæmons

"I thought **Damaris Hayman** had just the right degree of intensity and slight madness that suited Miss Hawthorn. I was very pleased." His other Hawthorn casting ideas were **Sylvia Coleridge** (later Amelia Ducat in *The Seeds of Doom*), **Anne Ridler** (a regular in *Dixon of Dock Green* and Gemma Corwyn in *The Wheel in Space*) and **Margaret Gordon** – "the latter two having worked for me before."

The Mutants

Rick James wasn't Christopher's first choice for Cotton in *The Mutants*. "I had thought of another black actor, **Kenneth Gardnier**, who wasn't available at the time." Hadn't the writers originally written the part for a cockney? "If he was supposed to be then I wasn't aware of it, but you may be amused at the other actors that I considered ..." Christopher lists **David Daker** (later Captain Irongron in *The Time Warrior* and Captain Rigg in *The Nightmare of Eden*) and, believe it or not, **Colin Baker** ...

Robot

Christopher also considered Colin for the role of Miss Winter's number two, Arnold Jellicoe, in *Robot*. "Colin shared a flat with my younger brother," explains the director, "and, having just used him in a series called *The Carnforth Practice*, I wanted to find another part for him – but I couldn't use him as he wasn't available for our dates." As Miss Winters, the head of the Scientific Reform Society, Christopher cast **Patricia Maynard** – then the partner of actor Dennis Waterman – because "she had a strong face, I'd always thought her attractive, and she seemed a good bet for that part. I adored working with her." Nevertheless, he also considered both **Myra Frances**, who he later cast as Adrasta in *The Creature from the Pit*, and **Antonia Ellis**, ex-wife of *Z Cars* star James Ellis.

The Brain of Morbius

For the part of Solon, Christopher considered two international cinema icons: **Peter Cushing**, who'd played Dr Who in the two 1960s Dalek movies, and **Vincent Price** – two of the horror genre's most beloved and enduring stars. "Whenever one is casting," ponders Christopher, "one is looking for good actors – the best available – but one must also watch one's budget. As an actor goes up the fame scale, so does his fee – and better known names, like Cushing and Price, turned out to be too dear for Doctor Who." **John Bennett** (General Finch in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, later Li H'sen Chang in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) and master of melodrama **Freddie Jones** also made Christopher's shortlist, but he eventually cast distinguished actor **Philip Madoc**. "I knew he had a strong presence – and was capable of almost manic intensity, which he indeed conveyed brilliantly."

In casting Condo, Christopher considered *Doctor Who* stalwarts **Stephen Thorne** and **Michael Kilgarriff**, both of whom he'd used before, and *Carry On* star **Bernard Bresslaw** (who'd shot to fame as Popeye in *The Army Game* and had previously played Varga in *The Ice Warriors*) – but he ultimately cast **Colin Fay**: "I knew Colin as an operatic singer, but his bulk and – when made up – his almost Neanderthal appearance of simple-mindedness – begging his pardon! – inclined me to use him for that part, which I think he fulfilled perfectly. He happened to ask me for a job at the right time. And he hadn't done any television work, I don't think, so he was cheap!"

Cynthia Grenville won the role of Maren. "She had a wonderful naturally lined face, and a voice that suggested she was 'as old as time itself'." **Sheila Burrell** had been another idea, as had **Eileen Way**, who'd appeared in *100,000 BC* and *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD*.

The Creature from the Pit

Christopher later cast Way as Lady Adrasta's right-hand woman, Madam Karela, in *The Creature from the Pit*. "Eileen had that wonderful aged visage that also made her look like she'd always been alive!" As Adrasta herself, Christopher cast the aforementioned Myra Frances, whom he had directed in *Z Cars* and "recalled playing a lesbian-inclined ATS woman in *Thirty Minute Theatre*" – but she was by no means his first choice. Christopher had also asked **Sian Phillips**, **Maria Aitken**, **Caroline Blakiston** and **Judy Parfitt**, "all of whom were either unavailable or too expensive. I think Myra was, in fact, excellent, as I needed a strong personality with a physique to match."

Of astrologer Organon: "**Geoffrey Bayldon**, who'd just filmed the first series of *Wurzel Gummidge*, had recently done an *All Creatures* for me. We got on well and I thought he'd make an ideal Organon. And so much the better if kids still thought of him as Catweazle!" Christopher's original thoughts for the part had included *Doctor Who* über-villain **Kevin Stoney**, **Timothy Bateson** (Binro in *The Ribos Operation*) and music hall comedian **Max Wall**.

"Raargh!" An "obedient" Yeti, bless it! © Reeltime

didn't so much retire from it as it from me." He continued to work in corporate videos, however, alongside work for ITV, plus tutoring, writing and directing, but "as it happens, my withdrawal has been gradual and happy, and I don't really miss the business. I enjoy my time as I am."

Nevertheless, 16 years after *The Creature from the Pit*, Christopher returned to the *Doctor Who* fold to direct 1995's independently produced video spin-off drama *Downtime*. "I was still prepared to take on anything then," he remarks, "and it seemed a challenge that [producer] Keith Barnfather thought I'd be up for. Although he couldn't offer me 'real money', he made it seem attractive enough to tempt me – and I fell." I wonder whether *Downtime* proves that *Doctor Who* can, effectively, work without the Doctor. "I suppose it can! Marc Platt's script was ingenious in weaving together the two *Doctor Who* stories on which *Downtime* is based [*The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear*]. At first, not knowing those stories, I couldn't understand the script at all. Eventually, with many rewrites, mostly at my suggestion, things became clearer – and Doctor or not, I think the script was successful in the end.

'The *Downtime* crew had an enthusiasm that might have been lacking at the BBC. I seemed to have complete freedom'

"The special effects were amazingly good considering our very limited budget. There seemed to be a terrific well of enthusiasm also, that might have been lacking at the BBC. I seemed to have complete freedom. And we weren't tied down by Union hours. Had it been a full-blooded *Doctor Who* story, it might have had a greater appeal, I suppose, but I gather Keith was pleased with what he got. What I didn't like was the music, which was far too overpowering and unsubtle, but it was insisted upon by the main financial backer who'd composed it!"

Did it feel strange, I ask, to direct Elisabeth Sladen and Nicholas Courtney again? "It was a lot of fun, actually. We had so much background to draw on. Obviously, they knew their characters better than anything I could tell them." And what of Deborah and Jack Watling? "Lovely! I'd worked with them both on *The Newcomers* back in the 1960s, in fact, and with [sister/daughter] Dilys earlier still!" Were they easier to direct than the Yetis? "Haha! The Yetis were very obedient! And not any different from directing Daleks."

How, though, did Christopher manage to fit everything into only a ten-day schedule? "With great difficulty!" Quite a feat, wasn't it? "Well, in fairness, I never thought we'd get such a free hand in the City of London as we did that Sunday morning – but my memories of East Anglia are bleak, to be honest, in that we were held up by a snowstorm at the University and were almost blown away in a sandstorm on the beach! The University people were very good and let us go anywhere we wanted. We even lived in student accommodation whilst filming there."

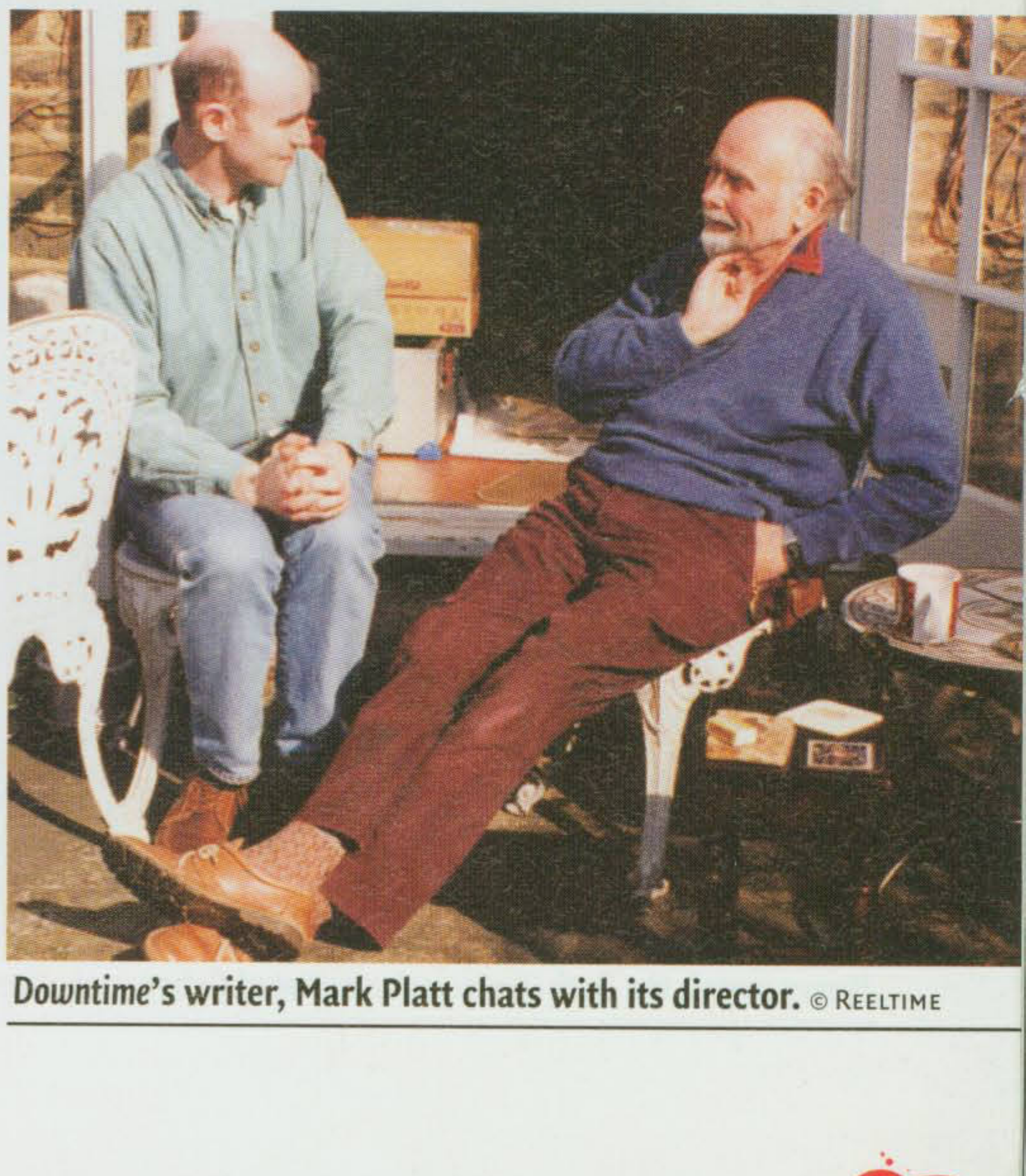
A "fun" reunion for Nick Courtney and Lis Sladen in *Downtime*. © Reeltime

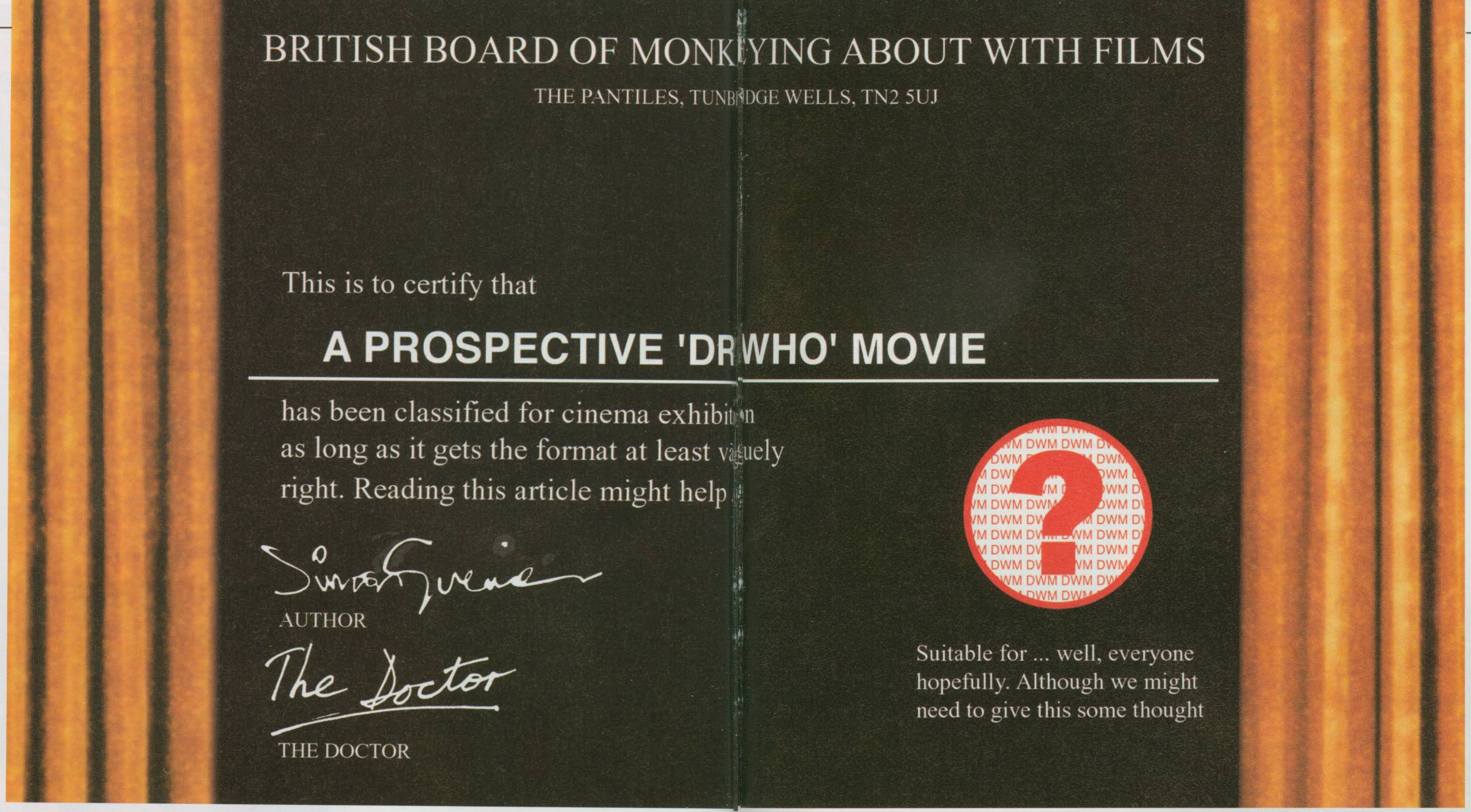
What does Christopher make of *Doctor Who* fans? Does he ever attend conventions? "Yes, I've been to several," he enthuses, "including Chicago 1993, which was huge fun. I had hoped to be asked to return, but no such luck! I've always been surprised at the strength of the fans' devotion to their subject and the lengths to which they'll go to further their adherence to their chosen 'hobby' – for that's what it is, and a thoroughly agreeable hobby at that. Amongst their clan are a few souls who find in the cult a real and friendly home, I suppose, and who might feel lost without it or something similar to fill their lives ..."

Has *Doctor Who* run its course, then? "I think it must have. All attempts at revival have been a failure. Having said that, I believe the recent audio dramas have been well received." Would Christopher ever consider directing *Doctor Who* again? "My last foray into directing – on the Elisabeth Sladen *Myth Makers* video – convinced me that, physically at least, shooting days are far too strenuous for me now." Christopher is 76. "That said, in the unlikely event that work should be offered to me, I doubt that I'd actually turn it down if I thought it within my physical and mental powers. I'm currently exploring the possibility of working with a BBC producer on new DVD issues of some of my *Doctor Who* stories. Otherwise, I'll continue enjoying my 'retirement', tilling the garden, criticising modern television, and indulging in the many social pastimes in which I'm involved."

I ask Christopher whether he has enjoyed being interviewed for **DWM**? Go on – say yes! "No, really – I have! It's been a long haul, but I've found it interesting too, dredging both memories and archives for recollections. Thank you for asking me to do it. I think it's probably worth you putting in print that I intend this to be the last such interview that I'm prepared to give. I hadn't realised quite how exhausting it would be!" How, then, does Christopher hope he will be remembered by the fans – and those people that he worked with on *Doctor Who*? "As a good director – with both actors and technicians – and methodical, but adaptable when needs arose. I have been criticised by my peers for not stretching myself further imaginatively, but I've always tried to be true to a script – and to make stories clear to audiences. Actors have, on the whole, liked my way with them."

How does Christopher sum up his considerable contribution to *Doctor Who*? "I suppose I can't help feeling a sense of pride," he smiles, "that I was the first director to show a Dalek on screen. Not really my contribution, just an accident of time and place, but still ... When people ask if I remember where I was the day that Kennedy was shot, I can tell them, in all truth, that I was busy making *Doctor Who*! There were times when I wanted to be doing other more prestigious things, but it was all part of a staff director's life." He laughs, self-consciously: "Whilst I feel proud of my association with the programme, there have been occasions, and there still are, when I wish I could dissociate myself from the show – when I am with academics or other intellectuals who think of it as totally worthless – but on the whole, I can hold my head up high when the words '*Doctor Who*' are mentioned." DWM


Downtime's writer, Mark Platt chats with its director. © Reeltime



BRITISH BOARD OF MONKEYING ABOUT WITH FILMS

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This is to certify that

A PROSPECTIVE 'DR WHO' MOVIE

has been classified for cinema exhibition
as long as it gets the format at least vaguely
right. Reading this article might help

AUTHOR

The Doctor

THE DOCTOR

Suitable for ... well, everyone
hopefully. Although we might
need to give this some thought

SCREEN TEST: THE SEQUEL PG

Past experience – and last issue's lead feature – tells us that making a *Doctor Who* movie isn't as easy as it sounds. So how will Simon Guerrier fare against the pitfalls of production hell ...?

So, you're making a film of *Doctor Who*? Maybe you've picked up a winning lottery ticket? Or rich Uncle Quentin remembered you in his will? The BBC have let you at the licence and you've convinced all involved that *Doctor Who* is a big returns investment – a smash hit television series writ large. You're going to do things the TV show could never afford. It's going to be bigger, bolder and flashier ... sexier, more violent, with better jokes, and sets that don't wobble. You're going to be raking it in! A family film with broad appeal! People who have never even heard of the television show, or just don't remember it that well, will soon be *au fait* with the format and eager for sequels ... *Ker-ching!*

So let's start from first principles shall we? Obviously, you'll want to appeal to people who don't necessarily know what *Doctor Who* is. How much will your film assume the audience has picked up about the series? What do they already know about this man called 'the Doctor' and the things he gets up to in that Police Box of his? The show has been off the air for a long time, so even people who used to watch it might not recall the exact details of how Peter Davidson and K9 beat the Sea Devils on Skaro.

As we discussed last issue, previous *Doctor Who* films have approached this problem in different ways. What it really boils down to is how your film will balance old and new, how it will manage to hark back to the television series, but still be a fresh and exciting movie in its own right. Will your film manage to be big, dazzling and original without warping the form and iconography of the television show out of shape? First off, it would be easier, of course, if you could also supply a television series to go with it. Nearly every successful movie spin-off has worked because there was a small-screen series running alongside it – from *The X Files* in Alaska to *Are You Being Served?* on the Costa Plonka. But what if your *Doctor Who* film must survive without a series by its side? You could take the 'campy-greatest-hits-of-public-folk-memory' route – what *Flash Gordon* did so brilliantly in 1980, and what *The Avengers* failed so tragically to do more recently. You know – Daleks invade London, the Master kidnaps the assistant with a shop window dummy, while the Doctor races back from defeating giant maggots in Wales. All good frothy family fun. All the archetypal things we remember about *Doctor Who*.

Heavy metal: the *Dark Dimension*'s proposed Cyber-makeover.

Just look at the effort that goes into making each new James Bond film recognisably part of a series, but new and exhilarating as a story in its own right. The producers work hard to keep Bond modern and up-to date, with all the state-of-the-art technology MI6 can provide. They use locations that are easy to remember; landmarks and landscapes that are indelible. They try to make the films 'big', with lots of flashy effects and a striking, exciting thriller plot. You know you're going to get a baddie with an outrageous accent. You know you'll get a *femme fatale*, and that one of the women Bond sleeps with will die. You know Bond will do those silly quips whenever he kills a hapless henchman. So, what icons can you pilfer for use in your *Doctor Who* film?

Perhaps you could take a leaf out of your predecessors' books? There are always Daleks, for a start. They might be off-screen, as in the 1996 TV Movie, but they're there. Then there's the TARDIS. And a fashionably modern girl who the Doctor hangs around with. To be on the safe side, *Doctor Who* films also feature iconic moments lifted directly from television stories. Although none of the proposed films after the two 1960s Daleks movies were 're-imaginings' of television stories, they did revisit old work: *The Five Doctors* is remarkably reminiscent of *The Three Doctors*, for instance, the TV Movie freely borrows from both *Spearhead from Space* and *The Deadly Assassin*, and the aborted 30th anniversary special, *The Dark Dimension*, would have featured new versions of 'classic' scenes, such as Cybermen swarming around St Paul's.

This appears to suggest a conscious effort by the production teams to get back to basics. To 'borrow' the essential best of the television programme – or, more bluntly, to steal the bits that worked before! Kevin Davies, speaking on *The Doctors: 30 Years of Time Travel* video, cheerily explained the remit of *The Dark Dimension*: "It was going to be the biggest *Doctor Who* drama there had ever been. The largest budget. All the Doctors together, hopefully. A whole load of monsters. It would have been the biggest *Doctor Who* ever!" That, in a nutshell, is what your films needs to achieve: 'big-ness'. More Doctors! More monsters! More explosions! This should equal more bums on seats, but ...

Making the television series bigger has a price. Do neat references to Skaro or to the Fourth Doctor's scarf have any bearing at all? Okay, they're icons of the old show, but what purpose do they serve in your film? The big problem with icons is that, like your special effects, if they're going to be involving they have to be relevant. You don't want to attract an old audience at the expense of the new – do you? Your film simply won't survive on the support of the fans alone.

One way to prove your worth, of course, is with immaculate behind-the-scenes credentials. David Whitaker, who had been story editor on the television series during its formative years, wrote both of the Dalek films. He script edited the original television versions, too, and wrote scripts for the TV show. Terrance Dicks, the writer of *The Five Doctors*, and Douglas Adams, one of the authors drafted on to *Doctor Who Meets Scratchman*, both had the same pedigree. Bear in mind, though, that names familiar to *Doctor Who* fans may mean little to the general movie-going public ...

You do, therefore, need to know when to stop – and treading that fine line isn't going to be easy. Throughout the history of *Doctor Who* films, producers and directors and writers and actors have cited their love of the show, their respect for it, their unnecessary knowledge of it – but like the iconic references, should that make a difference? You need to underline the fact that your film is holding the torch for the old show – that your movie and those old episodes are all part of the same thing – whilst also moving forwards. Perhaps, like *The Five Doctors* and the TV Movie, you could use your title sequences and theme music to reinforce your movie's canonical status?

Movies look different to TV shows. An obvious observation, perhaps, but they can differ so wildly that people attracted to your film because of their love of the television series could be disappointed, even outraged, by what you do. Will your film prove too trendy, too derivative, too violent, or too much of a departure from whichever episodes of the TV show are best representative of what *Doctor Who* should be? Essentially, immaculate credentials and iconic reference points shouldn't distract from what's going on in the story – rather, they should complement it. The only effect of a continual need for the audience to be experts on the series is a final product that lends itself to self-indulgent introspection – one that only makes sense to a relatively small group of fans – and, as we've established, that isn't going to make your film a success. The recent film of *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* stuck closely – some would say *too* closely – to the novel on which it was based, while the film of *The Fellowship of the Ring* adapted the novel into something more ... cinematic. Which, overall, was the more impressive movie? Maybe you should tell a new story – borrowing the basics of television adventures, rather than whole plots ...

So, your *Doctor Who* film isn't going to alienate anyone – not fans, not the general public. You slip in a couple of lines of dialogue to explain who this Doctor fellow is – a man who isn't a man and has two hearts and travels around in a phone box that's bigger on the inside. The problem is, as Leela once remarked, that's *silly*! When even a savage can see that the show's core concept is daft, your film could be in trouble. How can you get people involved in something so clearly ridiculous? Uncle Quentin's inheritance is far too valuable an investment to waste on a cynical audience ...

The most effective way to counter the silliness of what's in the script is, as Douglas Adams always said, to play it straight. Treating the absurd situations and dialogue as if they've got very real consequences means that something inherently silly can actually become frightening and involving. A lot of genre television shows and comic books have, indeed, become big budget feature films over the last 15 years – about the same period, as it happens, that *Doctor Who* has been off the air. But in Hollywood, it seems, 'genre' can mean 'silly' – and 'camp' is a dirty word. Vigilantes in Spandex fighting mutant criminals and their hare-brained schemes? Who'd want to sit through 90 minutes of that nonsense? Hence, the moody and mean *Batman* in 1989, and *The X-Men* and *Lost In Space* more recently. All are darker, more serious and more violent than their progenitors.

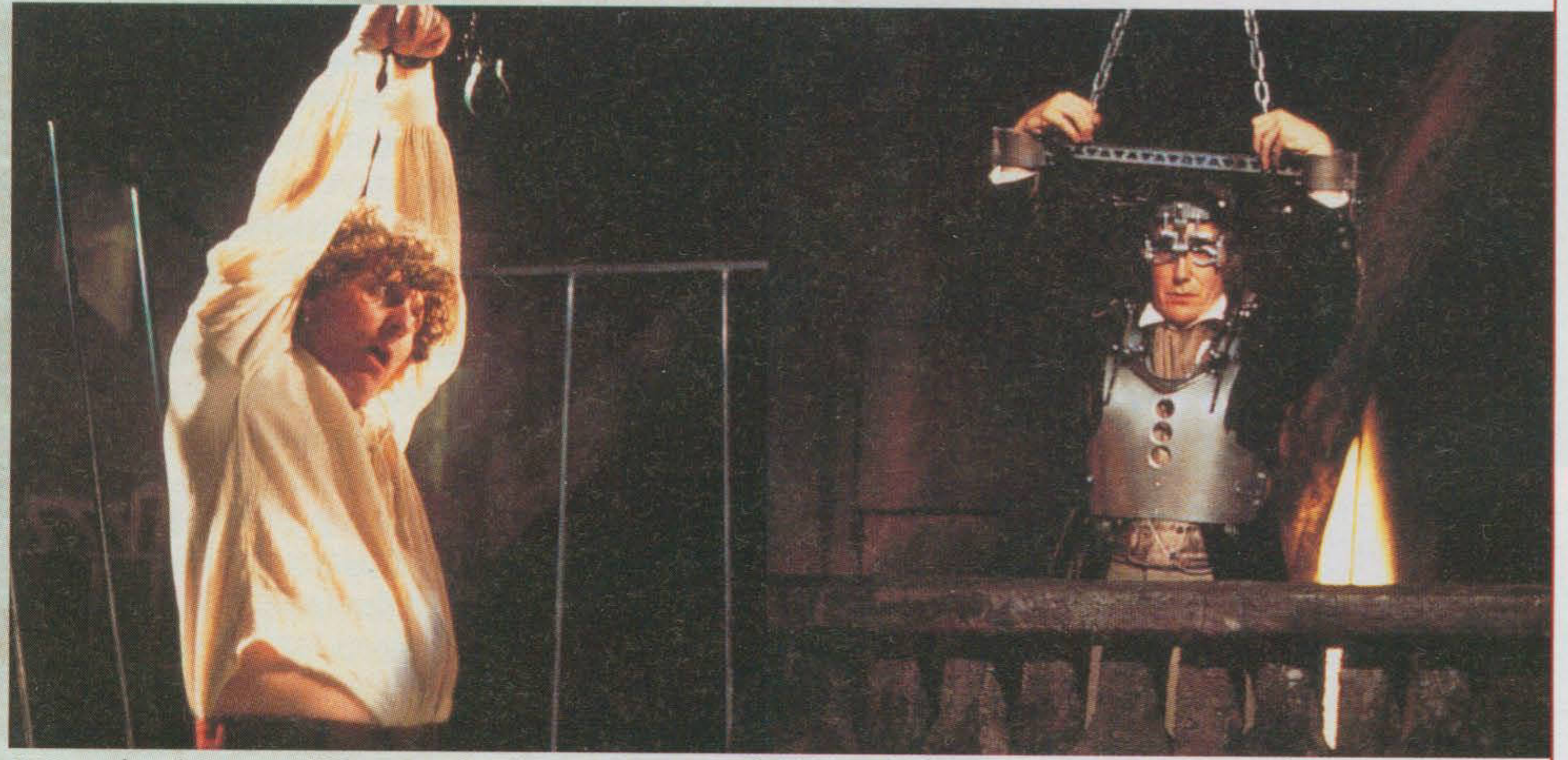
The 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie is no exception. Compare it to, say, *First Contact* – the *Star Trek* motion picture released that same year. There are some interesting parallels. In each, the hero's spaceship has been newly refitted, and now boasts a dimmer switch. The hero has a new costume, roughly the same in silhouette as the one worn on television but much more grey and serious, and an old enemy from the television show attacks while the hero (unusually) follows orders. And the hero gets 'killed' by a woman but miraculously resurrects! (Well, Captain Picard was turned into a Borg and then rescued by his shipmates, wasn't he?) The hero remains traumatised and unhinged as a result, but still stands up to his old enemy. The ensuing battle is far more violent, dark and costly than the television show could ever afford.

MORE DOCTORS! MORE MONSTERS! MORE EXPLOSIONS! MORE BUMS ON SEATS?

Just because it's the norm, though, doesn't mean that this 'darkening' works. Let's get down to brass tacks. How are we 'involved' in an adventure, whether or not it's called *Doctor Who*? By engaging in the struggle of the protagonist(s). All stories are about conflict, a struggle of some kind. The protagonist wants something, and has to make the effort to get it. In adventure stories, that conflict tends to be between heroes and villains; the war between good and evil. Conflict is exciting. The thrill of the fight against evil is what makes adventure stories so successful.

The thinking behind many of these genre films, however, seems to be that *violent* conflict is the most popular. How violent should you make your *Doctor Who* film, then? And you must be aware of the issues involved. There are different ways to depict violence on screen. In 1987, the BBC published a report called *Violence on Television – Guidelines for Production Staff*. *Doctor Who*, in all its myriad incarnations, has usually kept pretty much within what is deemed suitable for a family show. It's telling that *First Contact* is – albeit unwittingly – in breach of all the suggestions and concerns expressed in the report.

In *First Contact*, Captain Picard – the hero, the figure that we are meant to identify with – commits violent acts. He seems to relish playing the enemy at their own game, fighting fire with fire. Victims are mutilated and killed silently, without vocal protest. If the evil Borg (think the Cybermen, only with less fist-clenching) were individuals, if they spoke or responded to the humans, we would see the unpleasantness of what is done to them – but there is no real consequence to the brutality of Picard's mission. The violence is present from the very start of the film and continues until the Borg are utterly wiped out. This is always shown, rather than implied. The violence is essential to the story because the violence, in this case, is the story; without it, this would merely be a 45-minute television episode. Violence is what's used to make this story a feature-length and cinematic adventure But you may not want your *Doctor Who* movie to fall into this trap; the series rarely did, so a *Doctor Who* movie with violence for violence's sake would run the risk of feeling nothing much like *Doctor Who*.


"Borrowing the essential best of the TV programme": The 1996 Movie taking its cue from 1976's *The Deadly Assassin*. © BBC

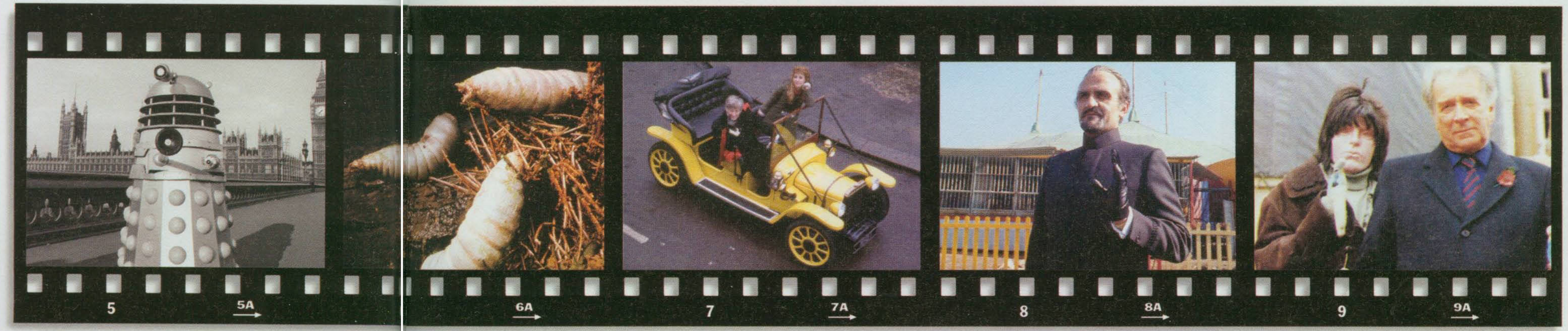
Interestingly, the aforementioned BBC report does argue that 'viewing a television play or film can be a completely different experience from watching similar material in a theatre or cinema'. Both *First Contact* and the TV Movie include 'kisses to the past' to delight fans and reward rewatching. Despite *First Contact*'s cinematic status, its longevity will, like the TV Movie, be on small screens – cut to shreds by timid terrestrial broadcasters or shown at midnight as they may be. Besides, can you really argue that the fact that *First Contact* is made for screening in a cinema excuses the violent take on *Star Trek* that it presents?

War and violence are very easy to depict dramatically. They make the narrative a matter of life and death – literally – for the protagonists. As author Joe Haldeman says in *Study War No More – A Selection of Alternatives* (1979), in science fiction adventures, "war is the normal instrument of policy and the conference table is only the first or last weapon." Very little science fiction, as he notes, offers a non-violent solution. The BBC's report is concerned that the more gory and disturbed the images and events on screen, the more this adds to a 'drip drip' accumulation of violence in the public's mind. People become incrementally more and more accustomed to – and less and less disturbed by – violence, but it isn't written to restrict your film, but to help guide your production. As the report also argues, if television can be seen to incite copy-cat violence, there is also a case for it inciting copy-cat virtue. What does the violence and darkness of *First Contact* prove? That the people on board the Enterprise aren't merely in uniform for comfort, but are a well-oiled, well 'ard army, packed into one majorly military warship. These people are heroes because they're better fighters; better at dishing out decisive violence on those who get in their way. The Doctor, meanwhile, holds his hand out to help the Master at the end of the TV Movie, and the only person he points a gun at is himself. Despite overly violent moments in the film, the Doctor is clearly seen to stand against violent acts and violent people. There is gratuitous titillation and unnecessary violence perpetrated by his enemies, but that's the point. Your *Doctor Who* film should maintain a moral stance – or it may not feel like *Doctor Who*.

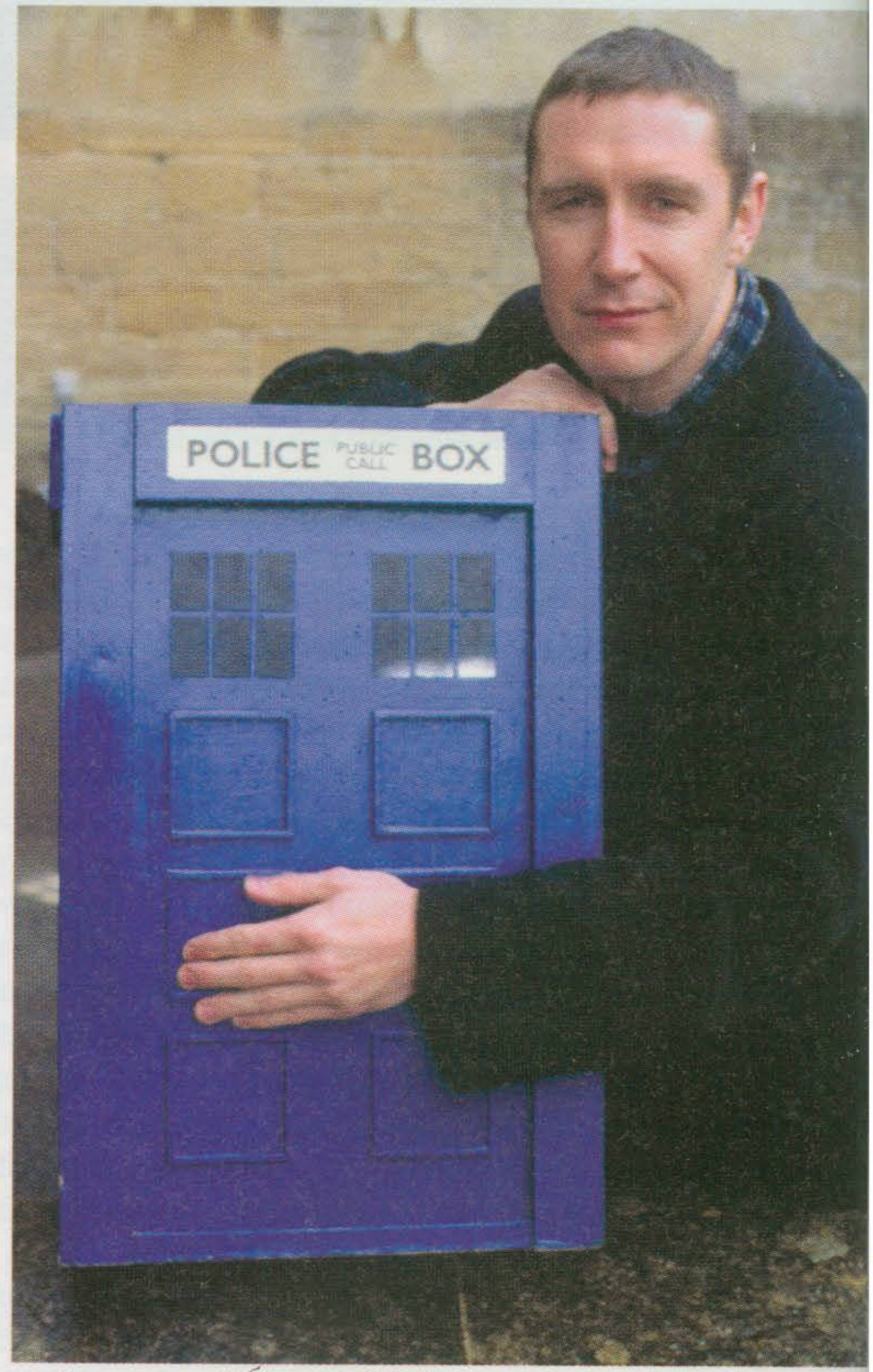
Violence, force and coercion are all traits of the villain. Even so, violence in the media was so contentious in May 1996, as a result of the shootings in Dunblane, that the first UK broadcast and video release of the TV Movie were re-edited. Reinstated for repeat broadcasts and retained in the DVD release, what had been cut were the sound effects of necks breaking, the Doctor screaming as he's killed, and people shooting other people. It wasn't the deaths that were removed, it was the realities of those deaths – the grisly sight of bodies collapsing, the noises that killing makes. Is violence then admissible so long as it does not recognisably affect the victim? When its consequences are not seen? When it doesn't engage or involve us in the nasty, brutal gore? Violence with its consequences is less attractive. Somehow less … *heroic*. We are less likely to view violent might as right – or to see war as an option, or even a solution to problems.

Contemporary, real life events will have an effect on the way your film is received, but your decisions as a film maker also have to be called into question. Ask yourself this with regard to Dunblane : if it had been scheduled for broadcast in the same slot as the TV Movie, would any moments from, say, *The Five Doctors* have been cut? Probably not. As the producer of a film, you're the one who'll receive all the angry letters from the amateur watchdogs and decency-crusaders. Okay, so it might get you some extra publicity, but is that the kind of publicity that you want for your film?

One thing that drama does to dispel the nastier side of violence is to use comic relief. James Bond was the first hero to temper the brutality with which he dispatched an enemy by making a quip. Now, bad puns are the norm in adventure films – *First Contact* and the Paul McGann TV Movie both have jokes and slapstick. The 1960s Dalek films have many comedic moments, mostly featuring Roy Castle or Bernard Cribbins – but again, is the industry norm the way you should play it? Perhaps the most tense and frightening part of the second Dalek film – where the humans' attack on the Dalek spaceship results in ruthless massacre – is followed by a long slapstick sequence, as Cribbens' character pretends to be a Roboman.



Dr Who and the Campy-Greatest-Hits-Of-Folk-Memory: The Movie! **GAS at the dreaded Daleks! COWER from the menacing Maggots! CHEER Doctor Who and his silly car! HISS the mesmerising Master! FLEE from the awful Autons! OH, and there's the Brigadier as well!**



McGann is unveiled – with *Who* iconography present and correct!

We could argue, however, that this comedy undercuts the more serious original television screenplay. It's not that your *Doctor Who* film shouldn't be funny; rather, it's a question of whether the comedy balances the violence or undercuts it. These are things that have dogged the production of *Doctor Who* since the early days, and it's a debate that weaves through pretty much any criticism of the show in any medium – but when you're trying to up the stakes and justify the budget for a movie, it's all the more pertinent. It's all very well having a big punch-up with the whole of the cosmos at risk – if you've got the special effects budget that can be damn exciting – but if you want that struggle to be involving for an audience then you need to ask: 'What is your hero fighting for?'

Motivation is what interests actors – they're always going on about it! – and it's what engages the audience, too. It's integral. And the problem with comedy is that it can get in the way of narrative sense. *Doctor Who*'s seventeenth television season manages to be its funniest while also containing its best-motivated villains. Go figure. If your film is going to be archetypal *Doctor Who*, it has to show the Doctor to be a hero, someone special. One trick of film *Doctor Who* – including many that never made it into production – is to reveal new and special things about the Doctor. He's made President of Gallifrey! Or he turns out to be half-human! Or we meet various family members – fathers, brothers, nieces! Or see more than one version of him! These films don't seem to grasp that the backstory has nothing dramatically to do with the concept at all – that *Doctor Who* is a 'picaresque romp', if you will, rather than an epic poem. Whatever else your film does, avoid this nonsense! The television show made a virtue of the enigmatic main character – and, even in its waning years, tried to reassert his mystery. To engage us in the character and the 'big' adventure, these other films reveal more about him, expand our knowledge. And so entirely miss what makes the Doctor so involving a hero.

IN HOLLYWOOD, IT SEEMS, 'GENRE' EQUALS 'SILLY' AND 'CAMP' IS A DIRTY WORD.

Perhaps it would be better for your film to think of the Doctor as an anti-hero. He is, as theorist David Cohen defines the term in his 1990 book *Being A Man*, 'tortured about aggression, artistic, and more concerned about integrity than valour. He [believes] in being true to himself, which [means] defying established values'. Sounds like the Doctor to me. He is an anarchic figure – whichever way we look at it, he defies authority. He renounces his own society in the original television series … so why, in the TV Movie, has he decorated his TARDIS with Time Lord iconography? And why is he running errands for them? It makes no sense his fetching the Master's remains from Skaro. How does he do *that* safely, yet barely survive five seconds in San Francisco? If anyone, it's the Master who is the scallywag rebel, and must be taken home by the Doctor, a mere porter. There are serious problems with the TV Movie. The plot is confused, especially for those with no prior knowledge of *Doctor Who* – it tries to cram in too much unnecessary information. And there are too many plot holes and discrepancies. There are a number of ill-thought-out coincidences, and the ending is unbelievably sentimental. However, as well as things *not* to do, you can learn some important lessons from that movie of what might work in your own *Doctor Who* film …

The film is, after all, exciting and – at times – very engaging. And Paul McGann is excellent. His is an involving Doctor, seeking to help, to educate and to broaden the perspectives of the people he encounters. We trust this Doctor because he is friendly, approachable and vulnerable. We are attracted by his gentleness, his compassion, not because of his special powers and talent for fighting. He speaks of historical figures as actual people, belittling their reputations, perhaps, but affording a glimpse of them as 'real' human beings. In fact, the Doctor himself embodies the ordinary, standing back from the pompous and grandiose. Despite the alien wonder conjured by his ship and his special alien body, which he could use to assert himself over others, these elements are shrouded by a facade of the ordinary. He looks like one of us. His ship and his regeneration are erratic. He makes himself humble and unimportant – most people dismissing him as merely daft. He prefers to "sit down, have a cup of tea, talk …" And this is to the woman who killed him! He doesn't force her to believe him. She and Chang Lee ultimately side with him because his actions convince them. The movie's plot may fall to bits as soon as you scrutinise it, but McGann is a fantastic, cinematic Doctor. As a recent **DWM** poll attests, if you *can* get McGann, *bloody well do!*

Perceived past failure may well mean McGann is passed over next time. Even if you offer him a fantastic percentage of Uncle Quentin's money, he might just turn it down. The precedent is for someone new – and even when old Doctors are required, they're not often available. *The Five Doctors* actually only got together three Doctors – using archive footage and a stand-in to make up the numbers. Tom Baker's commitments to the television show helped scupper the production of *Scratchman* – or whatever it was called by that stage – and, having turned down *The Five Doctors*, there's no guarantee that he'd have turned up for his cameo in the film Leonard Nimoy was due to direct. Altercations between the other television Doctors could also have caused problems had *The Dark Dimension* been given the green light.

There are several other issues involved in casting a Doctor. Films require a 'draw' – a name associated with past success. Such actors are bankable because audiences trust them, whatever the story or the characters they play, to give a performance worth watching. William Hartnell was a bankable star in the UK in 1963, as the salary he was paid acknowledged, but not enough of a name in the US to front a movie, so 'big name' Peter Cushing was cast in the films instead. You see? The way these things go, even if the Cushing movies had succeeded in spawning an endless run of films, with a new TV story – or even an original story! – slapped up on the big screen every couple of years, there's no guarantee that Cushing would have been in each one. He might have demanded more money, or just got bored. He's not the only actor to have played Professor Van Helsing for Hammer films, after all. Just as with the television series, the films would have had to replace the leading actor. Who would have held Roberta Tovey's hand in the movie version of *The Chase*? If, say, *Daleks Chase Thru Time!* – well, they'd have wanted a more exciting title for the American market – had been made in 1967, would they have tried to cast a more Troughton-esque Doctor? Maybe they'd have cast one of the crabby-faced comedians from the *Carry On* films – Sid James, perhaps? Or Jon Pertwee? And no, it needn't necessarily have meant revealing that Dr Who isn't actually human. James Bond was regenerated off screen in the late 1960s and *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* begins by deliberately commenting on the fact that Sean Connery's been ousted. "This never happened to the other feller!" quips the new Bond, immediately before a title sequence that's made up of scenes from Connery's adventures. Like the flashback at the end of *The Caves of Androzani*, old companions and old baddies and a cheap gag about the predecessor – which comes across as especially smug when you consider how briefly this new upstart sticks around – might be all you need.

Some film franchises depend on their lead actors – there are years between the installments of *Indiana Jones* and *Lethal Weapon* while the artistes' fees wrangled over – but *Doctor Who*, as Tom Baker so acutelty observed, is pretty much actor-proof. If McGann isn't available, as much of a shame as that would be, there are bucket-loads of suitable actors we can see adopting the role just perfectly …

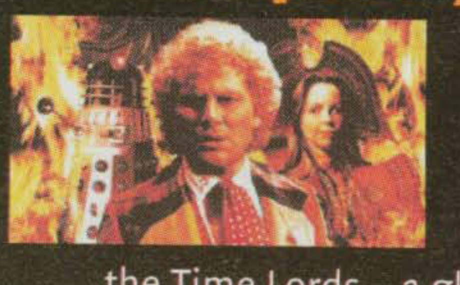
Based Upon...

IS THE PERFECT FILM OUT THERE ALREADY? HOW ABOUT ADAPTING ONE OF THESE FOR THE BIG SCREEN ...

COMIC STRIP: The Tides of Time

The Doctor, a mysterious but agreeable fellow who used to have adventures, gets drawn into another one. All he wants to do is play cricket, but his past has come back to haunt him. After all sorts of strange and crazy goings on, which would require a big budget to show on screen, he's drawn back to Gallifrey and the secret history of his strange and alien people. It's dazzlingly inventive and surreal, features memorable characters like globe-headed Shayde and the brave Sir Justin, and actually manages to be moving at the end. He's back, it's about time, and at the end they hit the reset switch. But it still makes more sense than the TV Movie!

AUDIO: The Apocalypse Element

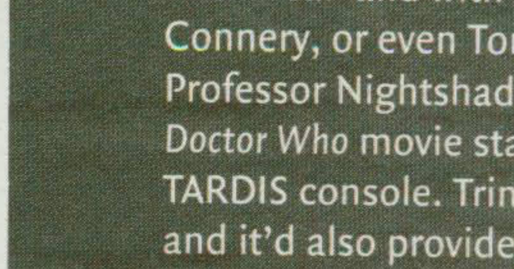


The Daleks attack Gallifrey. What more do you want? The Doctor pulls no punches to save the beautiful President of the Time Lords – a glamourous blonde he used to have a thing with. The whole of time and space is at stake! Big Finish have already hawked around conventions with a CGI sequence of the Daleks storming the Capitol, and it's fantastic! This is the one Hollywood wants to do! Arnie's been putting on a bit of spread lately so could he play the Sixth Doctor? "I'll be back – and it's about time!"

NOVEL: Nightshade

The *New Adventures* promised stories 'too broad and deep for the small screen', so surely *they* can provide something suitably cinematic? *Nightshade*, **DWM**'s favourite of 1992 is a cracking adventure that manages to feel 'traditional' while covering 'radical' issues like race and age. The 1960s setting and radio telescope are iconic, and the story is all about a crappy old TV series coming back 'real' and with better monsters. Sean Connery, or even Tom Baker, could play Professor Nightshade and it's even got that *Doctor Who* movie staple of a newly designed TARDIS console. Trim the last couple of pages and it'd also provide a neat exit for Ace.

NOVEL: Frontier Worlds



For so much more than just the *Doctor-Who-as-James-Bond* opening. It doesn't want to tell us who the Doctor is, what his mum's called or where she lived ... He's just the traveller we knew on TV, having adventures and saving planets. Like the TV series at its best, only on a bigger scale – and with a stirring Frank Sinatra soundtrack. I wonder if Robbie Williams is free to play Fitz?

Sex! Guns! Girls! The *wrongness* almost hurts ...

> **THE PROBLEM WITH 'DREAM CASTING' IS THAT IT'S ALL A LITTLE BIT PREDICTABLE.**

Whenever *Doctor Who* films are mooted these days, it's the big names that are discussed first. Pierce Brosnan was a contender in about 1994 – and, over the years, the press have nominated Anthony Hopkins, Sean Bean, Hugh Jackman and Alan Cumming, as well as no end of middle-aged rock stars and comedians. Eddie Izzard, Eric Idle, Michael Crawford and Sting have all been mentioned. Anyone who fulfils from their past experience something we consider essentially 'Doctor-ish' will do, it seems!

Having said that, 'dream casting' is the standard for any film where the characters are already known. Look at famous actors in the current *Star Wars*, *Harry Potter* and *The Lord of the Rings* films. We know from their previous work that Liam Neeson, Richard Harris and Ian McKellen can play dark, austere, powerful wizards with effective gravitas. When we go to see *The Phantom Menace*, *The Philosopher's Stone* or *The Fellowship of the Ring*, we pretty much know what we're going to get in advance from the actors.

Fantasising about how *Doctor Who* might come back, we often cite names of people where we know exactly the kind of Doctor they'll play – exactly the range. The big names who played the Doctors in Comic Relief sketch *The Curse of Fatal Death* had, in most cases, merely a couple of minutes to establish a persona. And the persona is, in each case, identical to what we expect from the actor. A *Blackadder*-ish Doctor regenerates into a Doctor who's just like all the other manic, loud-mouths Richard E Grant has played. But would giving a 'celeb' longer in the role necessarily mean you got anything *more*?

What's fascinating about McGann's portrayal of the Doctor is that he keeps you guessing. You never quite know what you've got with him – he surprises. The fundamental problem with 'dream casting' is that it presupposes the predictable; it's all a little too 'safe'. If we're being delivered everything we expect to see, there's no reason for us to get too involved. Sometimes that presupposition can be confounded, of course – while Neeson and Harris sleep-walk their movie roles, McKellen is a terrifying and electric Gandalf just as McGann is a surprising and inventive Doctor.

There is, after all, a precedent from the TV show. Jon Pertwee came from a comedy background but played his Doctor dead straight. Peter Davison arrived via sitcoms and *All Creatures Great and Small*, yet his Doctor is most memorable when furthest from 'light entertainment' – in the cerebral *Kinda* or the thrilling *Caves of Androzani*.

This is absolutely crucial, because the way you think about casting your *Doctor Who* film is going to have a fundamental affect on the kind of film you make. If you're playing with expectation, you're using the iconography of the series in exciting and invigorating new ways, not just feeding off the old carcass. The James Bond films are continually innovative and yet always remain fiercely loyal to the icons that make James Bond recognisably who he is. They never forgo his Britishness, his personal history, his gadgets, his ability to suddenly be played by a younger actor in a slightly different style, his beloved sprightly convertible ... I don't need to underline the similarities, surely, but it's this iconic heroism that makes the character so amenable to an ongoing series of films.

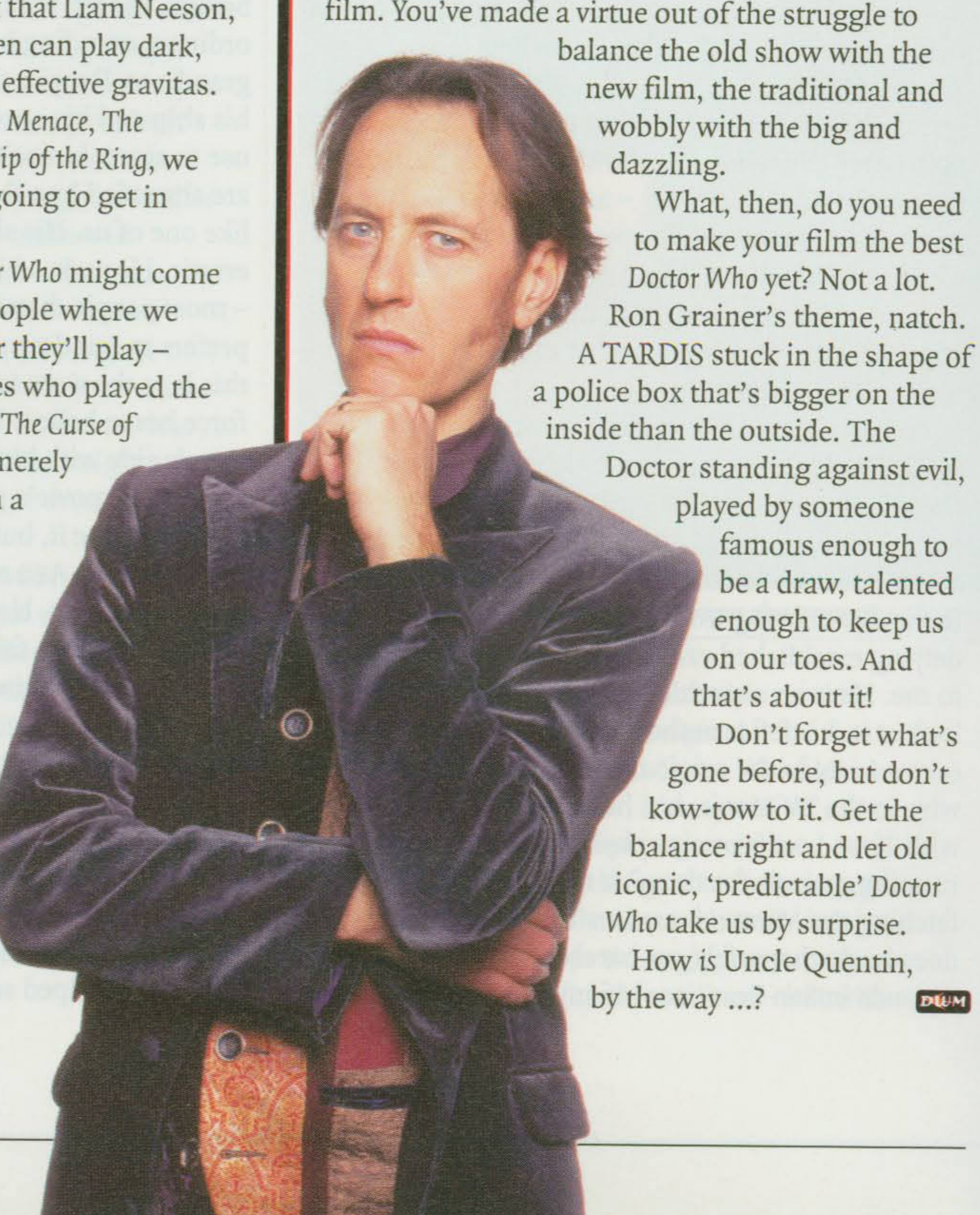
James Bond is a character who can feed into any given zeitgeist, any given adventure story. In fact, the films can even openly acknowledge that he's a ridiculous character – and *embrace* that silliness.

Take that on board your *Doctor Who* film, and see just how much it frees up, just how much it answers our concerns. What you've done is turn on its head the very problem of making a *Doctor Who* film. You've made a virtue out of the struggle to balance the old show with the new film, the traditional and wobbly with the big and dazzling.

What, then, do you need to make your film the best *Doctor Who* yet? Not a lot. Ron Grainer's theme, natch. A TARDIS stuck in the shape of a police box that's bigger on the inside than the outside. The Doctor standing against evil, played by someone famous enough to be a draw, talented enough to keep us on our toes. And that's about it!

Don't forget what's gone before, but don't kow-tow to it. Get the balance right and let old iconic, 'predictable' *Doctor Who* take us by surprise.

How is Uncle Quentin, by the way ...? DWM



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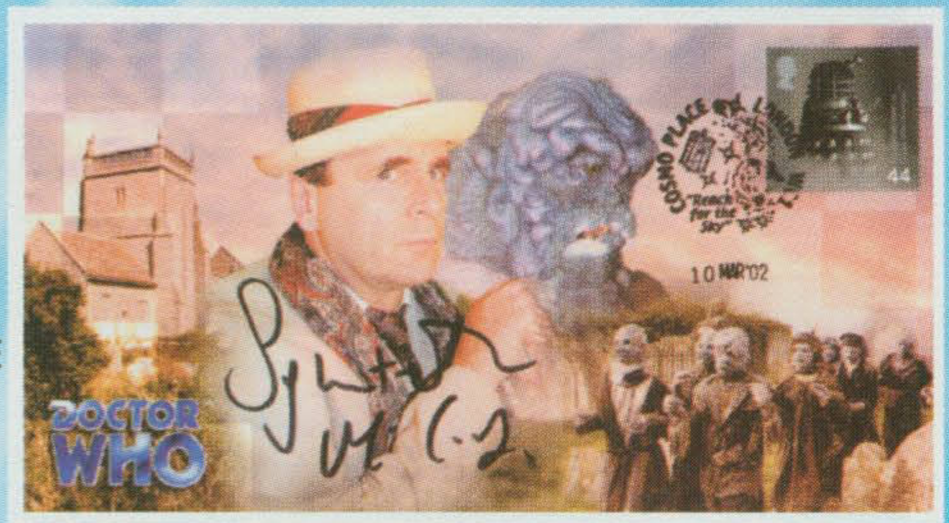

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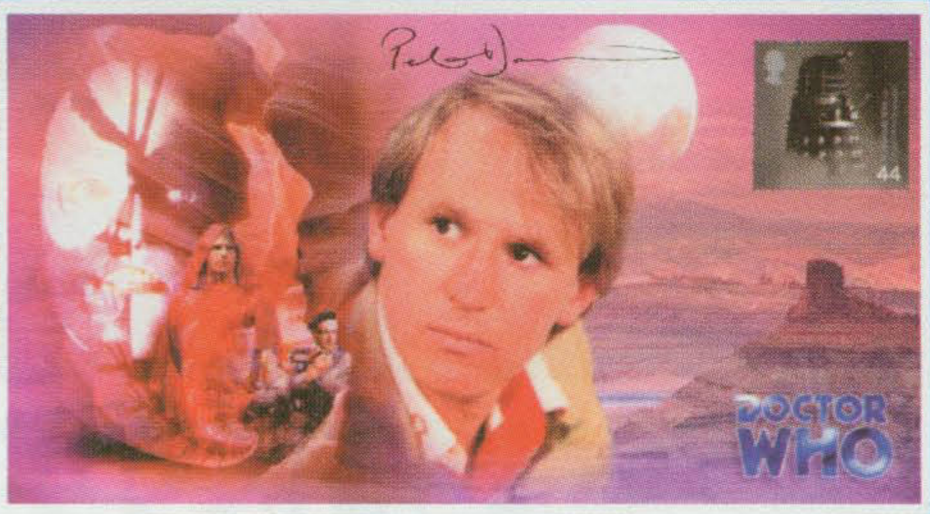

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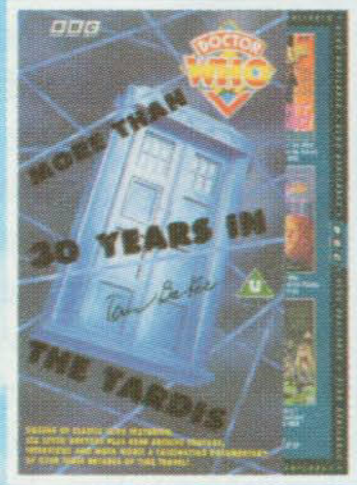

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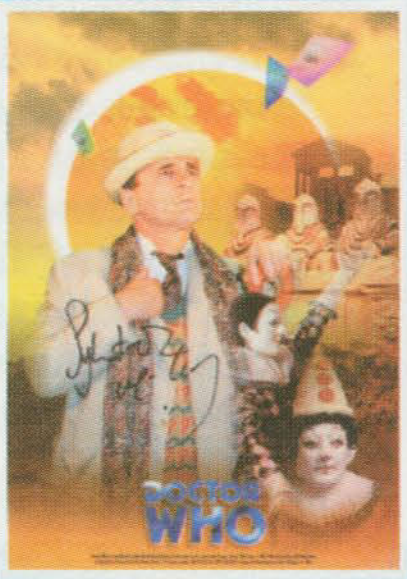

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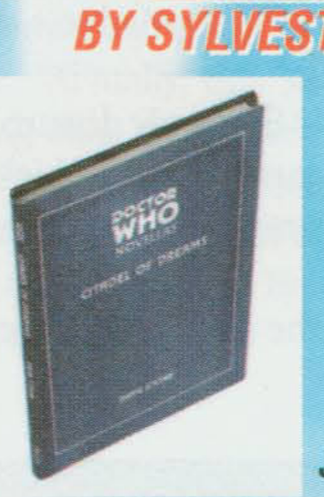

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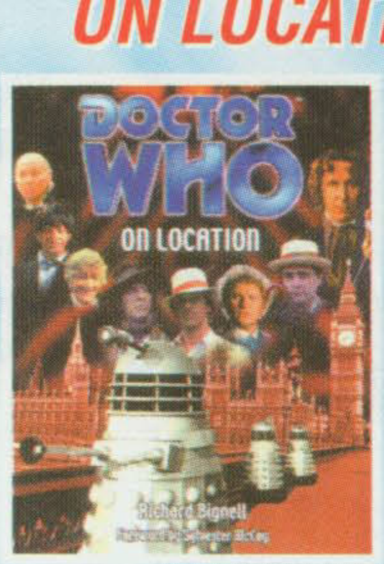

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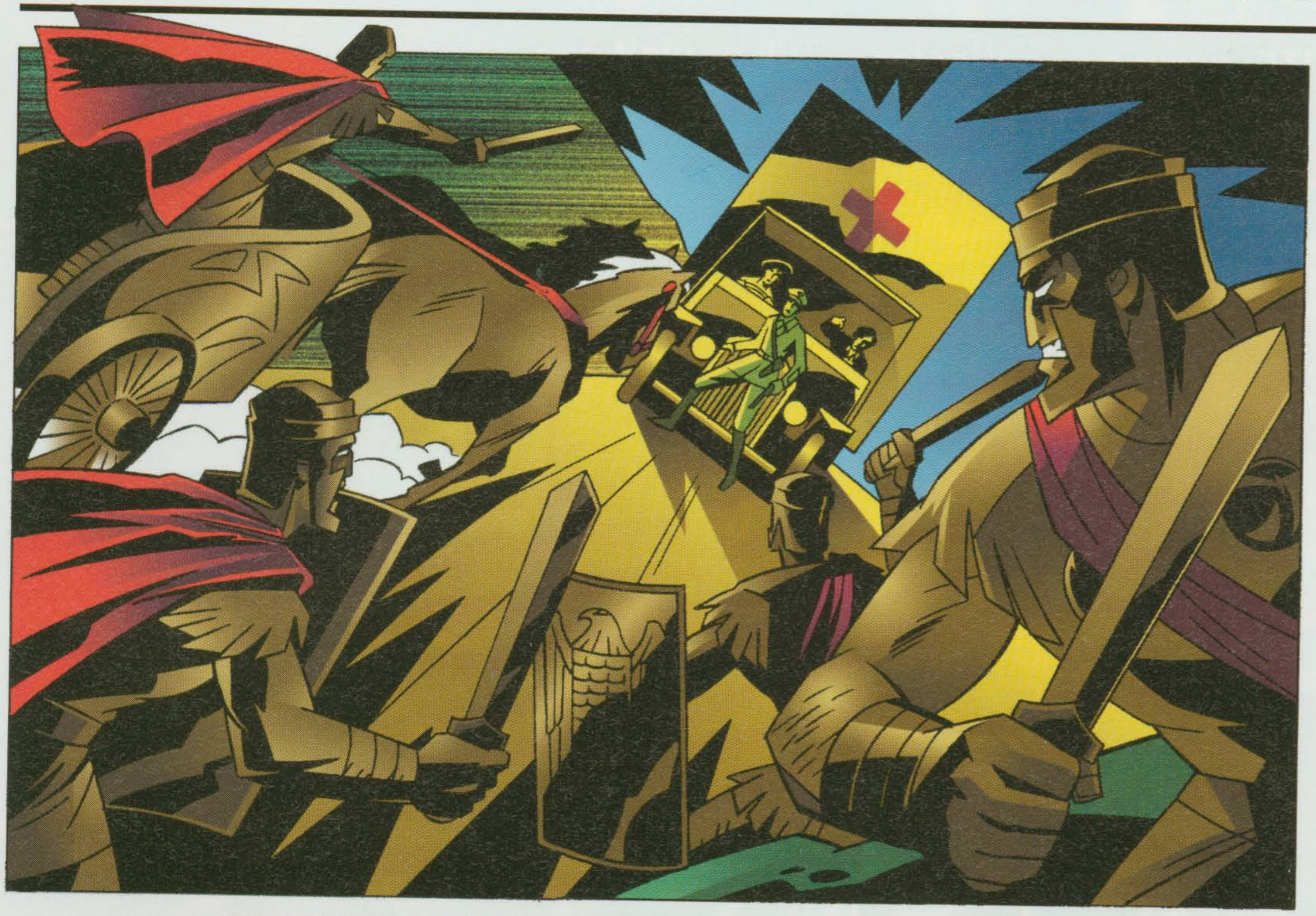


EPISODES 249 TO 253

Cliché counters

Deaths on screen so far

00318

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00061

One or more regulars incarcerated

00104

“The *what* Lords?” wonders Clayton out loud.

“This is our very first mention of the Time Lords, isn't it?” says Richard. “There's been the odd hint about the Doctor's people before – now we've finally got a name.”

“And they're first named by an incidental character with his back to camera,” adds Peter. “Strange.”

“Strictly speaking, we don't know that the Doctor is one of them yet, but it gives you an odd feeling, doesn't it?” replies Jac, hugging herself. “We've been shown a mystery for years, and it's like we've suddenly reached the last chapter of the book, where everything will be revealed.”

Yes, the story of *Doctor Who*'s monochrome years is nearly told, and the Time Team has gathered, expectation heavy in the air, to witness that climax. What started out as a mild curiousity in a junkyard has turned into quite the spirit of adventure: we've been at least three times around the Universe, up and down the ages of man and even stopped for a game of hopscotch. There's been fun, fights and far, far too much foam. But here today, in Peter's living room, many questions will be answered and fates decided. The tension is unbearable. We hope it lasts.

“I've really been looking forward to carrying on with this story,” says Clay, as we watch Episode Six of *The War Games*. “Far more than I have any other story in quite a long time. Actually, I think a lot of it has to do with how much I adore the War Chief and the Security Chief's squabbling. And they're at it again ...”

These Chiefs are department heads of a nasty alien project. They've kidnapped soldiers from dozens of Earth wars, taken them to another planet and left them to fight. The victors will form the spearhead of a galactic army. It's a big, bold idea, and even the Doctor seems out of his depth. In Episode Seven, we meet the boss of the outfit, the War Lord – a nasty piece of work ...

“Yet another layer in this onion of villainy,” says Peter. “This War Lord is really sinister. Philip Madoc's understated performance is genuinely chilling.”

“I think he's *Doctor Who*'s first truly disturbing villain,” replies Clay. “His softly-spoken warning to the bickering Security and War Chiefs that they co-operate or be replaced is as menacing as they come.”

Having fled the HQ of the aliens, the Doctor, Jamie and Zoe are out and about in the various war zones, freeing the troops from their conditioning, and forming a resistance.

“It's good to be back on location again,” says Richard. “It felt a bit cooped-up in the base.”

No-one gets to play outside for long, however. As Episode Eight begins, the Doctor is kidnapped by the aliens in a slick commando raid. When he's left alone to chat with the War Chief, the bombshells come thick and fast ...

“What an excellent, excellent scene between Patrick Troughton and Edward Brayshaw,” coos Richard.

“The Doctor is a Time Lord!” shouts Peter, as if he's just discovered the meaning of life. “The Doctor stole a TARDIS! He's a fugitive from his own people! I knew all this and I'm still exited to hear it. Fans at the time must have been utterly beside themselves!”

“I have to say that the aliens' plan is starting to seem a bit shaky on the old logic,” observes Jac. “They have a neutron bomb but have decided to fight a war using mad Mexicans instead. What odd people.”

The War Chief, who has gifted the alien warmongers with their TARDIS-like technology, suggests that he and the Doctor should topple the War Lord, and rule a new empire together. By the close of the episode, the Doctor turns against his friends, seemingly having accepted his fellow Time Lord's offer ...

“The Doctor, a baddie?” says Peter. “In this story, I'm prepared to believe anything.”

“It's down to the fact that Brayshaw and Troughton were so good at suggesting a real bond between their characters,” says Clay. “It suddenly seems a perfectly credible twist.”

Enthusiasm is unabated during Episode Nine. “The apparent betrayal of his friends is rather well handled,” says Richard. “It's not clear for some time that the Doctor's only bluffing – that is until he starts flattering the War Lord about his ‘might and power’. Shades of Klieg all over again!”

Of course, the Doctor reveals his true heroic colours in the end, but realises there's little he can do to save the day. Instead, he sends a message to his own people, begging for help ... Turning against each other, the villains fall like dominoes. First the Security Chief, then the War Chief ...

“The War Chief's death scene, bluffing desperately to the last, is magnificent,” gushes Clay. “Brayshaw always seems to be overlooked but his is a really memorable performance. Philip Madoc again is quite superb, showing terrifying power with minimal dialogue and only a handful of scenes.”

“This whole story is underrated, isn't it?” adds Peter. “Nine episodes in, and there's still the scope for nine episodes more.”

“And Troughton is just outstanding,” says Jac. “I think the Time Lords sound absolutely terrifying. You are completely rooting for the Doctor to get away from them, whilst knowing that it's all heading inevitably towards a showdown ...”

“‘They're coming!’” quotes Peter. “How exciting can this get?”

We'll find out with Episode Ten. Desperately trying to escape the Time Lords, the Doctor takes a whistle-stop tour of the Universe, taking in all the key stock-footage archives.

“A landmark episode ... but it's padded furiously!” says Clay.

The game is up for Doctor Who. There's one final landing, and the simple words ‘My own planet’.

“At last! At last!” shouts Peter, bouncing like a baby.

But there's nothing so profound to be said that it can't be put off with some running about for a few minutes. No-one minds. It's a few extra minutes with Troughton, Hines and Padbury.

Compiled by
Gary Gillatt
Illustration by
Adrian Salmon

The Time Team are
Peter
Richard
Jac
Clayton

IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

Soon enough, though, the War Lord has been wiped from existence, and it is time for the Doctor to stand trial for meddling in the affairs of Marinus, Xeros, Vortis and Ta. Fair enough.

"Troughton is superb. *Superb!*" roars Clay. "His trial defence is both great fun and very convincing, and his realisation that his travels are over is amazingly poignant."

"But why doesn't the Doctor select some scary monsters to present as evidence?" asks Peter. "Those ones look so tatty!"

The Time Lords retire to consider their verdict. Before it comes, they make a decsision that leaves our Team incensed.

"Jamie and Zoe are having their memories erased!" screams Jac. "It's *so* wrong! They've experienced so much, grown to care for each other, had their minds opened wide – and it's suddenly all gone, all thrown away, ripped apart."

"It's *very* cruel," agrees Clay.

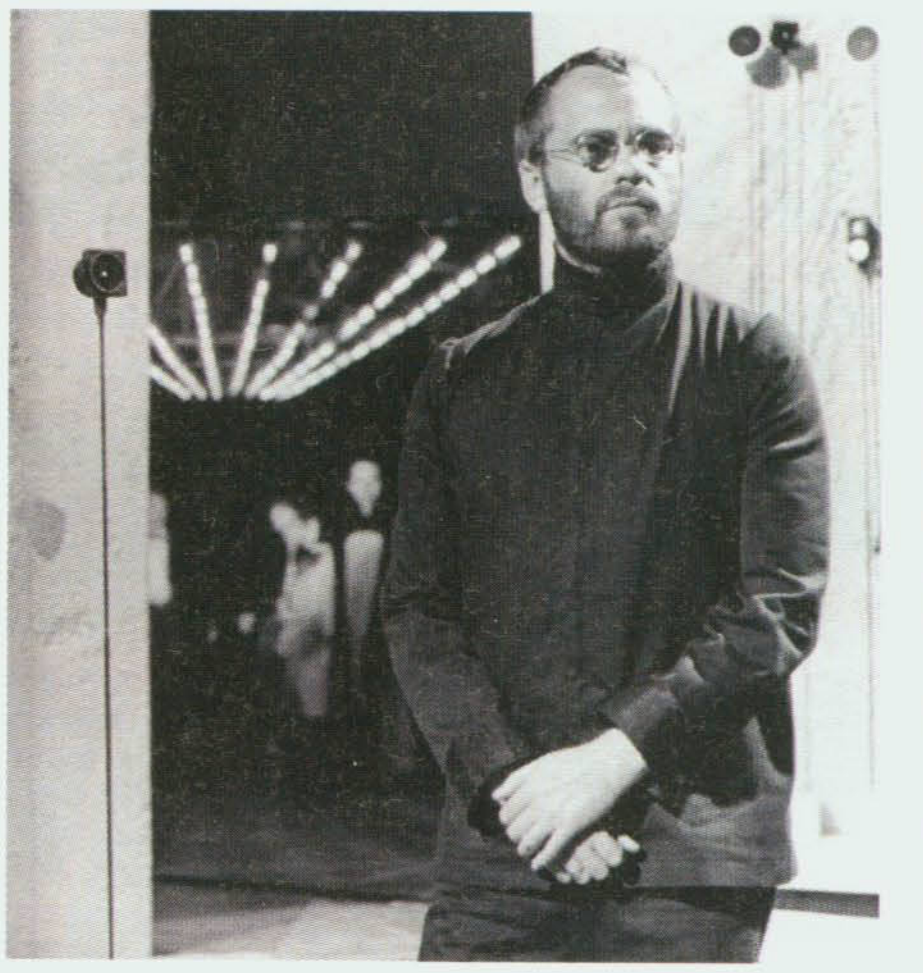
Jac isn't finished. "It doesn't mean anything anymore. It gives a nasty taint to all the adventures we've gone through with them. The Time Lords are, in their way, as bad as the War Lord. Perhaps worse, because they're pretending to be fair and just."

We bid a bittersweet farewell to Jamie and Zoe. Normally, there'd be time to discuss what they meant to us, but *The War Games* has no time for reflection.

"You really want to shout at the screen with the unfairness of it all," says Clay.

The Doctor is to be exiled to Earth, his appearance forcibly changed. We don't know where he'll turn up, or what he'll look like. How marvellous. The Doctor is still shouting in anger as he spins away to his fate. 'No, no, nooooo!'

The Time Team sit in open-mouthed silence.



BANG! The champagne cork ricochets off the TV and four fizzing glasses are poured. Time for our Team to take stock, and perhaps even to mourn the passing of Troughton's Doctor and the end of a peripatetic six-year journey through space and time. It's both a celebration and a wake.

"Well, watching everything in order has made me realise how few truly duff stories there are in the black and white years," says Richard, lifting his glass to his mouth. "The inventiveness and willingness to experiment with using vastly different styles and settings could certainly teach the modern BBC a thing or two."

"Oh yeah," says Jac nodding. "There's wonderful ambition on display, and you applaud it even when it doesn't quite come off."

"One thing I really noticed," adds Richard, "is that barring a couple of examples, I really, really enjoyed the historical stories. They were such a refreshing counterpoint to the monster tales."

"I'd agree there again," says Jac. "But I think the real discovery from watching everything in order is just how much the series suffered when it *didn't* have the historicals. I was really missing them by the end – the series needed that contrast of styles."

"I wish Troughton had his own *Aztecs* or *Marco Polo* to shine in," agrees Clay. "*The Highlanders* just didn't cut it."

"I thought the historicals were, without a single exception, wonderful," says Peter firmly. "They were more reliant than usual on locking up the Doctor and co, and running up those cliché counters, but they were marvellous fun."

> ***'The War Lord is Doctor Who's first really disturbing villain. Philip Madoc is chilling ...'***

"I wouldn't go as far as to say 'without exception'," laughs Clay, "but the Hartnell ones were almost all superb, for sure."

"Again, it's the variety that's the thing," say Peter. "If it wasn't for the fact that they were made in black and white, these first six seasons would have been the most colourful in the show's history, if you see what I mean. Startlingly ambitious stuff."

"Hear, hear," cheers Clay. "The sheer inventiveness of all that no-budget drama is utterly breathtaking."

"That said," continues Jac, "watching it in order also means you get stuck in occasional ruts of boring stories where it seems that everyone had completely lost their enthusiasm."

"It didn't always pay off," says Peter, "but at least they tried."

Clay half-agrees: "The quality is generally high right up through Seasons Four and Five, with the series increasing in confidence, but then it really gets stuck in rut and doesn't know what to do with itself. Watching it in order for the first time, and *The War Games* notwithstanding, I can see why *Doctor Who* faced the axe at the end of Season Six. It simply wasn't very good."

The others nod cautious agreement, with Jac obviously wanting to clarify her feelings. "Some of the later stuff was somehow less involving. I loved how in the early years you didn't know when a story was finishing. It was all one big adventure."

Peter nods vigorously. "It was all so brilliantly unpredictable," he says. "Just when you thought there was a hint of formula creeping into this non-stop epic, a companion would drop dead or the Daleks would appear. Or both!"

"And Bill Hartnell was so very, very brilliant," says Clay firmly. "We have to be clear on that."

"Abso-bloody-lutely," agrees Peter.

"Hartnell was always watchable," continues Clay. "Drawing the audience into his adventures just by treating everything like it was a matter of life and death. It's so obvious that he put his all into *Doctor Who* and so we love him in return for doing so."

"And any man who can talk about his 'Reacting Vibrator' without cracking-up has my undying respect!" laughs Richard.

"I'm surprised it didn't end up as 'Viacting Rebrator'," says Jac.

Peter chuckles. "Well he did struggle with the dialogue sometimes, but then, everybody fluffed their lines, not just Billy. Billy fluffed 'em best, though!"

"He got things wrong quite often, but you found you didn't mind one bit," says Clay. "We might joke, but I think we all absolutely adored Hartnell's Doctor. He was our hero. He was Doctor Who. Simple as that."

"To Billy!" shouts Peter, raising his glass.

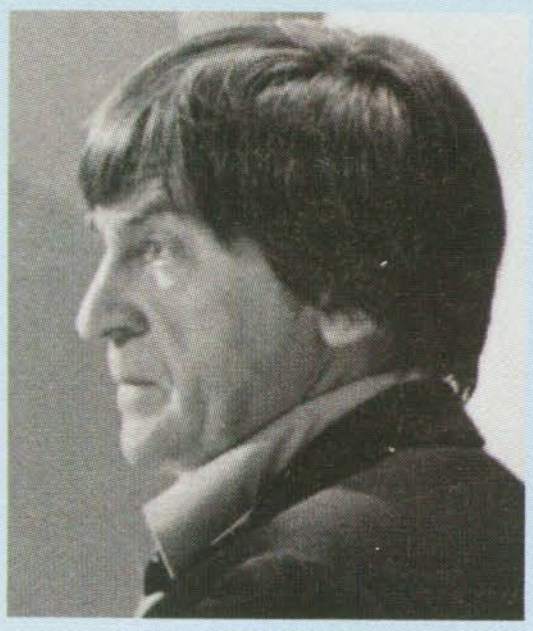
"To Billy!" echo the other three, enthusiastically.

"And my view of the character completely changed too," Jac says, taking a sip. "Like Clay said, he wasn't 'one of the Doctors', he was *the* Doctor. It's a completely different perspective. You're following the travels of this man and his companions, not constantly comparing it to other interpretations, other eras. You get to see just how alien he is for a very long time. It's not until *The Rescue* that he mellows in any significant way. That's the first step in the Doctor's metamorphosis into the great moral hero."

"It's all settled by the time Troughton arrives, isn't it?" muses Clay. "I for one would have happily gone off into Time and Space in his TARDIS. It's a cliché, but during his tenure you really felt that the TARDIS crew were a family. I'm no great fan of Jamie, but he was the perfect foil to Troughton's Doctor."

"Jamie was so loveably dim," says Peter. He pauses for a moment and adds, "Actually, this Time Team run has, perhaps more than anything else, made me reassess my opinion of the companions. Nothing beats the original team, of course, but Vicki, Polly and Victoria were all far more 'gutsy' than their reputations suggest, and Steven and Ben both struck me as being over-macho and rather dim." ➤

AND YOU SAID ...



THE WAR GAMES

"What's with all the weird eyeware? Opticians' convention?"
CHRIS FEWELL, VIA EMAIL

"It's good to see the Doctor make one last run for it before he tells Jamie and Zoe it's useless to try and escape!"
DAVID FURR, CANTERBURY

"I wonder if there might be a permanent role for a bearded renegade Time Lord villain in the series format, hm?"
STEVE MANFRED, USA

"When Jamie's brain is studied, he's a literal 'blockhead'!"
ALEX WILCOCK, ISLE OF DOGS

"It's disturbing that Troughton, giving his last performance as the 'dark' Doctor, never really persuades either the resistance or the audience that he didn't betray his friends to save his own life."
ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

"The introduction of the Time Lords saves *The War Games*. The Doctor seems genuinely terrified, which was just the lift this story needed."
TOBY LINDSAY, STAFFS

"The Time Lords are gits, and always have been! The trials that top and tail the story have a lot more similarities than differences – both have mental powers being used, no appeal and an obviously predetermined result: sentencing the Second Doctor to execution. The main differences are that the Time Lords use torture ... and successfully kill the Doctor!"
ALEX WILCOCK, ISLE OF DOGS

"Wow, look at all this continuity! They've brought back Tanya Lernov and even a *Wheel in Space* set from a whole year ago!"
STEVE MANFRED, USA

"This is a superb end to the black and white era of the show, and a tremendous swan song for the Second Doctor. As his wailing voice fades away into the title music, it's with deep regret that you realise the series will never be the same again."
ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

Richard chips in: "I disagree about Steven – my appreciation has grown enormously for him. I love the seriousness and brashness that Peter Purves brought to the part, making sure that the character was more than just a 'yes-man' to the Doctor."

"True," Jac nods, "but the real revelation for me was Vicki."

"As you said a lot at the time!" laughs Peter.

"Indeed!" twinkles Jac. "But she was the first companion who *wanted* to be with the Doctor, the first real '*Doctor Who* Girl'. She's referred to as a Susan clone, and that's rubbish. She's intelligent, independent and adventurous, and Maureen O'Brien is fab."

"Vicki was a very pleasant surprise," adds Clay. "But the pairing I really took to were Polly and Ben. Such loveable, useful people to have around, but treated so shabbily and booted out before they'd even *begun* to fulfil their potential. If they'd stuck around I think we'd have gained an awful lot."

Jac nods, but adds, "I wouldn't have wanted to lose Victoria, though. She was my other surprise – discovering how much I liked her. Seeing her in context, you realise how brave she is, considering what she's been through."

"It's a shame Victoria was always trapped in such samey situations," says Peter. "There was that feeling of repetition from about Season Five – nothing new happening to the characters."

'We felt a shadow of the shock that the viewers must have experienced when the Doctor changed'

"But at least around that period, everyone on the show is obviously having a great time," comments Richard. "You have that sense of Troughton finding his feet in his first few stories, then loving every minute of it. It's just a pity that he was let down by the scripts for his last few stories – he seemed quite tired."

"Yeah," affirms Clay, "his dissatisfaction really shows."

"I didn't know the Troughton era that well before," says Jac thoughtfully. "I was surprised how much I initially resented him. In the video age, we're so used to chopping and changing that I hadn't expected to be put out by the new order."

"We actually felt a shadow of the shock viewers must have felt at the time about the regeneration, didn't we?" adds Clay.

"I was really thrown, so Lord knows what it felt like for them," replies Jac. "Though in the end I was delighted to discover how brilliant Troughton was."

"That's the other great tragedy of the missing stories," says Peter, sitting up. "We'll never see how much visual humour Troughton gave the Doctor. He obviously loved sight gags and comedy business."

"There'd be disappointments to accept as well," cautions Jac. "I was so disappointed when the tales that captured my childhood imagination didn't live up to expectations. They were sold so well by the Target books."

"Right," says Clay. "Lots of those 'Troughton Classics' were overstretched, clunking old potboilers almost all of which are exactly the same! Richard will now hit me I expect!"

"Not at all!" laughs Richard. "As I said, there are very few duff stories, but some really fell in my estimation after seeing them in context. *The Invasion*, for example. It promises so much and yet in the end is just deeply unsatisfying. It takes ages to get anywhere and the Cybermen never feel like they pose any credible threat."

"*The Ice Warriors* was my biggest disappointment," says Peter. "It had all the elements for a great adventure but was realised as a dull argument over whether to press a button or not. Oh, and *The Web Planet*; though that would have been even worse as an audio-only story!"

"*The Celestial Toymaker* was my worst," states Jac. "I thought it would be brilliant, but it's awful, awful, *awful*. And it's worse than other bad stories because it *could* have been fab."

"*The Celestial Toymaker* was painful enough," begins Clay, "but for me it's *The Web Planet*! Even with a bottle or two of Peter's best champagne to see us through, it was agony to watch."

"It's funny, though," says Peter, "how our most fun Time Team-ing sessions have been with the weaker stories. I think that day with *The Web Planet* was the best laugh we had together."

Jac's keen to make a point: "I should say, though, that other stories went in the opposite direction, and things I thought would be average turned out to be delightful. *The Rescue*, for example. The plot's silly, but as I said before it makes you *like* the Doctor for the first time, has three fab companions, and deals in two minutes with the 'not all ugly monsters are bad' issue that *Galaxy 4* later took a month to sledgehammer into the audience."

"For me the big surprise was probably *The Massacre*," says Richard. "You'd never imagine a modern producer trying a tale of religious intolerance and bigotry in a million years."

"That was good," agrees Clay. "Though the story that went up most in my estimation was *The Daleks' Master Plan*. I knew the books, but they didn't prepare me for the sheer scope and the chasing-about-the-place *fun* of that story. And what an ending!"

"Brilliant, wasn't it?" sighs Peter.

Clay isn't finished: "*The Gunfighters* was fab, too, as was *Marco Polo*. But even stories I knew bugger all about, like *The Savages* made a good impression."

"Here's a thing, then," smiles Peter. "If we could each have one missing story returned to the archives, which would it be?"

"*Power of the Daleks* without a doubt," says Clay. "Even on audio it's top, but we're missing so much by being unable to see Pat's first stumbling steps as the Doctor."

"I'd love to see something from *Marco Polo*, *The Massacre* or *The Smugglers*," says Richard. "But really I want *The Web of Fear*, mainly based on the simply stunning first episode."

"*The Myth Makers*, for me," says Jac simply. "Peter?"

"*The Daleks' Master Plan*. Was *The Feast of Steven* really that mad?"

"What if we had to swap our choice for a surviving story we've watched?" grins Clay, naughtily. "What would we sacrifice?"

"*The Rescue*," says Richard calmly.

"WHAT?" screams an apoplectic Jac.

"We'd only lose two episodes!"

"But ..." buts Jac. "What about *Inside the Spaceship*? That'd be my choice. Two *far* worse episodes."

Peter hesitates for a moment before saying, "*The Web Planet*. Has to be."

"Well I'd happily deliver that one or the sodding *Dominators* to the flames!" says a gleeful Clay. "And while I'm about it, I'll wipe the *Space Pirates* audios in exchange for some *Master Plan* telesnaps."

"A fair swap," approves Richard. "If there's one thing I've learned from this, it's that I never want to hear *The Space Pirates* ever again."

"But I could watch *The War Games* again now," says Jac. "That's the amazing thing about black-and-white *Doctor Who*: all those contrasts alongside each other."

"So when do we get to see what happens next?" asks Richard, glancing at the DVD of *Spearhead From Space*.

"Well the original viewers had their longest ever break between stories after *The War Games*," says Peter.

Jac looks concerned. "We won't have to wait, will we?"

"Not that long," replies Clay. "But we'd better start saving for one of those new-fangled colour televisions."

The Time Team will return for a new series later in the year

1960s WHO

"1960s *Doctor Who* in 5 words: Leave it to me, dear!"
CHRIS FEWELL, VIA EMAIL

"1960s *Doctor Who* was very unpredictable – or inconsistent. Where else could you get swoops from Shakespearean drama like *The Aztecs* to wet children's puzzle-mysteries like *The Sensorites*?"
ALEX WILCOCK, ISLE OF DOGS

"Has Troughton given a duff performance in *Doctor Who* – like, ever? Regardless of scripts, sets, or co-stars, Troughton's portrayal has, without exception, been faultless."
TOBY LINDSAY, STAFFS

"It took until episode 249 in story 50 of the series before the Time Lords were even named. I hope any potential new producers take note of this. Time Lords aren't essential to the *Doctor Who* formula. Time and space adventures with monsters and interesting people are all you need."
STEVE MANFRED, USA

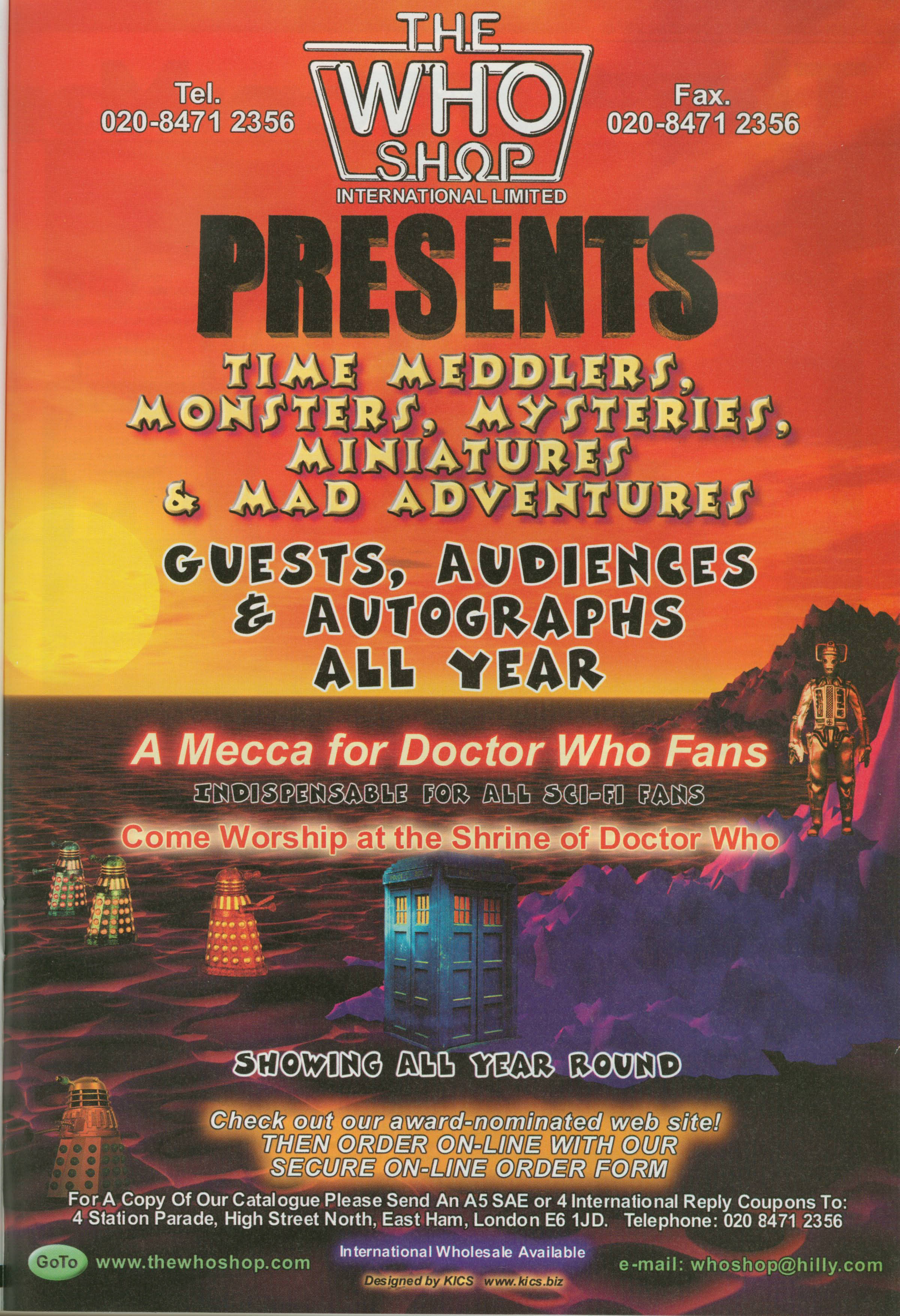
"1960s *Doctor Who* was the best. Stories like *Evil of the Daleks* and *Fury from the Deep* really set the standards for many stories to come. Simply the best!"
DAVID FURR, CANTERBURY

"Isn't it remarkable how little the essential style and format of *Doctor Who* altered during the 1960s, considering how many changes – in far quicker succession – were just around the corner?"
RACHEL DAY, KINGS LYNN

"I'm sorry to bid farewell to the monochrome era. The show seems much classier, more expensive and atmospheric in black-and-white. Colour ruined everything!"
SIMON WILMOT, TONBRIDGE

"Gripping adventures ... A perfectly cast Doctor ... Behind-the-sofa scary ... No need for sex or violence ... The next *Doctor Who* production team could learn a lot from the Troughton era!"
ANTHONY K MCCAIL, LONDON

"From 100,000 BC to *The War Games*? I expected to find it dull as ditchwater, but I pretty much loved every minute of it. Fab!"
ANDREW YOUNG, BATH



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The Space Museum

THE TARDIS CREW BECOME MUSEUM PIECES AS *ARCHIVE* CURATOR ANDREW PIXLEY UNEARTHS A VINTAGE TALE FROM 1965 AND EXHIBITS HIS FINDINGS HERE. ADMISSION £3.40 (OR FREE WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF DWM) ...

THE SPACE MUSEUM 1

In the darkened TARDIS control room, the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki freeze into immobility. When they awaken, their crusading clothes are hanging in the wardrobe and they are dressed as normal; when Vicki drops a glass of water it reassembles in her hand. The TARDIS has landed amidst an array of spaceships on a dust planet. The Doctor deduces that it is a space museum. The travellers venture outside, and are amazed when they do not leave footprints in the dust. Approaching the main building, they see two white-uniformed men who seem totally unaware of their presence.

The group enter the museum building where one of the exhibits is a Dalek. They see two young men in black enter the chamber; although the youths are talking, the travellers cannot hear what they are saying. Vicki reaches out to touch an exhibit and her hand passes through it. They find the TARDIS inside another chamber, and the Doctor walks straight through it. Next, the party find themselves as motionless exhibits in a display case. The Doctor realises that the TARDIS has jumped a time-track and they are looking at their own futures.

Barbara starts to feel strange. In the TARDIS, the travellers change attire again and footprints appear in the sand outside where they are seen by the two white guards. The cased exhibits fade away, and when Barbara remarks upon this the Doctor replies: "Yes my dear, and we've arrived."

The shape of things to come? The travellers find the TARDIS and themselves on show ...

THE DIMENSIONS OF TIME 2

In his office, Governor Lobos bemoans his posting in charge of Xeros, the conquered planet where the the Morok Empire has established its museum. When his guards report the discovery of an alien vessel and footprints, a search is mounted to add the visitors to the exhibits. The travellers' arrival has also been noted by the black-clad Xeron youths – Sita and Dako – who, under the leadership of Tor, are planning a rebellion against their Morok oppressors.

The Doctor's party are lost inside the museum; now they are visible, Ian uses a ray-gun exhibit to help bluff their way out of the building. But can they avert their future? The Doctor is briefly kidnapped by the Xeron rebels, but hides in the Dalek exhibit to evade them; unfortunately he is then captured by the Morok guards. Ian attempts to lead Barbara and Vicki out of the building, but when they finally reach the doors they see that the Moroks have the TARDIS.

Governor Lobos places the Doctor in a chair which allows his thoughts to be read on a screen; the Doctor learns about the decaying Morok Empire whilst projecting ridiculous images onto Lobos' screen. Infuriated, Lobos tells the old man that he will be an ideal exhibit for the museum and summons his soldiers: "Take him to the preparation room ..."

THE SEARCH 3

The Morok soldiers guarding the TARDIS outside the main entrance are berated by their Commander, who has little respect for Lobos. Ian's party are discovered by a Morok guard; Ian is temporarily captured and separated from the girls. Vicki falls into the hands of Tor and the Xerons, who win her trust and explain their plight as slaves to the Morok Empire. Dako is sent to find Barbara, who is hiding in a museum store room. Hearing of the fugitives' escape, Lobos orders the museum to be flooded with paralysing zaphra gas. Dako finds Barbara, but both are soon overcome.

Ian tricks a Morok guard left at the TARDIS and takes his ray-gun, demanding to be taken to the Doctor. Vicki goes with Tor and Sita to help them penetrate the armoury where the Moroks keep their ray-guns; this she achieves by reprogramming the security computer. The weapons are distributed amongst the young Xerons.

Ian gets into Lobos' office and takes the Governor prisoner at gunpoint. Lobos leads the schoolmaster to the adjoining room. Ian looks through the door and stops in horror at what he sees: "Doctor!"

THE FINAL PHASE

The Doctor is standing against a slab, frozen into immobility; Ian forces Lobos to reverse the process at gunpoint. The Doctor slowly recovers, but it is not long before the Commander and his men enter the office, giving the Moroks the upper hand again.

The Xeron rebellion begins. Vicki announces that she is returning to the museum to find her friends; Tor sends Sita with her. Dako and Barbara stagger out of the gas-filled building via exit 417 to find Vicki and Sita, but the Moroks soon arrive. Sita is shot, Dako left for dead, and Vicki and Barbara taken to Lobos' preparation room. It seems as if the travellers will be processed as exhibits after all.

The Xerons get the upper hand in the rebellion. Lobos makes plans to escape from Xeros, but before he can depart, Tor's group burst into his office. The Moroks are gunned down. The Xerons start to dismantle the museum, as the Doctor shows Barbara and Ian the component in the TARDIS that caused them to jump a time-track. As a token of thanks, Tor has given the Doctor a Time and Space Visualiser from the museum which is loaded into the TARDIS.

As the TARDIS fades away from Xeros, its occupants are unaware that they are being tracked by their old enemies, the Daleks: "They cannot escape! Our time machine will soon follow them. They will be exterminated. Exterminated! *Exterminated!*"

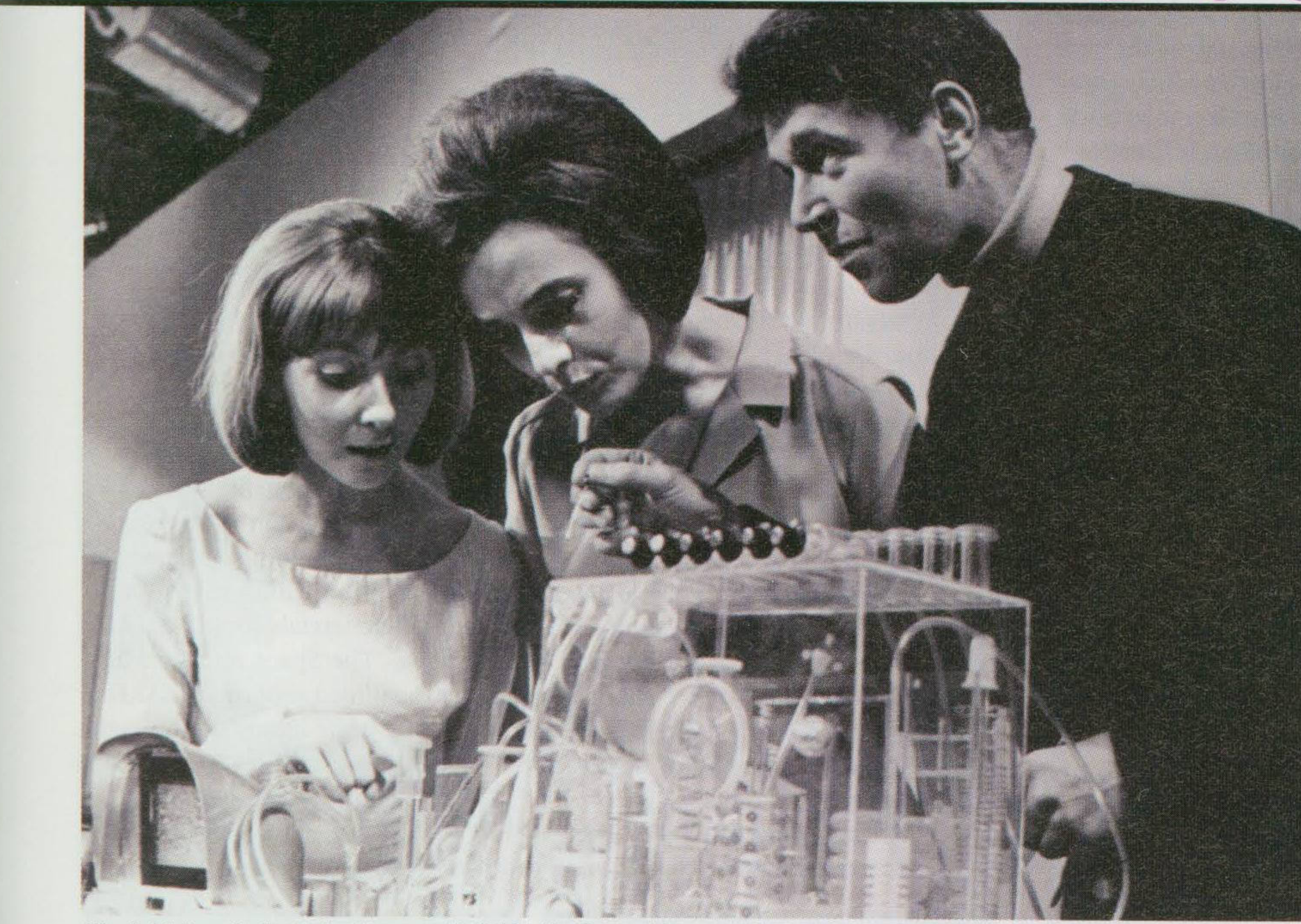
'Just some old friends of mine'

Captured by the Moroks and interrogated by Lobos, the Doctor finds himself placed in a chair where his thoughts are displayed on a monitor screen ...

LOBOS Where have you come from?
THE DOCTOR If you take a look into your screen, perhaps you will find that out, hmm?
The screen shows a colony of seals
LOBOS What are these creatures?
THE DOCTOR Just some old friends of mine.
LOBOS But these are amphibious creatures. You are not an amphibian.
THE DOCTOR Oh, I'm not am I?
The screen now shows a picture of the Doctor in a Victorian bathing outfit

From **The Space Museum: The Dimensions of Time** *by Glyn Jones*

In Production



"And this is called a Soda Stream ..." Vicki talks future history with Barbara and Ian at the Moroks' museum © BBC Video

Born in Durban in South Africa, Glyn Jones attended stage school in his native country, moving to England at the age of 22. Although he was essentially attempting to establish himself as an actor, he also worked as a copy chaser for *The Times* newspaper, and dabbled with both directing and scriptwriting for radio and theatre. After appearances in films such as *The Verdict*, Jones' play *Early One Morning* was performed on stage. This was seen by David Whitaker, then story editor on *Doctor Who*, who later encountered Jones at a dinner party. Around early October 1964, Whitaker asked Jones to develop a storyline for *Doctor Who*, even though the writer had never seen the series. The result, a narrative in which the TARDIS crew were given a glimpse of their own fates and then had to avert their future, found favour with Whitaker. Around the time that Whitaker was leaving the series to hand over to his successor, Dennis Spooner, Jones was asked to develop his storyline as a four-part serial.

By late 1964, Jones' serial – entitled *The Space Museum* – was on the production schedules as Serial Q for recording in April 1965 (at this time, it was not planned to record on Friday 2 April, it being Good Friday). A director had not yet been assigned to the project. Jones seems to have delivered all his scripts by mid-November, since he wrote all of his drafts using the new companion of Tanni; Tanni was re-named first Lukki and then Vicki later in November. At this point, the first episode was entitled *The Four Dimensions of Time*, and the others were untitled. By the new year, other titles had been assigned; *Zone Seven* was the title of the fourth and final episode around Monday 11 January, while the first episode was now also entitled *The Space Museum*, and the second and third as *The Dimensions of Time* and *The Search*.

Editing the scripts for production, Spooner removed a lot of the humour that Jones had included. Jones was unhappy with these changes, but Spooner's view of the serial was that it was representing intellectual science-fiction in a series that attempted to offer a different style of narrative from story to story. The third episode, *The Search*, was structured to eliminate the character of the Doctor, and thus grant the series' star, William Hartnell, a week's holiday from rehearsal and recording.

The rehearsal script for *The Space Museum* continued on from events in the previous story, *The Crusade*, the very end of which had been constructed to start Jones' narrative. The TARDIS crew began in the outfits that they had worn in *The Crusade*. There were a few other differences from the final broadcast versions; originally the Doctor indicated that each rocket the travellers saw on the scanner was five or ten years more advanced than the previous one. Also, there was more dialogue about where Vicki went to school towards the end of the episode; the Doctor comments that this must have been enlightened, but the girl admits that dimensions was not one of her best subjects, leading the teachers to joke that she should write out "I must digest my dimensions" a hundred times.

Originally, in *The Dimensions of Time*, Ian lost a button from his shirt sleeve rather than his jacket, and believes this came off when they were lifting the glass case containing what was described as "a science fiction type of ray gun". Describing the Doctor's supposed escape from the Xerons, the stage directions indicated: "His face tells us: 'That'll teach me to count my chickens before they're hatched'". When using his intellect to defeat Lobos' mind-reading screen, one image to be projected was: "Dr Who in a Victorian striped bathing costume". Also in *The Dimensions of Time*, the Doctor referred to being with Scots inventor James Watt when he discovered the secret of steam power from a boiling kettle in the mid-eighteenth century. In the same episode, Ian recalled the story of how Theseus used a ball of thread to escape from the maze containing the Minotaur; this referred to the Greek myth in which the legendary hero used a magic ball of twine given to him by Ariadne to penetrate the centre of an underground maze

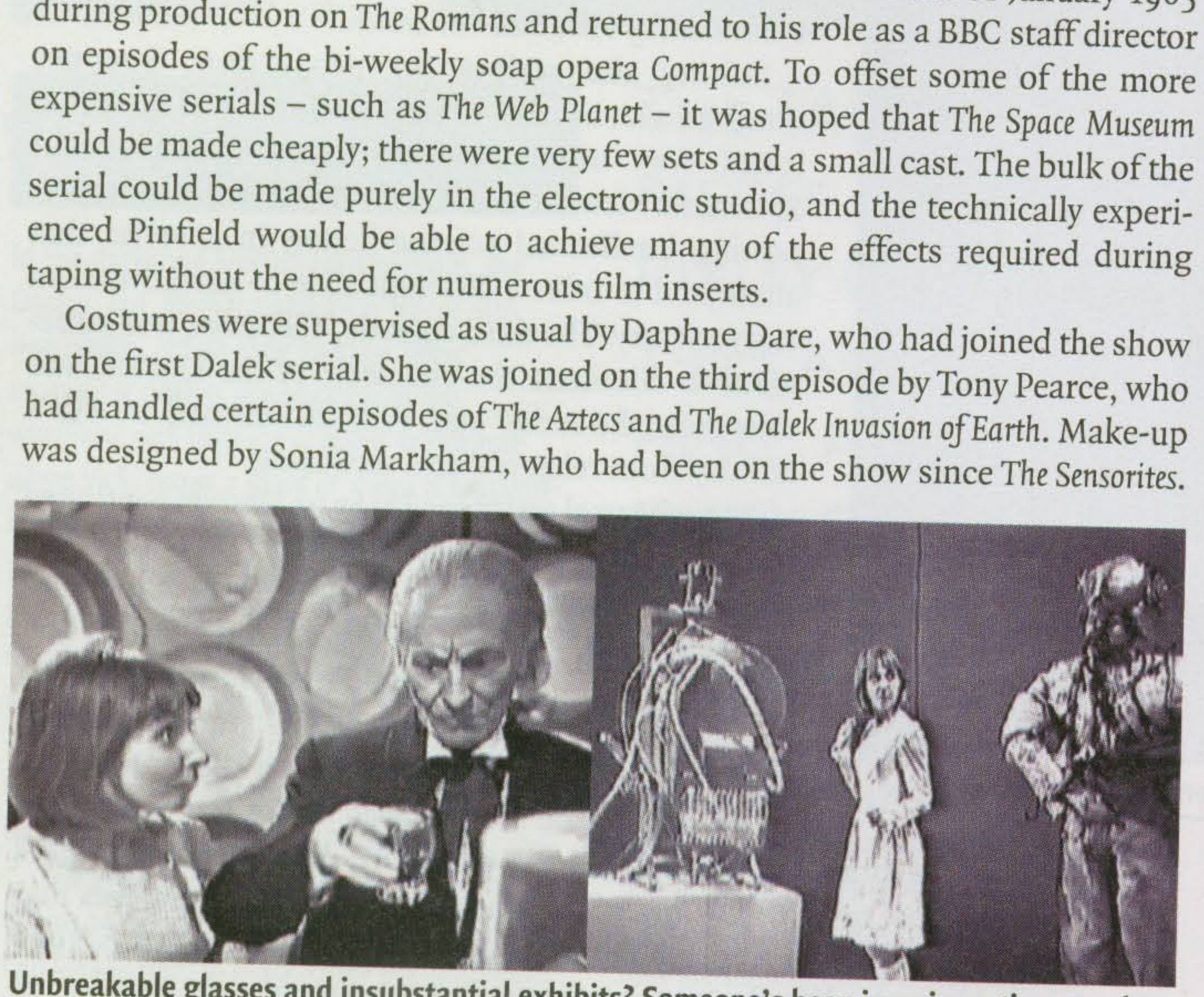
SCRIPTING Moroks and Xerons

Introducing the Moroks in *The Space Museum*, the script described "Two Moroks ... dressed in soldier war-like uniforms, they march in time"; later in the same script, the native Xerons were described as wearing a "very simple costume of boots, trousers and belted tunics. They wear their hair long". In the second script, *The Dimensions of Time*, the Morok Governor, Lobos, was indicated to be "A superior, intelligent man, merely fulfilling a term of duty on Xeros". Glyn Jones also described the Moroks and the purpose of the museum more completely in the second episode: "A soldier governing race, similar to the Roman civilisation. Theirs has been a conquesting era, and many planets in the galaxy have been brought into their empires. Xeros is the museum of this civilization, representing their advanced victories and achievements. However, as Rome declined and their grip on their colonies became weaker, so is the situation here. The Moroks enjoy the spoils of their ancestors on far away planets and the museum rots, and is practically forgotten. The Moroks, disciplined but gone soft are uniformed and army-like"; Xeros was also stated as being the smallest planet in the Morok Empire. The parallel of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire – as famously documented by the eighteenth century historian Edward Gibbon – was also pointed out clearly in the Doctor's dialogue during the talk with Lobos in *The Dimensions of Time*. The same script indicated that the Xerons Sita and Dako were "both young, around sixteen, seventeen", with their leader Tor being about the same age. The rehearsal scripts also referred to other Xerons, such as Olem and Seng.

beneath King Minos' palace at Knossos, where he slayed the half-man/half-bull offspring of Minos' wife Pasiphae. In terms of series continuity, in the first episode, Vicki comments that the Daleks invaded Earth about 300 years ago; as she hailed from the late Twenty-fifth Century, this was a reference to the invasion that the Doctor, Ian and Barbara had witnessed in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*.

The director appointed to the serial in January 1965 was Mervyn Pinfield. Pinfield had been the associate producer since the show's inception in 1963, and acted as an experienced technical adviser to fledgling producer Verity Lambert. However, with *Doctor Who* now an established success and Lambert having proved herself more than capable, Pinfield left the series at the start of January 1965 during production on *The Romans* and returned to his role as a BBC staff director on episodes of the bi-weekly soap opera *Compact*. To offset some of the more expensive serials – such as *The Web Planet* – it was hoped that *The Space Museum* could be made cheaply; there were very few sets and a small cast. The bulk of the serial could be made purely in the electronic studio, and the technically experienced Pinfield would be able to achieve many of the effects required during taping without the need for numerous film inserts.

Costumes were supervised as usual by Daphne Dare, who had joined the show on the first Dalek serial. She was joined on the third episode by Tony Pearce, who had handled certain episodes of *The Aztecs* and *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*. Make-up was designed by Sonia Markham, who had been on the show since *The Sensorites*. Set design was from Spencer Chapman, who had worked on *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* the previous year.



Unbreakable glasses and insubstantial exhibits? Someone's been jumping a time-track ...

A number of late revisions were made to the rehearsal scripts as production began; these included the scene of the young Xerons discussing their plans in *The Dimensions of Time* and numerous sequences in *The Search*: the Commander berating his men outside the TARDIS, Vicki meeting the Xerons, Lobos hearing of Ian's escape, the message from Morok arriving and Vicki dealing with the armoury computer. Changes to *The Final Phase* – the new title of the final episode – included the dialogue as the Doctor recovered from his freezing experience, and also the final sequences, which were structured by Spooner to link into the next serial, *The Chase*, by introducing the Time-Space Visualiser.

The one sequence which had to be pre-filmed was Vicki dropping the glass and it leaping back into her hand in the first episode, for which the film would have to be played backwards. Pinfield conducted a minimal shoot at the BBC Television Film Studios in Ealing on Thursday 11 March; this was on silent 35mm film and required the presence of Maureen O'Brien as Vicki, who was then rehearsing for *The Knight of Jaffa*, the third episode of *The Crusade*, which was to be recorded the next day. This insert was shot on a short section of TARDIS corridor and saw the final appearance of the food machine prop that had featured in the first Dalek serial and *Inside the Spaceship*; Jones had originally scripted this as a standard water dispenser. Also pre-filmed were the panning shots of rockets and the museum building seen at the start of the serial and the point-of-view shot of the travellers advancing on the main building, as well as the large model TARDIS materialising in *The Space Museum* and departing in *The Final Phase*; this second item led into two slide captions of a starscape and then a cratered planet. The rocket models were constructed from stock items. Another film insert showed the TARDIS crew's footprints in the white dust at the end of *The Space Museum*.

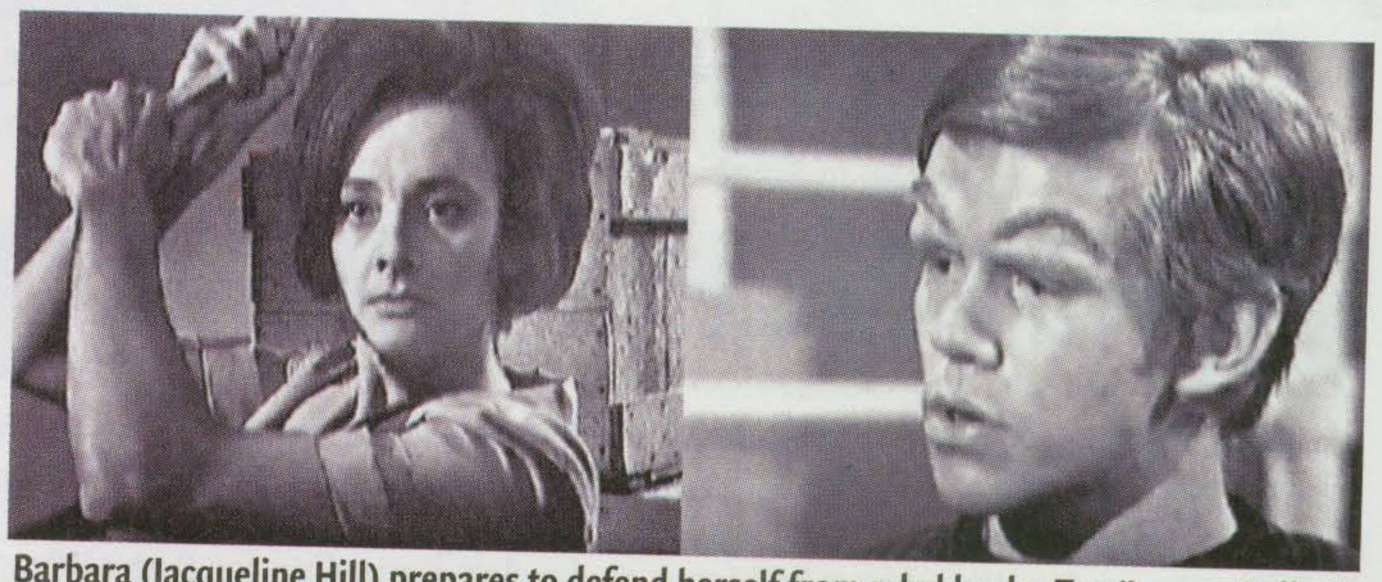
To save recording time, it was decided that there would be no costume changes for the regular cast between their crusading outfits and their normal clothes; thus, the photocaption of the TARDIS crew at the console in their period costumes was taken at 5pm during camera rehearsals for *The Warlords*, the final episode of *The Crusade*, in Riverside Studio 1 on Friday 26 March.

Rehearsals for *The Space Museum* began on Monday 29 March at the London Transport Assembly Rooms at Wood Green. William Russell, who played Ian, recorded an appearance on *Junior Points of View* on Thursday 1 April; this item was broadcast the following day, when several papers (including the *Daily Sketch* and the *Daily Express*) carried the news that he and Jacqueline Hill, who played Barbara, were departing the series in May at the end of *The Chase*. Russell's appearance on the BBC children's programme concerned a new monster suggested for the series called 'the Doodle'. Created by Carol Greatrex Evans of Caterham – who joined Russell for the recording – the Doodle "lives on the planet Doonduinarnun. They are very friendly and like to help people who land on their planet and they also like to be helped as well."

> **'We seemed to do almost everything on the first take and a lot of our mistakes ended up on screen'**
>
> Jeremy Bulloch • DWM 188

The Space Museum was recorded on Friday 2 April in TC4. The serial saw a temporary move to Television Centre from Riverside Studio 1 where the show had been taped since *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*. Recording on the installments generally took place between 8.30pm and 9.45pm. The episode began with a 35mm film reprise of the travellers standing motionless in their crusading clothes from the end of *The Warlords*; Pinfield inserted a fade to black within the opening minutes of his episode, this being a point at which commercials could be played in by overseas stations. The opening title captions, 'The Space Museum' and 'Written by Glyn Jones', were superimposed over the filmed shot of the TARDIS materialising. A minimal TARDIS set was erected, with the horary on the eagle stand, and a nearby monitor on which the model film of the planet's surface could be shown.

A recording break was scheduled for the regular cast to move between the TARDIS set and the Xeros set, allowing them to appear to walk straight out; at the start of this subsequent scene, the Thal Wind sound effect from the first Dalek serial was played for a few seconds. Unfortunately, the regulars cast shadows on the landscape backdrop on the cramped set. The Morok actors wore white uniforms with tabards and stiff collars over them, as well as wigs that swept their hair back and upwards. In comparison, the Xeron actors wore black trousers, tops and tabards, and had fake eyebrows added on their foreheads with their own eyebrows covered in make-up; these fake eyebrows had a habit of coming lose and falling down the actors' faces!



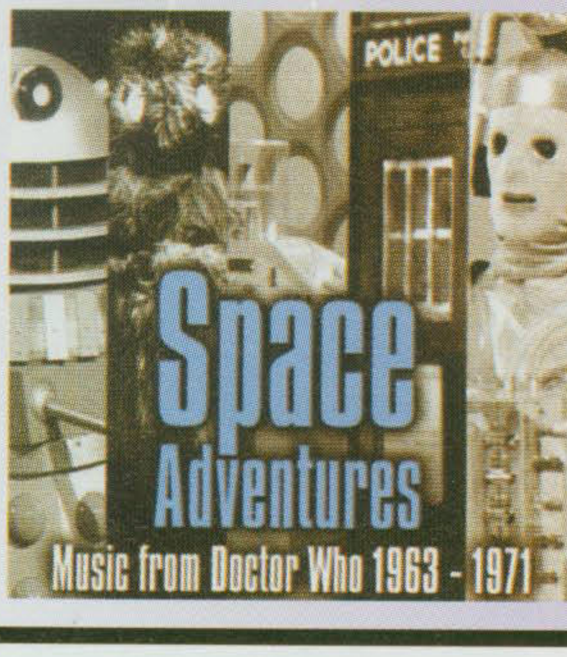
Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) prepares to defend herself from rebel leader Tor (Jeremy Bulloch)

INCIDENTAL MUSIC *Library tracks*

One of Mervyn Pinfield's cost-cutting measures was to rely upon library music records for the incidental score on the serial. Much of the music came from records entitled *Musique Electronique* by Eric Siday; the bands used included *Threat Attack* (the initial arrival on Xeros, the glass reassembling itself and approaching the museum in *The Space Museum*), *Space Time* (the travellers coming to in *The Space Museum*), *Mood 7 B2* (the travellers wandering lost in *The Dimensions of Time*) and *Space Age B2* (the Moroks on the intruders' trail in *The Dimensions of Time*). Eric Siday's *The Ultra Sonic Perception* provided *Ultimate* (in *The Space Museum*), *Moonscape* (the Doctor entering the ghostly TARDIS in *The Space Museum*) and *The Laboratory* (establishing Lobos' office in *The Dimensions of Time*). Frank Tailey's *Off Centre* provided *Off Centre* (the fight with the Moroks in *The Search*), *Panic in the Streets* (Barbara and Dako caught in the zaphra gas in *The Search* and *The Final Phase*), *Atoms and Mushrooms* (for the revolution in *The Final Phase*) and *Dark Pursuit* (in *The Search*). In *The Space Museum*, *Synchro Stings* by Trevor Duncan gave dramatic punctuation to Vicki dropping the glass and putting her hand through the exhibit, *Electronic Music: Bathysphere* by E Nordgren was used for the crew surveying the museum, Denis Rycoth's *Dramatic Bridges* was used for Ian's observation that the crew had left no footprints, Robert Gerhard's *Asyndeton* was used for shock effect when the travellers saw the Dalek and themselves in the cases and *Mutations: Background* by Trevor Duncan was used for Vicki's speech towards the end of the episode. *World of Plants* by Jack Trombey, played by the Hilversum Studio Orchestra, was used for the montage scene which closed *The Space Museum* as time caught up with the travellers. *Astronautics Suite* was used for the very end of *The Space Museum* and for the Doctor hiding inside the Dalek in *The Dimensions of Time*.

Musique Concrete II by Buxton Orr was used for the scene of the imprisoned Doctor in *The Dimensions of Time* and for Barbara hiding in the store room in *The Search*; Orr's *Musique Concrete: Quick Sand* featured in *The Final Phase*. Desmond Leslie's *Kaputt* from *Musique Concrete* punctuated Ian seeing the frozen Doctor in *The Search* and *The Final Phase*; *Sting Tintabuloid* from the same album was used for the Xerons grabbing Vicki in *The Search*. W Droyson's *Staccato Ending* was used for the gun battles in *The Final Phase* while his *Dramatic Brass Chords* were heard in *The Search*. Also incorporated into the serial were *Six Short Dramas* by Roger Roger and his *Champs Elysees* Orchestra in *The Dimensions of Time* and *Scene Shifts* by Don Banks in *The Search*.

In 1987, the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society issued a cassette entitled *Space Adventures* which comprised library music used in *Doctor Who* during the 1960s; this included *Asyndeton*, *Bathysphere*, *Musique Concrete II* and *World of Plants*. In October 1998, *Space Adventures* was reissued on CD by its compiler, Julian Knott, and now also included *Musique Concrete* and *Astronautics Suite* as bonus tracks.



Lobos (Richard Shaw): dying to get his hands on some new exhibits. © BBC Video

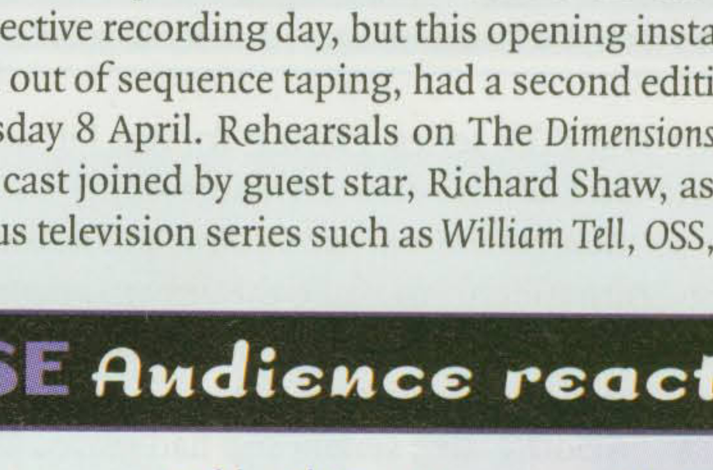
Most of the museum sets were linked, thus the exterior led to the corridor, and in turn two ante-rooms led off this. Most of the exhibits were either items from stock, or technical instruments such as oscilloscopes and frequency generators that looked suitably scientific. One of the exhibits was a Dalek prop; this was one of the casings constructed for *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* the previous summer, but the large fender base had been removed. On this occasion, the prop was unoccupied and stood next to a sign reading "Dalek – Planet Skaro".

For the scene where Vicki's and Ian's hands passed through a display, some equipment was brightly lit on a nearby set covered in black drapes, and this image superimposed onto the corridor set over the shot of O'Brien or Russell; the same effect was used when the Doctor attempted to enter the TARDIS (the large model being used rather than the full-size prop). Rapid camera movements made the museum complex appear larger than it actually was. Cut-away shots of the regular cast standing motionless in the display cases were taped separately to allow them to be edited into place later. For these shots, extra Brian Proudfoot stood with his back to camera in a copy of Hartnell's costume to give the illusion of the Doctor looking at himself; Proudfoot had previously doubled Hartnell for location filming in *The Reign of Terror* and had played the small role of Tigilinus in *The Romans*. For the sequence where time caught up with the travellers, photocaptions of the crew in both crusading and everyday outfits in the TARDIS were shown. The display cases then vanished by cross-fading to a photocaption of the empty set. The 'Next Episode' caption appeared over a shot of the Doctor.

Most episodes of *The Space Museum* were edited on the Monday evening following their respective recording day, but this opening instalment, because of the intercutting and out of sequence taping, had a second editing session scheduled for it on Thursday 8 April. Rehearsals on The *Dimensions of Time* began on Monday 5, with the cast joined by guest star, Richard Shaw, as Lobos. Shaw had featured in numerous television series such as *William Tell*, *OSS*, *Quatermass and the*

RESPONSE *Audience reaction*

The BBC conducted detailed Audience Research Reports on two of the episodes of *The Space Museum*. The first, on the début instalment, was compiled on Monday 24 May 1965. A group of 267 viewers indicated that the serial had generally had an extremely promising start, and the reaction index of 61 was the highest score in several months. Much of this was attributed to the notion of the TARDIS jumping a time-track which "stimulated much discussion in several households"; this was getting back to what for many was the real appeal of *Doctor Who* – the exploration of the unknown and the extraordinary, and showed a definite preference for futuristic serials over historicals. Although generally positive, there were complaints of a formulaic approach emerging, with "a Housewife" claiming that she could probably write a suitable script with familiar dialogue ("Wait a minute, I think I've got the answer!"). Some viewers found the instalment slow, and although the scenery was described as "cardboardy", the trick photography and special effects won praise for the episode.



It was a distinctly different story when the report on *The Final Phase* was issued on Tuesday 8 June. The general feeling of the 275 viewers interviewed was that this was "A very poor ending to what promised at first to be a better story". The resolution was too rapid and ideas were not fully developed; there were questions about how the Daleks had managed to evolve from being confined in their city to being able to roam all time and space, and also enquiries about where the Xerons' girlfriends were. *Doctor Who* was felt to be becoming stale, although still a regular event in many households, and the reappearance of the Daleks for the next serial had been enthusiastically greeted. There was criticism that it seemed as if William Hartnell was not always sure of his lines, that some of the supporting players were poor and that the sets looked a little cramped at times.

In Lobos' interrogation chair, the Doctor reveals (almost) all ... but seals his fate! © BBC VIDEO

Pit, *The Saint* and Eric Sykes' TV series. Playing Tor was Jeremy Bulloch, a juvenile actor who was doing a lot of film and television work. Bulloch was pleased to work with Hartnell. Although the star was not in good health, he still insisted that Bulloch grabbed him roughly to make the kidnap sequence look authentic. Pinfield cast stunt arranger Peter Diamond as one of the Moroks, so that he could also choreograph the studio-bound fight sequences in later episodes; Diamond had been a stuntman on both Dalek serials and had played Delos in *The Romans*.

The Dimensions of Time was recorded on Friday 9 April, starting with a film reprise of the end of *The Space Museum*; the opening title captions were superimposed over a shot of Lobos and the Morok Technician in the Governor's office. For this recording, there were a few more set elements from previous serials, notably some lecterns from *The Sensorites*. The Dalek prop appeared again, this time with a lightweight top section, allowing Hartnell to poke his head out from hiding mid-way through recording. For the monitor screen that displayed the Doctor's thoughts to Lobos, the images consisted of a photocaption of the Doctor's companions on the museum corridor set, a picture of a penny farthing bicycle, stock film of walruses, and then photocaptions of the Doctor dressed in Victorian bathingware and as an exhibit in a case. The episode concluded with the 'Next Episode' caption superimposed over a shot of the Doctor. With recording complete, Hartnell departed for a week's holiday.

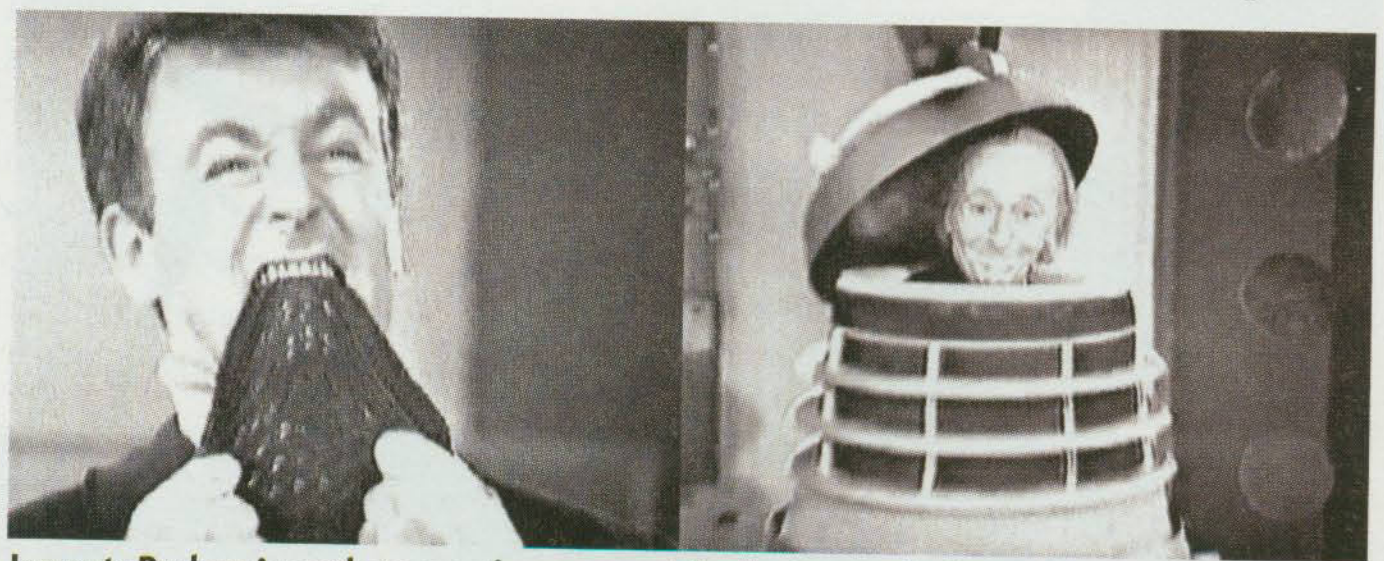
Rehearsals on *The Search* began on Monday 12, with the cast joined by Ivor Salter as the Morok Commander. Playing another of the Moroks was another stuntman, Billy Cornelius, who had been a stunt double on the first serial and *The Aztecs*, as well as playing a man-at-arms in the last episode of *The Crusade*. During this week of rehearsals, pre-filming on *The Chase* got underway, but did not require any of the regular cast. *The Search* was taped on Friday 16, and this time studio recording ran from 9.00pm to 10.15pm. Hartnell featured only in the 35mm reprise from *The Dimensions of Time* and Pinfield had planned the session to have no recording breaks; one run-on during a fade to black was planned to show passage of time when Barbara was trapped in the store room. The title and writer captions were superimposed over a shot of the Xerons looking at the TARDIS. Diamond arranged the fight sequences in the episode for Ian's skirmish with the Morok soldiers, his attack on the guard at the TARDIS ('Guard One' played by Diamond) and the Xerons overpowering a lone Morok at the armoury. Billy Cornelius also played one of the Morok guards. When Barbara hid in the store room, the two display dummies inside wore stock spacesuits from *Quatermass II*. Dry ice smoke was used to simulate the zaphra gas pumped through the museum, and the episode concluded with the 'Next Episode' caption superimposed over a shot of Ian looking in astonishment at the Doctor. Salvin Stewart also pre-recorded his intercom voices for the subsequent episode, *The Final Phase*.

Monday 19 saw the return of Hartnell for rehearsals on *The Final Phase*. On Wednesday 21, voice artist Peter Hawkins pre-recorded the Dalek voices needed for the final scene; Hawkins had performed Dalek voices for both serials so far. Publicity for the serial got underway in the *Radio Times* on Thursday 22 with a short article entitled 'Dr Who and the Space Museum', accompanied by a photograph of Lobos interrogating the Doctor from *The Dimensions of Time*. The item explained that the TARDIS' would arrive on the planet Xeros that Saturday, "a vast museum, completely devoted to the systematic display of historic space-ships and other exhibits which tell the story of the exploration of the universe".

'A very poor end to what promised at first to be a rather better story'

Audience Research Report • 1965

On Friday 23 April, the serial completed recording with *The Final Phase*. A photocall was also held on this day for shots of the Doctor, Ian and the Moroks in the Preparation Room, the set for which had been constructed adjacent to Lobos' Office and incorporated a prop seen in *The Keys of Marinus* as the freezing machine. The opening captions were superimposed over a shot of the frozen Doctor, and recording breaks were scheduled either side of the zaphra gas scenes. The ray guns used by Moroks and Xerons 'fired' by means of a photographic flash. Recording breaks were scheduled after the capture of Vicki and Barbara to allow the cast to move sets, and again after the defeat of Lobos and the Commander. The Dalek Control Room set was a minimal one-wall affair, and the Dalek which featured was minus its radar dish but with its shoulder slats, as modified for pre-filming for *The Chase* a fortnight earlier. The Dalek was operated by Murphy Grumbar who – as Peter Murphy – had been a Dalek operator in both previous Dalek serials. The 'Next Episode: The Executioners' caption was superimposed over a shot of the Dalek communications device.



Ian puts Barbara's cardy to creative use ... while the Doctor finds an old enemy very helpful

Two episodes of *The Space Museum* did not appear in the usual 5.40pm slot on BBC1; *The Dimensions of Time* was scheduled ten minutes later than usual because of the FA Cup Final and *The Search* was given a 6.00pm slot due to coverage of the 20th Anniversary of VE Day. Generally, the serial ran against ABC's *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, a music show on ITV, and achieved a greater audience share than stars such as Cilla Black, Marianne Faithfull and the Dave Clark Five on the commercial channel. Ratings were similar to those of *The Crusade*, but the strong appreciation score attained by the first episode fell sharply in the following three weeks.

Glyn Jones continued to mix writing and acting as a career; in 1965 he co-scripted the film *A King's Story* that began a partnership with director and producer Harry Booth. As an actor he went on to appear in *Strange Report* and played Krans in the 1975 *Doctor Who* serial *The Sontaran Experiment*. With John Hawkesworth, he developed the hard-hitting thriller series *The Gold Robbers* for

ABROAD Overseas sales

The Space Museum was sold abroad as a set of 16mm film recordings. Australia purchased it in March 1966 and rated it 'G' without cuts; it debuted in October 1966 and was repeated in February 1968. Other countries purchased the series in 1966 were Gibraltar, Nigeria, Singapore and Zambia, while the following years sales were made to the Caribbean, Barbados, Latin America, Mauritius, Sierra Leone and Venezuela. New Zealand acquired the serial in September 1968 to start a new season of *Doctor Who* in October/November that year. Other 1968 sales included the Dominican Republic and Mexico (as *El Museo Del Espacio*), with Iran, Jamaica and Chile in or around 1969 and finally Ethiopia in 1971. The serial was still being offered for sale by BBC Enterprises in 1974. After the explosion in interest from North America in the early 1980s, the serial was syndicated there from 1985 where it was also screened as a TV Movie of 86 minutes duration.

LWT in 1969, and then moved on to become script editor of Booth's *Here Come The Double Deckers!*. An attempt at a second *Doctor Who* serial in the early 1970s came to nothing when his idea was turned down by script editor Terrance Dicks.

In 1986, Jones was invited to novelise his serial by W H Allen's Nigel Robinson; his original manuscript still referred to Vicki as Tanni because he had not been aware of the name change. Jones fleshed out his narrative considerably, setting the adventure in AD 0000 according to the TARDIS instruments. Banished to Xeros because of an indiscretion, Lobos now enjoyed games of chess with his favourite robot, Matt. Much of Dako's role was now given over to a Xeron called Bo, and the Morok Commander was called Ogrek; another Xeron called Gyar helped Vicki in the sequences at the armoury, and the guard captured by Ian was called Pluton. The material concerning the Time/Space Visualiser which led into *The Chase* was omitted. The novel, *Doctor Who – The Space Museum*, was published in hardback by W H Allen in January 1987 with a cover from David McAllister; a paperback edition appeared in June 1987 and was numbered Book 117 in the Target library.

Three of the four 405-line videotapes of the serial were cleared for wiping by the BBC on Thursday 17 August 1967 as being of no further use; *The Dimensions of Time* was cleared to be wiped on Friday 31 January 1969. The BBC Film and Television Archives retained a 16mm film recording of *The Search* and, in 1977, it was discovered that BBC Enterprises still retained the entire serial on film. This allowed *The Space Museum* to be sold overseas again and also to appear on satellite transmissions; BSB screened the serial on Saturday 22 September 1990 (although another planned broadcast on Christmas Eve 1990 never took place after the purchase of BSB by Sky), while UK Gold screened the serial in December 1992 and have also run it as a compilation on several occasions. A copy of the serial is held by the National Film and Television Archive, and the BBC retain the 16mm film prints of all four episodes. With the recovery of the first episode of *The Crusade*, *The Lion*, in January 1999, *The Space Museum* was cleaned up by the BBC's unofficial *Doctor Who* 'Restoration Team' and released with the remaining episodes of *The Crusade* as a special box set in June 1999; postcards of images from both serials were included in the box along with a TARDIS keyring and CD soundtrack of *The Crusade*'s missing instalments. DWM

SERIAL Q The Space Museum

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who**, **William Russell** *Ian Chesterton*, **Jacqueline Hill** *Barbara Wright and* **Maureen O'Brien** *Vicki with* **Peter Sanders** *Sita*, **Peter Craze** *Dako*, **Bill Starkey** *Third Xeron [1]***; **Lawrence Dean**, **Ken Norris** *Morok Guards***; **Richard Shaw** *Lobos [2-4]*, **Jeremy Bulloch** *Tor [2-4]*, **Salvin Stewart** *Morok Messenger [2]*, **Peter Diamond** *Morok Technician [2]*, **Ivor Salter** *Morok Commander [3-4]*; **Salvin Stewart**, **Peter Diamond**, **Billy Cornelius** *Morok Guards [3-4]*; **Michael Golden**, **Edward Granville**, **David Wolliscroft**, **Bill Starkey** *Xerons [3-4]***; **Peter Hawkins** *Dalek Voice [4], Dalek Machine operated by* **Murphy Grumbar** [4].

** Credited on The Search but does not appear ** Not listed in Radio Times*

EXTRAS **Brian Proudfoot** *Double for Dr Who*; **Salvin Stewart** *Morok Voices (inc Commander B Division, Commander K Division, Relief Guard and Armoury Guard).*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
The Space Museum	24 April 1965	5.40pm-6.05pm	23'38"	10.5M (16th)	61
The Dimensions of Time	1 May 1965	5.50pm-6.15pm	22'00"	9.2M (23rd)	53
The Search	8 May 1965	6.00pm-6.25pm	23'33"	8.5M (22nd)	56
The Final Phase	15 May 1965	5.40pm-6.05pm	22'15"	8.5M (27th)	49

CREDITS *Written by* **Glyn Jones**. *Story Editor* **Dennis Spooner**. *Fight Arranger* **Peter Diamond** [3-4]. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer** *with the* **BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Lighting* **Howard King***. *Sound* **Ray Angel*** [**George Prince** *handled 1*]. *Costumes supervised by* **Daphne Dare*** [**Tony Peare** *worked with Dare on 3*]. *Make-up supervised by* **Sonia Markham***. *Designer* **Spencer Chapman**. *Producer* **Verity Lambert**. *Directed by* **Mervyn Pinfield**.

** Credited on The Final Phase only*

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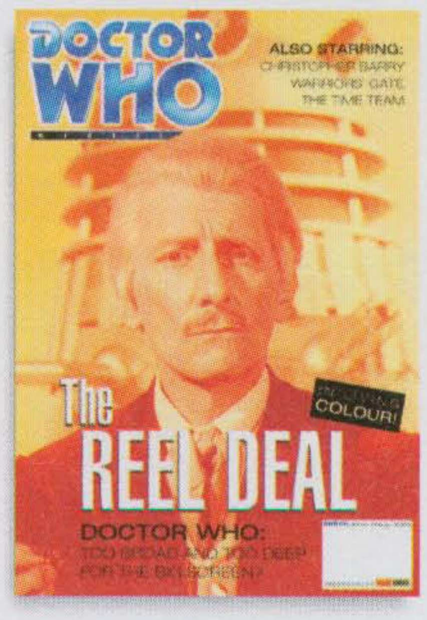
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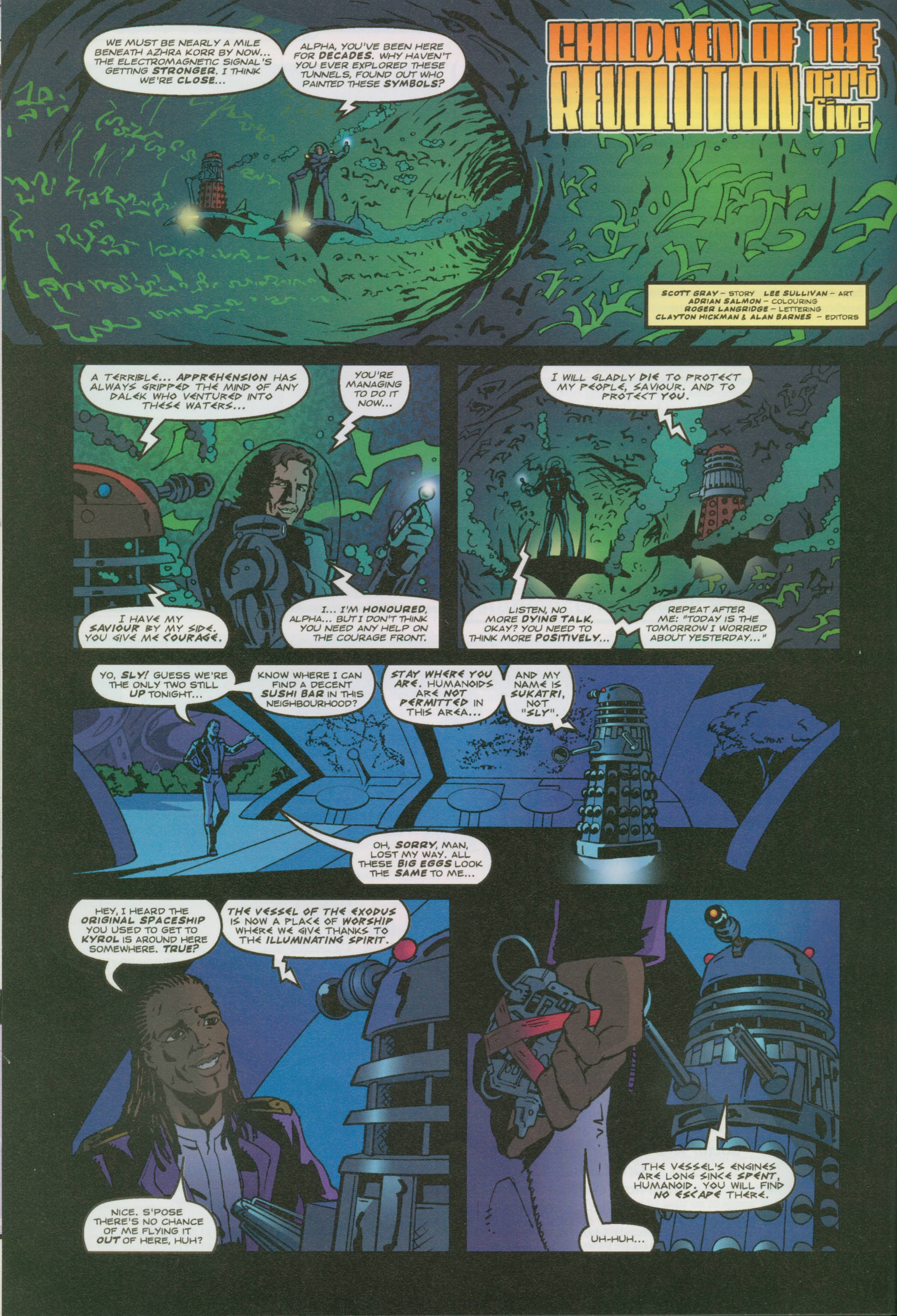
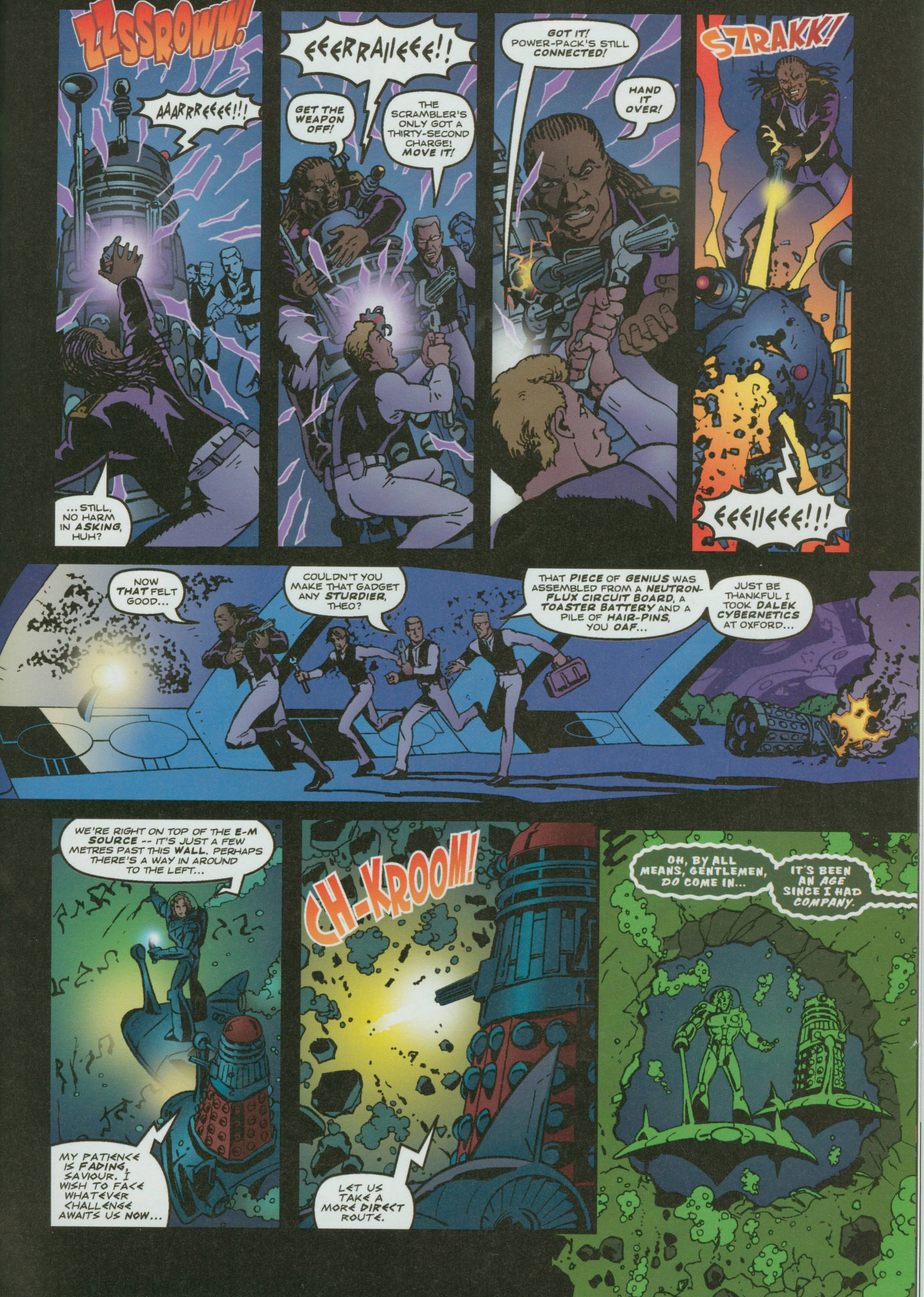
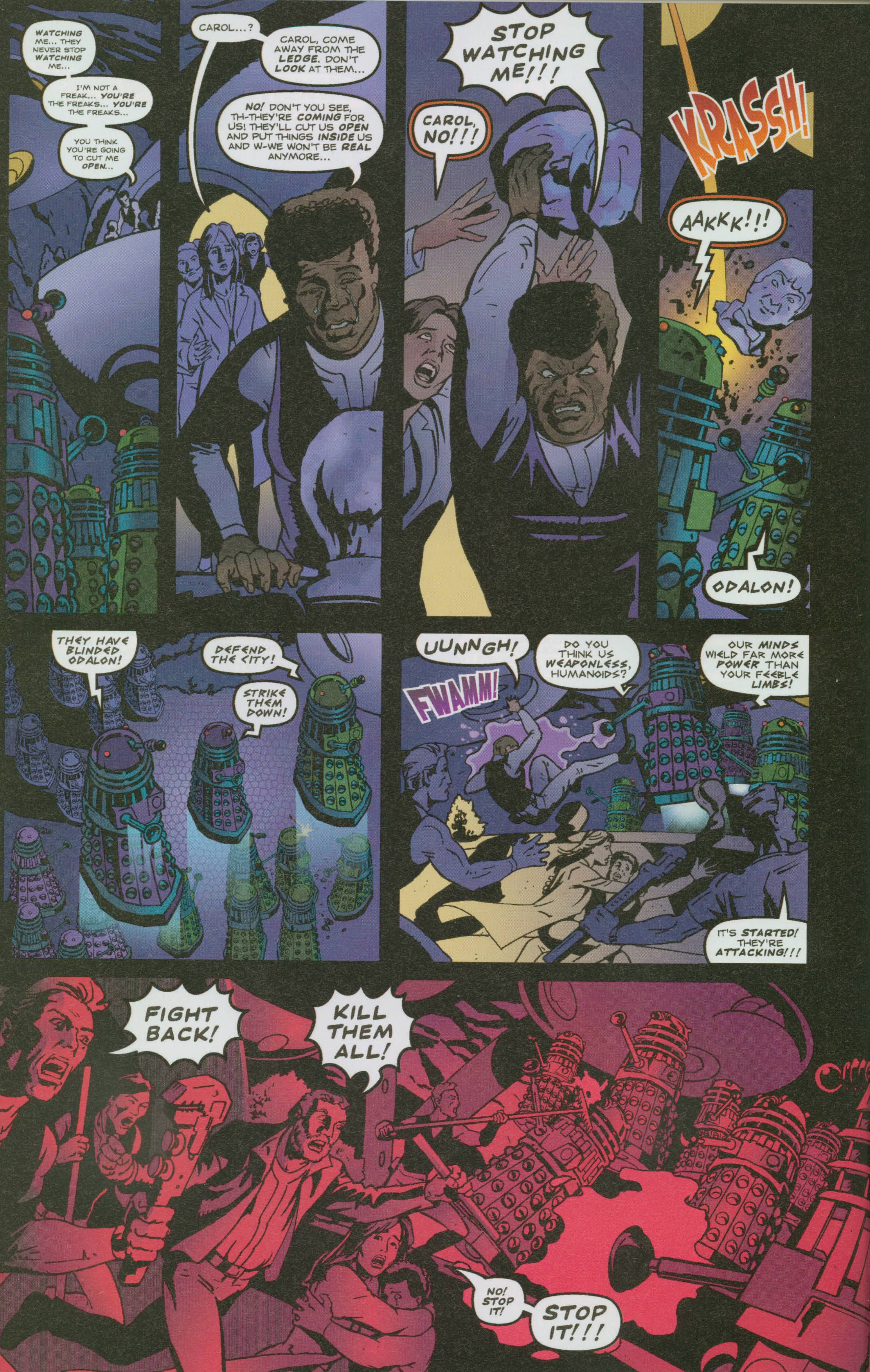
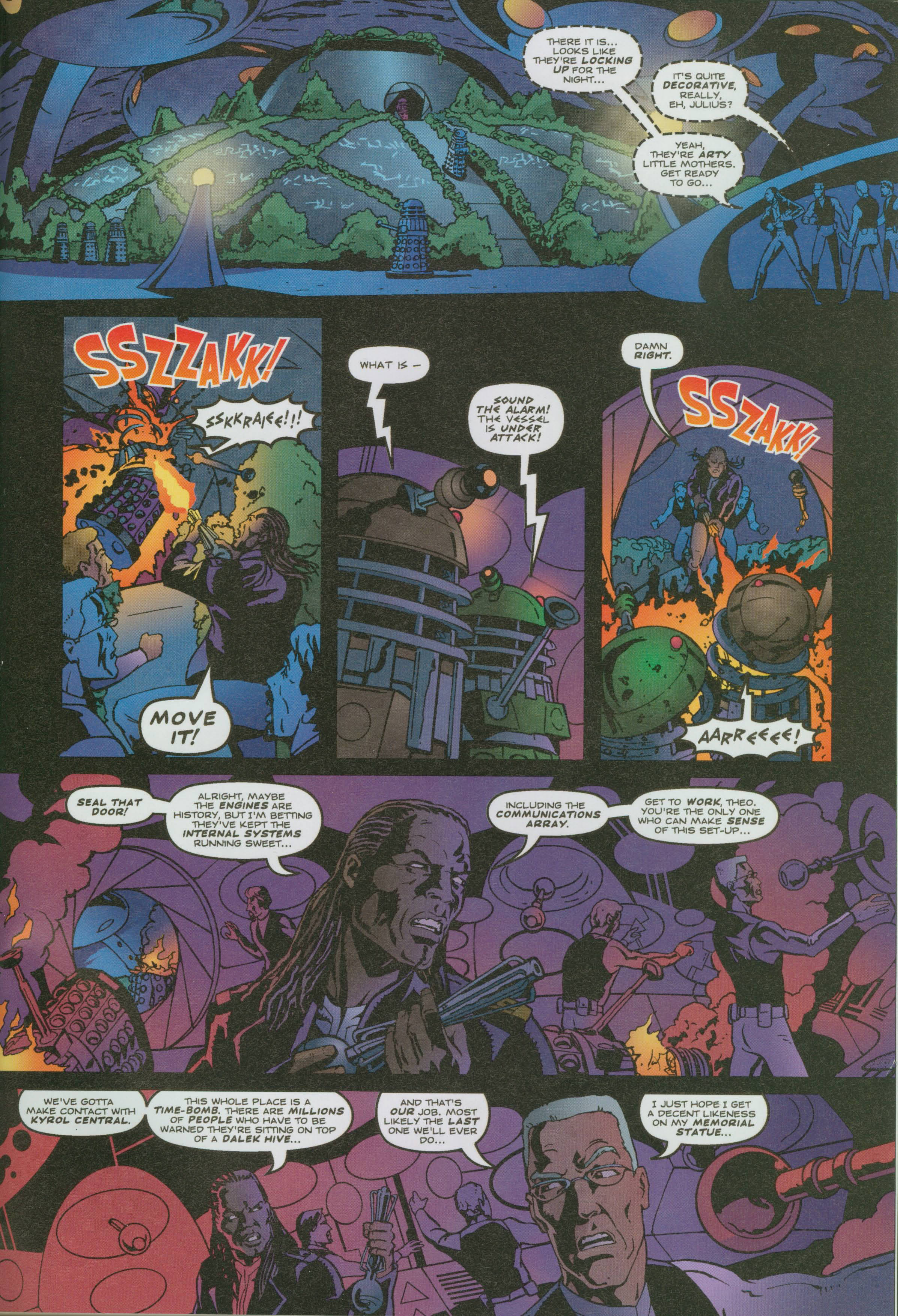
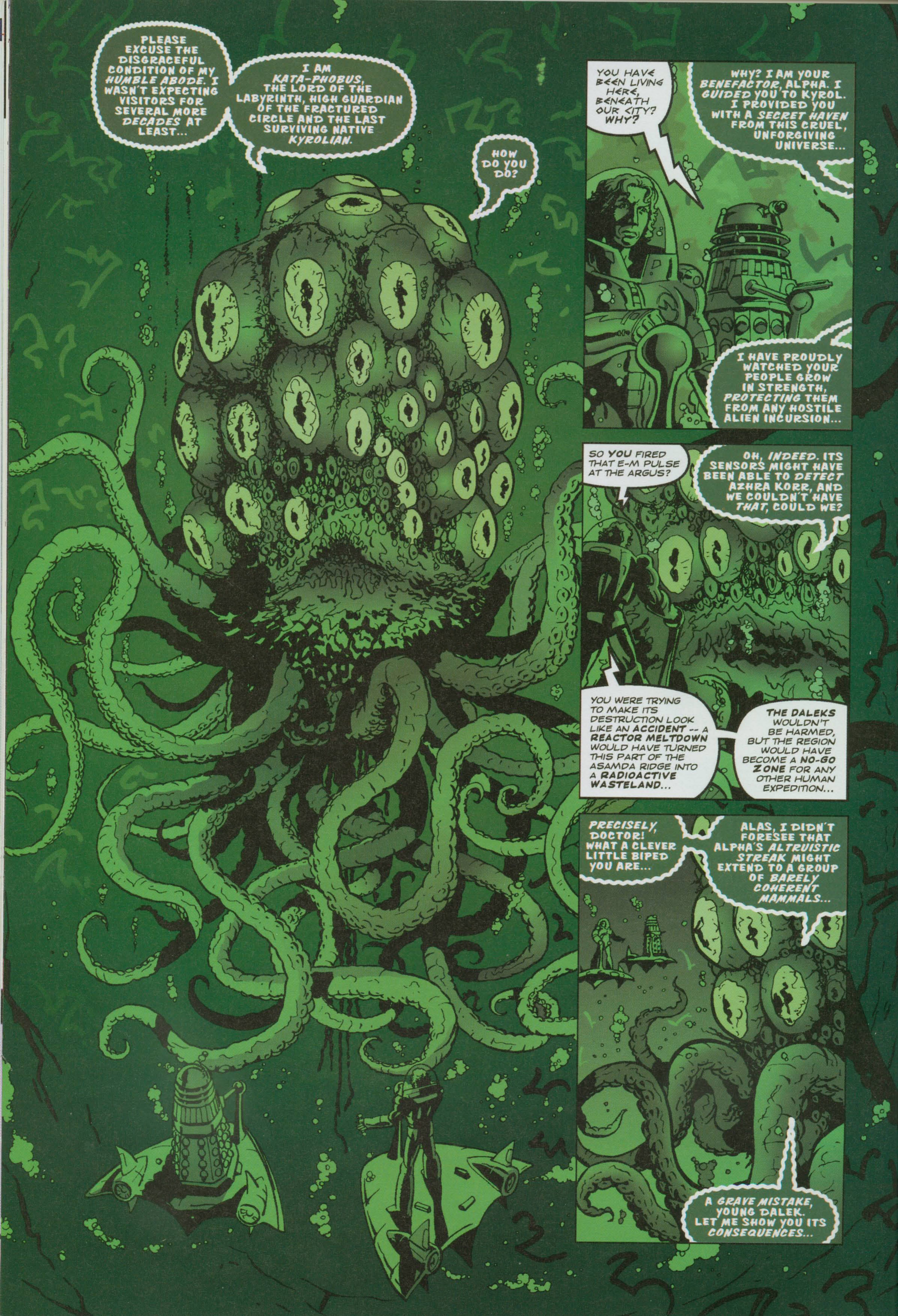
SCOTT GRAY – STORY **LEE SULLIVAN** – ART
ADRIAN SALMON – COLOURING
ROGER LANGRIDGE – LETTERING
CLAYTON HICKMAN & ALAN BARNES – EDITORS

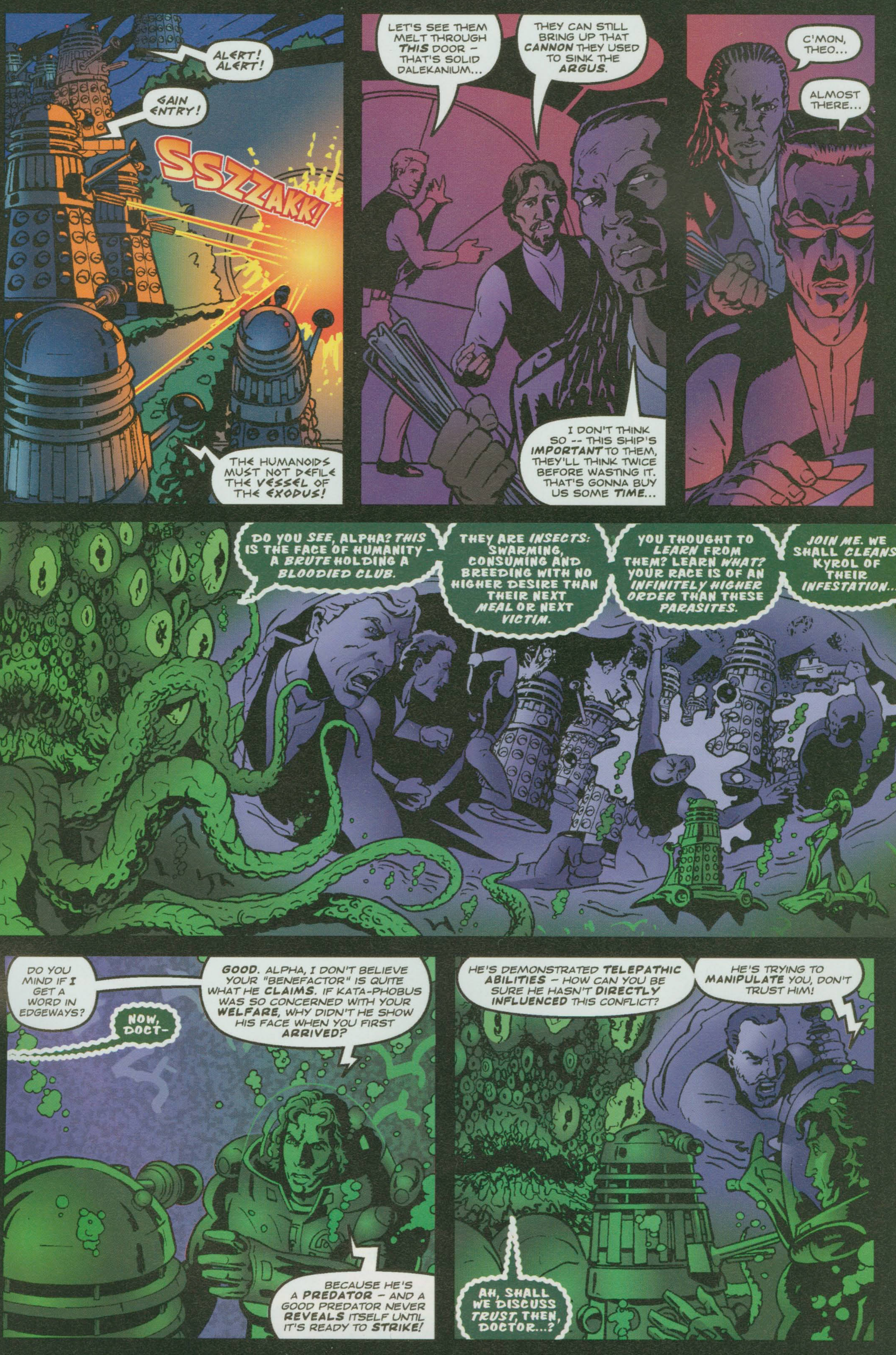

WE MUST BE NEARLY A MILE BENEATH AZHRA KORR BY NOW... THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SIGNAL'S GETTING STRONGER. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE...
ALPHA, YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR DECADES. WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVER EXPLORED THESE TUNNELS, FOUND OUT WHO PAINTED THESE SYMBOLS?
A TERRIBLE... APPREHENSION HAS ALWAYS GRIPPED THE MIND OF ANY DALEK WHO VENTURED INTO THESE WATERS...
YOU'RE MANAGING TO DO IT NOW...
I HAVE MY SAVIOUR BY MY SIDE. YOU GIVE ME COURAGE.
I... I'M HONOURED, ALPHA... BUT I DON'T THINK YOU NEED ANY HELP ON THE COURAGE FRONT.
I WILL GLADLY DIE TO PROTECT MY PEOPLE, SAVIOUR. AND TO PROTECT YOU.
LISTEN, NO MORE DYING TALK, OKAY? YOU NEED TO THINK MORE POSITIVELY...
REPEAT AFTER ME: "TODAY IS THE TOMORROW I WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY..."
YO, SLY! GUESS WE'RE THE ONLY TWO STILL UP TONIGHT...
KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A DECENT SUSHI BAR IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD?
STAY WHERE YOU ARE. HUMANOIDS ARE NOT PERMITTED IN THIS AREA...
AND MY NAME IS SUKATRI, NOT "SLY".
OH, SORRY, MAN, LOST MY WAY. ALL THESE BIG EGGS LOOK THE SAME TO ME...
HEY, I HEARD THE ORIGINAL SPACESHIP YOU USED TO GET TO KYROL IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. TRUE?
THE VESSEL OF THE EXODUS IS NOW A PLACE OF WORSHIP WHERE WE GIVE THANKS TO THE ILLUMINATING SPIRIT.
NICE. S'POSE THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ME FLYING IT OUT OF HERE, HUH?
THE VESSEL'S ENGINES ARE LONG SINCE SPENT, HUMANOID. YOU WILL FIND NO ESCAPE THERE.
UH-HUH...

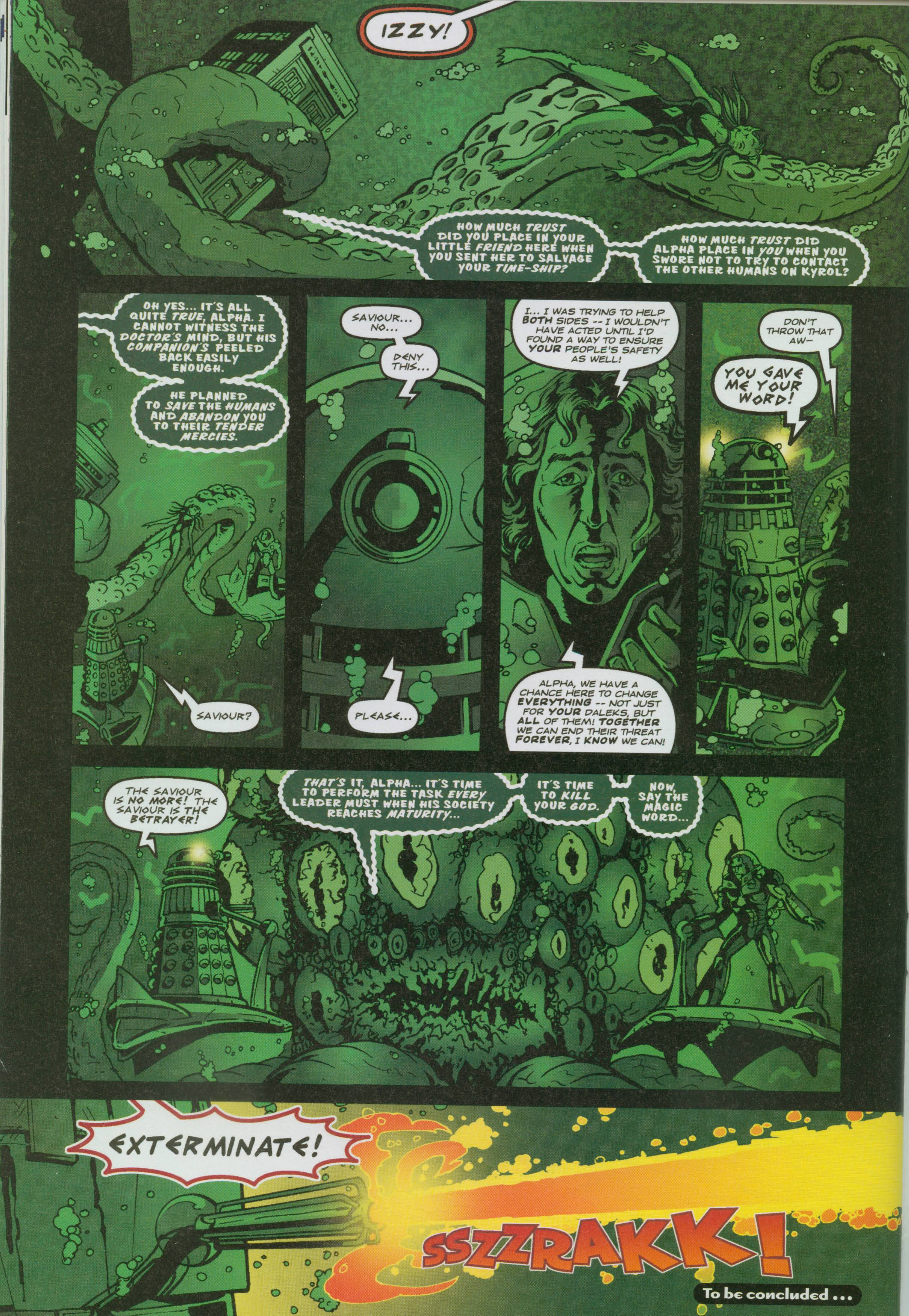

ZZSSROWW!
AAARRREEEE!!!
...STILL, NO HARM IN ASKING, HUH?
EEERRAIIEEE!!
GET THE WEAPON OFF!
THE SCRAMBLER'S ONLY GOT A THIRTY-SECOND CHARGE! MOVE IT!
GOT IT! POWER-PACK'S STILL CONNECTED!
HAND IT OVER!
SZRAKK!
EEEIIEEE!!!
NOW THAT FELT GOOD...
COULDN'T YOU MAKE THAT GADGET ANY STURDIER, THEO?
THAT PIECE OF GENIUS WAS ASSEMBLED FROM A NEUTRON-FLUX CIRCUIT BOARD, A TOASTER BATTERY AND A PILE OF HAIR-PINS, YOU OAF...
JUST BE THANKFUL I TOOK DALEK CYBERNETICS AT OXFORD...
WE'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE E-M SOURCE -- IT'S JUST A FEW METRES PAST THIS WALL. PERHAPS THERE'S A WAY IN AROUND TO THE LEFT...
MY PATIENCE IS FADING, SAVIOUR. I WISH TO FACE WHATEVER CHALLENGE AWAITS US NOW...
CH-KROOM!
LET US TAKE A MORE DIRECT ROUTE.
OH, BY ALL MEANS, GENTLEMEN, DO COME IN...
IT'S BEEN AN AGE SINCE I HAD COMPANY.


WATCHING ME... THEY NEVER STOP WATCHING ME...
I'M NOT A FREAK... YOU'RE THE FREAKS... YOU'RE THE FREAKS...
YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CUT ME OPEN...
CAROL...?
CAROL, COME AWAY FROM THE LEDGE. DON'T LOOK AT THEM...
NO! DON'T YOU SEE, TH-THEY'RE COMING FOR US! THEY'LL CUT US OPEN AND PUT THINGS INSIDE US AND W-WE WON'T BE REAL ANYMORE...
STOP WATCHING ME!!!
CAROL, NO!!!
KRASSH!
AAKKK!!!
ODALON!
THEY HAVE BLINDED ODALON!
DEFEND THE CITY!
STRIKE THEM DOWN!
UUNNGH!
FWAMM!
DO YOU THINK US WEAPONLESS, HUMANOIDS?
OUR MINDS WIELD FAR MORE POWER THAN YOUR FEEBLE LIMBS!
IT'S STARTED! THEY'RE ATTACKING!!!
FIGHT BACK!
KILL THEM ALL!
NO! STOP IT!
STOP IT!!!


THERE IT IS... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE LOCKING UP FOR THE NIGHT...
IT'S QUITE DECORATIVE, REALLY, EH, JULIUS?
YEAH, THEY'RE ARTY LITTLE MOTHERS. GET READY TO GO...
SSZZAKK!
SSKKRAIEE!!!
MOVE IT!
WHAT IS —
SOUND THE ALARM! THE VESSEL IS UNDER ATTACK!
DAMN RIGHT.
SSZAKK!
AARREEEE!
SEAL THAT DOOR!
ALRIGHT, MAYBE THE ENGINES ARE HISTORY, BUT I'M BETTING THEY'VE KEPT THE INTERNAL SYSTEMS RUNNING SWEET...
INCLUDING THE COMMUNICATIONS ARRAY.
GET TO WORK, THEO. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MAKE SENSE OF THIS SET-UP...
WE'VE GOTTA MAKE CONTACT WITH KYROL CENTRAL.
THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A TIME-BOMB. THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO BE WARNED THEY'RE SITTING ON TOP OF A DALEK HIVE...
AND THAT'S OUR JOB. MOST LIKELY THE LAST ONE WE'LL EVER DO...
I JUST HOPE I GET A DECENT LIKENESS ON MY MEMORIAL STATUE...


PLEASE EXCUSE THE DISGRACEFUL CONDITION OF MY HUMBLE ABODE. I WASN'T EXPECTING VISITORS FOR SEVERAL MORE DECADES AT LEAST...
I AM KATA-PHOBUS, THE LORD OF THE LABYRINTH, HIGH GUARDIAN OF THE FRACTURED CIRCLE AND THE LAST SURVIVING NATIVE KYROLIAN.
HOW DO YOU DO?
YOU HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE, BENEATH OUR CITY? WHY?
WHY? I AM YOUR BENEFACTOR, ALPHA. I GUIDED YOU TO KYROL. I PROVIDED YOU WITH A SECRET HAVEN FROM THIS CRUEL, UNFORGIVING UNIVERSE...
I HAVE PROUDLY WATCHED YOUR PEOPLE GROW IN STRENGTH, PROTECTING THEM FROM ANY HOSTILE ALIEN INCURSION...
SO YOU FIRED THAT E-M PULSE AT THE ARGUS?
OH, INDEED. ITS SENSORS MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DETECT AZHRA KORR, AND WE COULDN'T HAVE THAT, COULD WE?
YOU WERE TRYING TO MAKE ITS DESTRUCTION LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT -- A REACTOR MELTDOWN WOULD HAVE TURNED THIS PART OF THE ASAMDA RIDGE INTO A RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND...
THE DALEKS WOULDN'T BE HARMED, BUT THE REGION WOULD HAVE BECOME A NO-GO ZONE FOR ANY OTHER HUMAN EXPEDITION...
PRECISELY, DOCTOR! WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE BIPED YOU ARE...
ALAS, I DIDN'T FORESEE THAT ALPHA'S ALTRUISTIC STREAK MIGHT EXTEND TO A GROUP OF BARELY COHERENT MAMMALS...
A GRAVE MISTAKE, YOUNG DALEK. LET ME SHOW YOU ITS CONSEQUENCES...


ALERT! ALERT!
GAIN ENTRY!
SSZZAKK!
THE HUMANOIDS MUST NOT DEFILE THE VESSEL OF THE EXODUS!
LET'S SEE THEM MELT THROUGH THIS DOOR – THAT'S SOLID DALEKANIUM...
THEY CAN STILL BRING UP THAT CANNON THEY USED TO SINK THE ARGUS.
I DON'T THINK SO -- THIS SHIP'S IMPORTANT TO THEM, THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE WASTING IT. THAT'S GONNA BUY US SOME TIME...
C'MON, THEO...
ALMOST THERE...
DO YOU SEE, ALPHA? THIS IS THE FACE OF HUMANITY – A BRUTE HOLDING A BLOODIED CLUB.
THEY ARE INSECTS: SWARMING, CONSUMING AND BREEDING WITH NO HIGHER DESIRE THAN THEIR NEXT MEAL OR NEXT VICTIM.
YOU THOUGHT TO LEARN FROM THEM? LEARN WHAT? YOUR RACE IS OF AN INFINITELY HIGHER ORDER THAN THESE PARASITES.
JOIN ME. WE SHALL CLEANSE KYROL OF THEIR INFESTATION...
DO YOU MIND IF I GET A WORD IN EDGEWAYS?
NOW, DOCT-
GOOD. ALPHA, I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR "BENEFACTOR" IS QUITE WHAT HE CLAIMS. IF KATA-PHOBUS WAS SO CONCERNED WITH YOUR WELFARE, WHY DIDN'T HE SHOW HIS FACE WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED?
BECAUSE HE'S A PREDATOR – AND A GOOD PREDATOR NEVER REVEALS ITSELF UNTIL IT'S READY TO STRIKE!
HE'S DEMONSTRATED TELEPATHIC ABILITIES – HOW CAN YOU BE SURE HE HASN'T DIRECTLY INFLUENCED THIS CONFLICT?
HE'S TRYING TO MANIPULATE YOU, DON'T TRUST HIM!
AH, SHALL WE DISCUSS TRUST, THEN, DOCTOR...?


IZZY!
HOW MUCH TRUST DID YOU PLACE IN YOUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE WHEN YOU SENT HER TO SALVAGE YOUR TIME-SHIP?
HOW MUCH TRUST DID ALPHA PLACE IN YOU WHEN YOU SWORE NOT TO TRY TO CONTACT THE OTHER HUMANS ON KYROL?
OH YES... IT'S ALL QUITE TRUE, ALPHA. I CANNOT WITNESS THE DOCTOR'S MIND, BUT HIS COMPANION'S PEELED BACK EASILY ENOUGH.
HE PLANNED TO SAVE THE HUMANS AND ABANDON YOU TO THEIR TENDER MERCIES.
SAVIOUR?
SAVIOUR... NO...
DENY THIS...
PLEASE...
I... I WAS TRYING TO HELP BOTH SIDES -- I WOULDN'T HAVE ACTED UNTIL I'D FOUND A WAY TO ENSURE YOUR PEOPLE'S SAFETY AS WELL!
ALPHA, WE HAVE A CHANCE HERE TO CHANGE EVERYTHING -- NOT JUST FOR YOUR DALEKS, BUT ALL OF THEM! TOGETHER WE CAN END THEIR THREAT FOREVER, I KNOW WE CAN!
DON'T THROW THAT AW—
YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD!
THE SAVIOUR IS NO MORE! THE SAVIOUR IS THE BETRAYER!
THAT'S IT, ALPHA... IT'S TIME TO PERFORM THE TASK EVERY LEADER MUST WHEN HIS SOCIETY REACHES MATURITY...
IT'S TIME TO KILL YOUR GOD.
NOW, SAY THE MAGIC WORD...
EXTERMINATE!
SSZZRAKK!

To be concluded ...

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Plenty of reaction this issue to the first of our Death Comes to Time features a couple of issues ago. Not all of it positive, it must be said ...

Dan dares?

I just read the interview with Dan Freedman and Nev Fountain in **DWM** 314. Interesting, I must say, and very promising. Their ideas for a new series should give us all hope for the future. I would like to wish them all the best regarding their proposal.

DENA BETTON
VIA E-MAIL

'Would you trust these men with *Doctor Who?*' reads the caption on a photo in **DWM** 314 – and, after reading Benjamin Cook's interview with Dan and Nev in that issue, my answer is "Definitely not!" Freedman's attitude is riddled with contradictions. He says that the only way is to go forward, yet the first thing he does is bring back Sylvester and Sophie! He repeats the old chestnut about the "flop" McGann movie – and, when picked up on this, offers the frankly bizarre suggestion that it was only watched "because it was *Doctor Who*"! What would he have preferred it to be? *EastEnders in Time?* As for the breathtaking arrogance in the phrase, "The moment I get it, I think people will stop whining" ... Words fail me! One can only hope that Mark Gatiss and Gareth Roberts' proposal will be seen by the BBC before they reach Freedman's!

MATTHEW PARKER
SHEFFIELD

I am at a loss to imagine just what a *Doctor Who* TV series would be like with Dan Freedman at the helm. His notion that the next Doctor should not be McGann, but McGann could be a "later" incarnation is laughable! Nine million of us saw McCoy regenerate into McGann! To arrogantly dismiss the TV Movie, pretending that it didn't happen, is an insult to all those that worked on it, all those that watched it, and all those that have produced, read and listened to the continuing adventures of the Eighth Doctor. Sorry, Dan, but my money's on Gatiss and Roberts to bring it back. As long as Tubbs is the new companion!

MARK EDWARDS
VIA E-MAIL

Backside revolution

There's been a lot of talk recently – since 1989, in fact – about bringing *Doctor Who* back to television. **DWM** has devoted plenty of pages to the opinions of many so-called '*Who* experts'. Well, I'm sorry, but I wouldn't let most of these people within a stone's throw of new *Doctor Who!* The mind boggles with what might be on offer. It seems to be a choice between totally up-your-own-backside continuity or totally-up-your--own-backside 'radical originality'. If the BBC do eventually get round to commissioning a new series, I think they could do no worse than ask the team behind the comic strip in **DWM**. Look at Scott Gray and Lee Sullivan's latest epic, *Children of the Revolution!* Well-paced, genuine cliffhangers, quirky, no unnecessary scene-setting, flawless characterisation, old villains with a new twist ... The big question is, when are you guys putting in *your* tender to the BBC?

NICK MAYS
DONCASTER

Children of the Revolution is fantastic! I sat at Chester Train Station Cafe flicking through **DWM** 312 after a hectic shopping trip, coming to the cliffhanger page all I could say was "Oh no!" I think the other people sat near me were left wondering what the "Oh no!" was for, but hey – it's the Daleks! They're back! And they're in colour! Love the purple ones! Am I right in thinking that it's going to be bye-bye Izzy, hello Alison?

RYAN HALL
VIA E-MAIL

You may well think that. We couldn't possibly comment.

How tickled I'm not

I noticed an item in the *Daily Mail* of 12 February that may deserve wider attention. A 'well-placed source' at the BBC has allegedly disclosed that Ken Dodd will be the next Doctor if the show is revived on television – a prospect that left me feeling less than tatifilarious! I am well aware of the rumour mill currently operating at fill tilt, but this latest absurdity made my blood run cold! I feel confident that Doddy isn't the 'older Doctor' that Dan Freedman already has in mind [see **DWM** 314] – but, given my faith in the Beeb's ability to get *Doctor Who* catastrophically wrong, I still fear that one day someone disastrously unsuitable will be cast as the Doctor. Jimmy Tarbuck as the Master, anyone?

SEAN RYAN
CORNWALL

God save the Queen

I have just read the interview with Henry Lincoln in **DWM** 314. Although he is frustrated at how he has been treated by the BBC, Henry comes across as an intelligent man, who puts forward reasonable arguments. I can well imagine readers nodding in sympathy at the poor practices of the BBC – and so, as someone who spent some time working in the BBC payments department, I think it only fair to put across the other side of the argument. Henry bemoans that repeat fees aren't sent to him until after the broadcast "because the Queen might die" – but no payment would have been due had the broadcast not gone ahead. And the Queen's death is only an example – an over-running sports event, a major news story or any number of unexpected events could prevent a broadcast from going ahead. Masses of cheques are sent out on a daily basis, so it's not as if there is some lengthy delay in paying what is due. To suggest that cheques could be prepared and then destroyed is nonsense. The same number of cheques would still have to be issued – but, if one programme was cancelled, some poor sod would have to sort through hundreds of cheques to track down all payments relevant to that programme. Imagine the time spent tracing cheques, tearing them up, amending computer records ...

As for Henry's claims that nobody contacted him to negotiate a fee when a 1956 programme of his was repeated ... In my experience, repeat fees were specified on the contract that was signed at the time. There is a time limit for repeat fees, but a special unit was set up to renegotiate fees for out-of-time programmes with Equity. If Henry was not happy with this arrangement, he should have taken up the issue with Equity, rather than wasting the time of some poor BBC clerk. I don't believe the BBC are perfect, but I would hate **DWM** readers to have a biased view of the Corporation without hearing both sides of the story first.

JEFF ARNOLD
ESSEX

DWM always strives to present a balanced argument, Jeff, so we're grateful for your insights. Oh, and for those of you wondering, Mr Lincoln did get his missing K9 chesspiece in the end. Bless!

We also heard from ...

Kate Griffiths ("You are *so* right! David Dickinson is the Doctor!"); **Gary Aster** (defending Tolkien from the Watcher); **Andrew Smith** ("*The Ratings War* is is the most exciting audio drama since *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*"); **Ian Joseph Mugan** ("Beep the Meep's voice bears an uncanny resemblance to that of former Tory leader William Hague"); **Scott Thomson** (who thinks that *Children of the Revolution* Part Two provided "the best cliffhanger in the history of *Doctor Who* – ever!"); **David Elvy** ("Creaky black-and-white images kept my son engaged for a couple of hours. No mean feat!"); **Owen Williams** ("Dapol's whole range was a total embarrassment! I for one won't miss them. Maybe someone classier will pick up the licence – Duplo, perhaps?"); **Dave Madeley** (who'll be pleased that another Special is planned for later this year); **Anthony Roberts** ("Why does Peter Davison hate Adric so?"); **Tony White** ("Scott Gray is a genius!" – well *he* likes to think so, Tony); **Mark Egerton** (no plans for more binders – sorry!); **Alan Palmer** ("I need help?"); and many more ...

NEXT ISSUE

Licence denied!

David Howe's acclaimed history of Virgin Books' *New Adventures* comes to an end as the company sends the Seventh Doctor home and gets the Eighth's novel innings off to a flying start ...

The fall guy!

He might jump off a tall building! Or crash a brand-new car! 'Cos he's the unknown stuntman, made Pertwee such a star! Read all about HAVOC founder Derek Ware's daring exploits in the next issue of **DWM**. A-hey-hey!

Flipper!

He's been UNIT's Sergeant Zbrigniev and given voice to the Sixth Doctor's penguin pal. Now actor Robert Jezek speaks to **DWM** ... if Frobisher will let him get a word in edgeways ...

Boooom!

Surrender to me what is mine by right of conquest! Give me a bumper-sized *Archive* on Season 26-opener *Battlefield!* A-ha-ha-haaaaaa!

Plus

The Watcher returns! The shocking climax to *Children of the Revolution!* More Skarosian scariness as we preview *The Time of the Daleks!* And plenty of other marvellous stuff!

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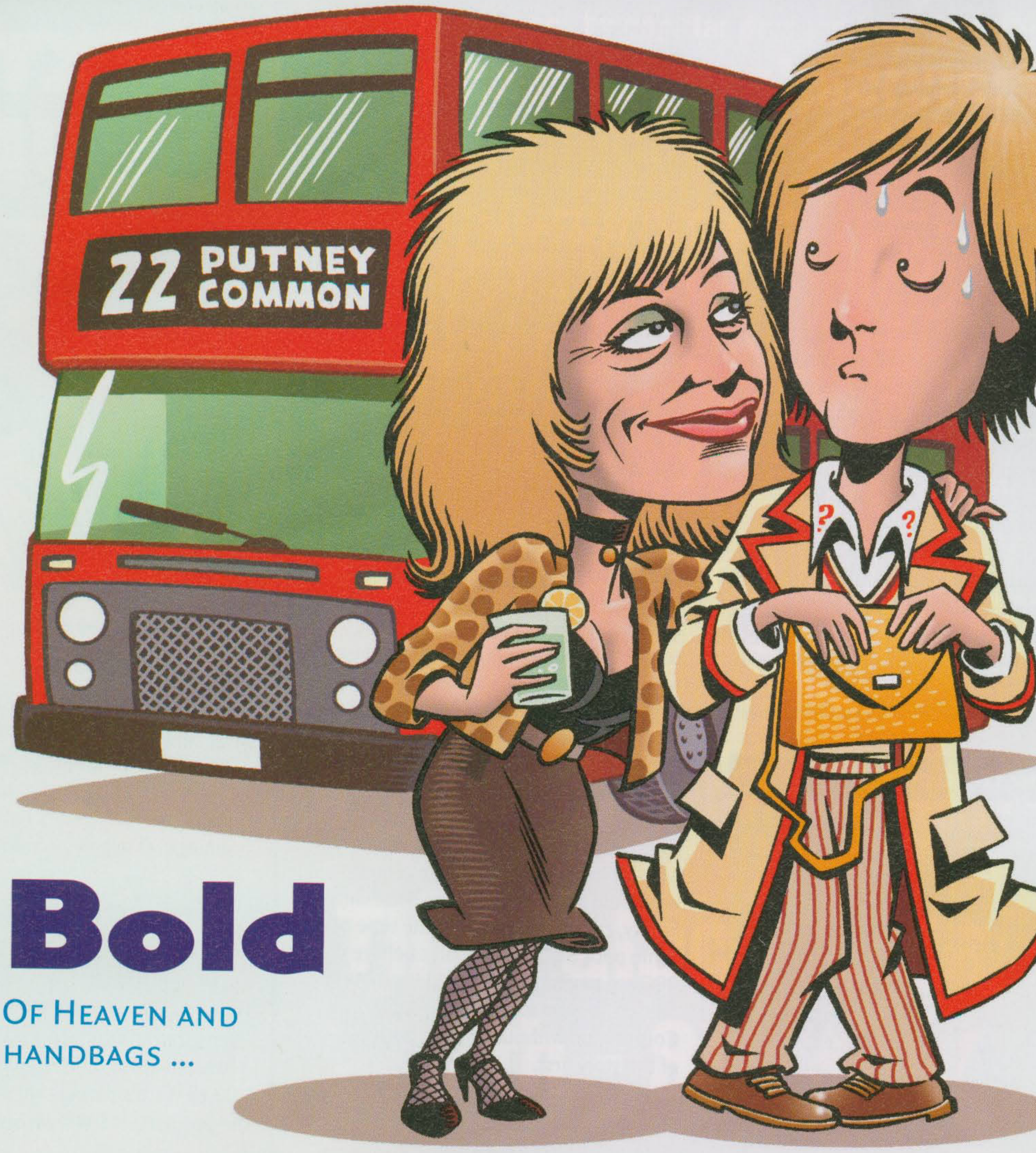


Bold

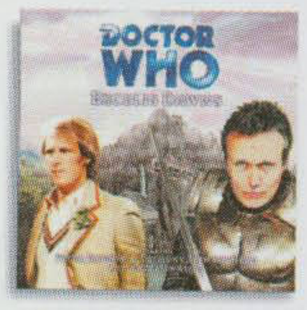
Of Heaven and handbags ...

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

It's Doctor Who Magazine's policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!

DOCTOR WHO: EXCELIS DAWNS

AUDIO DRAMA Big Finish
AUTHOR Paul Magrs
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 63 7



For *Doctor Who* listeners more than most, 2002 will be the year of Iris – a game old bird with a memory like a sieve, who can nevertheless remember what she likes when there's a bottle of gin handy. Book-lovers will already be familiar with her, but now she's being opened up to a whole new audience in another medium. It seems she was a bit of a goer in her youth, when she did, to be honest, look very different. The love of her life is a rather timid, studious sort, and only seems to manage about one word to her dozen. But wonderful as is cinema's celebration of Iris Murdoch, it's high time to stop drawing fatuous parallels and concentrate on the audio début of Iris Wildthyme.

The Fifth Doctor desperately needs a hen to peck him and Katy Manning's Iris does him wonders

Excelis Dawns superficially sees Big Finish repeat last year's *Dalek Empire* format – four linked one-act plays, distinct from the core *Doctor Who* range, made more tempting by the shrewd redeployment of a well-known telefantasy lead. Post-facto narration ties events together, but there the similarity ends – very entertainingly – as *Dawns'* narrator, Lord Grayvorn, is repeatedly interrupted by the Doctor, dragging him back from his exposition into the drama.

Not surprisingly, given writer Paul Magrs' love of her, Iris dominates this first installment. The Doctor's old flame from Magrs' printed work is instantly recognisable from life – she's your naughty aunt who seems to have so much more fun than your Mum and Dad, serves sherry to seven year olds, and pinches waiters' bums. I always thought Liz Smith (*The Royle Family*'s Nana) would have made a fantastic Iris, but Katy Manning, discarding Jo Grant's breathless girlishness, brings an even more vibrant femininity to the role, sporting a broad accent from (by charitable triangulation) somewhere near Wigan. As a distorted mirror image of the Doctor, she's spot on, with incongruous youthful displays of emotion echoing his earlier incarnations' occasional childishness. Her amnesia at the outset corresponds to the BBC Books Eighth Doctor's loss of self, and her constant allusions to the past, are more than a match for numbers three, four and six – The Bluff Doctors.

But it's number five, The Hurt Doctor, who she plays against here, and in so doing allows Peter Davison to recreate his television performance perfectly. This man about the TARDIS desperately needs a hen to peck him, and when he arrives at the convent and realises exactly who the lively character in the habit is, Peter Davison utters his finest two words for Big Finish to date; an utterly characteristic sigh of "On no!". Once again, planted in the right conditions, this most delicate of Doctors has blossomed.

Excelis Dawns can be taken as an abridged version of Magrs' *The Scarlet Empress*, as, like that novel, it is predicated largely around the famous paraphrase "It is better to travel hopefully than arrive". *The Five Doctors* has clearly made a big impression on him, and this is another gratuitous tale of motley adventurers being reunited in some silly quest. Iris again alludes to her own low-budget escapade in the Death Zone – but when the Doctor recalls his, it is with the haunting observation of something we previously weren't supposed to admit – that his earlier selves all looked older. The perspective of hindsight grants a similar profoundness to the Doctor's explanation of his caution; the death of his fourth self, and then of Adric have tempered his recklessness. Why couldn't he have been this eloquent on television?

As the only person in the world not to avidly follow *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, I had no particular expectation of Anthony Stewart Head here, other than irritability from all that coffee. On paper, the character of Lord Grayvorn invites a performer to simply do a Brian Blessed; give it loads and to hell with the consequences. That would be utterly embarrassing, and Head commendably avoids temptation, giving a balanced performance that makes Greyvorn simultaneously an identifiable character and someone who can declare his occupation as "warlord" with a straight face.

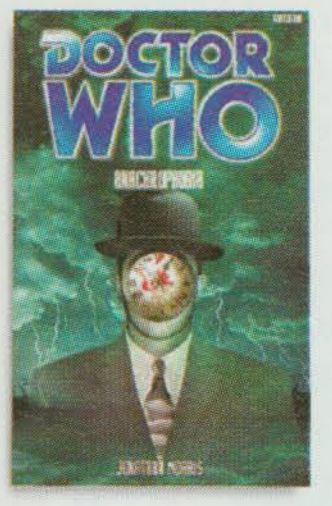
There's something terribly romantic about an endless universe in which travellers' paths nevertheless cross with cosy regularity, and this bittersweet romanicism tinges the whole production. Although often light-hearted, it is by no means flippant, and also manages to be unexpectedly thought-provoking – towards the end, one is shocked to realise that what appeared to be formulaic whimsy is in fact central to the plot of not just this but presumably the rest of the Excelis sequence. How, exactly, did all of the afterlife get into Iris' handbag? How has it been on the mountain for so long? And what are the nuns up to? It just goes to show – you should never trust anyone with a habit. Dave Owen

Nightmarish

TIMELY HORROR STORY WHICH MIGHT LEAVE YOU TICKED OFF ...

DOCTOR WHO: ANACHROPHOBIA

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Jonathan Morris
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0563 538 50 3



It's odd that, for a TV series that featured time travel as its key concept, the actual number of *Doctor Who* serials directly concerned with time can be counted on the fingers of a Sontaran's hand. In comparison, the novels have been far less reluctant to experiment with temporal paradoxes, anomalies and stories set in more than one time zone. But even given this, Jonathan Morris' first book, *Festival of Death*, stood out because of its astonishingly intricate and non-linear storyline.

Those expecting more of the same from *Anachrophobia* are going to be disappointed. Once again, time plays a major part in proceedings, but aside from the thematic link of characters trying to change events in their own pasts, the books are worlds apart in tone; *Anacrophobia* is a much darker affair, abandoning Williams-era wit in favour of the doomier style of Hinchcliffe.

The plot revolves around an apparently never-ending war between the Plutocrats, rapacious capitalists, and their enemies the Defaulters. Both sides have resorted to the use of chrononium, an unlikely element able to accelerate or slow down time. Unfortunately, the experiments go wrong and the Plutocrats release an Evil-From-Beyond-Time that has the rather surreal effect of turning people into walking clocks! Having been captured by the 'Plutos' and taken to their underground bunker, the Doctor and co find themselves engaged in a deadly game of hide-and-seek with the watchmen.

Nightmarish gothic surrealism and a worthy (and successful) attempt to recapture that traditional *Who* horror of alien possession make the best parts of the novel something to savour. Morris perfectly evokes a funereal atmosphere, and the fear that something terrible might be lurking behind the very next bend in the corridor – and because the characters are genuinely frightened by the watchmen, not blasé and wisecracking as they usually are in what passes for 'scary' fiction these days, some of that tension and terror passes to the reader.

Sadly, however, a story based on *Alien*-style chills doesn't translate well to the printed page and, once the reader gets over the lovely idea of clock-faced monsters, there's not a lot to hold the attention for the rest of the novel. Like travelling backwards in time, the middle of the book becomes an uphill struggle as our heroes enter a cycle of hiding, getting discovered and running away. Things do pick up towards the climax, as events threaten to spiral out of control and the Doctor, at his most Doctorish, brilliantly overcomes the threat of becoming a watchman himself by doing something very clever indeed. Even so, it's difficult to shake the sense that Morris has done a Chris Bidmead: by savagely cutting back the humour, he succeeds in creating great atmosphere at the expense of entertainment, rather than trying to aim for a happy medium.

Further problems arise given that none of the guest cast, from the corpulent Sir Humphrey -style civil servant to the callous double agent, are remotely likeable. The point being made here is that capitalism dehumanises through its tendency to view people as resources that are either viable or unprofitable. That may be true, but it makes it difficult to sympathise with any of these unattractive characters. Fortunately, the regulars are more charismatic than ever, and there is a definite sense that Morris has rounded them out, whether it's through Fitz's regret over his Captain Kirk-esque terminal effect on alien babes, Anji's guilt about betraying the Doctor, or the Doctor's fears of his new-found humanity. The latter, and the book's emphasis on unlicensed time travel and dangerous creatures lurking in the post-Gallifrey universe, reinforces *Anachrophobia*'s place in the unfolding series of Eighth Doctor adventures.

Morris abandons Williams-era wit for Hinchcliff-era horror

The sense of an emerging bigger picture is reinforced by the conclusion of the book; redolent of one of those open-ended episodes of *Babylon 5*, where satisfactory resolutions are replaced by a single, jaw-dropping revelation and a host of unanswered questions. It makes for a good cliffhanger, but a slightly glib conclusion to what, despite its flaws, is an intriguing, well-written book.

Matt Michael

Ornamental

HORTICULTURAL ADVENTURE PLANTED IN A WILTING PLOT

DOCTOR WHO: PALACE OF THE RED SUN

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Christopher Bulis
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0563 538 48 X

There's a royal knockout on Esselven – and it's not Stuart Hall's! *Palace of the Red Sun* starts out like a pastiche of English history. A 'Protector' – chuckling tyrant Glavis Judd – has usurped Esselven's throne, forcing its Imperial family to flee – but Christopher Bulis' Sixth Doctor novel isn't so easily predicted. Where, you may ask, in the English Civil War, does a talking teddy bear come in?

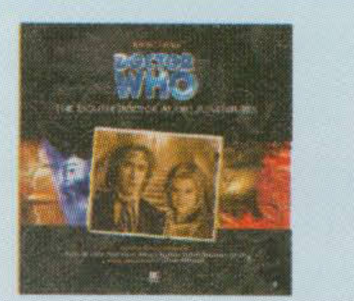
In fact, Bulis' story isn't really about Cromwellian politics at all, but a kingdom's quest to find its roots. Who really runs the show? Who is the power behind Esselven's throne? The action shifts to the planetoid Aldermar, a Balmoral-style royal retreat with ornamental gardens that sprawl over most of its surface. Bulis admits his setting came first – perhaps why Aldermar boasts more atmosphere than plot. The gardens aren't particularly alien – nothing you wouldn't see in any stately home – but all the same, Bulis sells them like a journalist from *Home and Garden*, enthusing over the privets and blooms with the same botanical fervour he displayed in *Imperial Moon*. The gardens are home to the dapper teddy – Boots, as he's called – where, with the nursery-rhyme-tastic Luci Longlocks, he lives out a Lewis Carroll-like existence. Bulis is keen for us to recognise this storybook quality – Peri observes the 'Wonderland' similarity herself, and later, like Alice, she falls down a hole. Boots and Longlocks are clearly fun to write, and a few more like them might have quickened the book's rather lazy pace, but they don't seem quite as weird as they should; neither have they any satirical bite to reassure the reader that their appearances in the story aren't just twee and meaningless.

Bulis' story improves the nearer we get to the Palace of the title. The Doctor and Peri take different routes, both hooking up with a temporary companion. Peri lands the dull company of a jungle boy, whose tribe, the Scavengers, live outside of the gardens. The Doctor gets the better deal, playing mentor to the gently philosophical robot gardener, Green-8. Disguised as a robot himself, the two make a good double-act, though by writing the Doctor without his usual pompousness, Bulis misses a chance to make him the C3PO of the pairing.

The best character turns out to be the book's fairytale princess, introduced as the petulant and the uninterested focus of a love triangle. She's in the grand tradition of put-upon and put-out young storybook royalty. "Why can life not be more like the story books?" she says, as if it's escaped her that such princesses are very rarely happy. Bulis' princess grows

Also released

BY VANESSA BISHOP



MUSIC FROM THE EIGHTH DOCTOR AUDIO ADVENTURES

Big Finish, £13.99

Time hangs heavy around this, the fourth release of Big Finish music. When these volumes started, it took 70 minutes to cover four stories; this double-disc set takes two hours. Collecting together the first run of Eighth Doctor adventures means that it's the first such release to mix composers, so it has variety on its side – but despite markedly different styles, the character and personality of each piece is sorely tried by the sheer amount of material offered. Too many monotonous passages stretch out and go nowhere. There's good work here, but the indulgent presentation does it no favours.

Both *Storm Warning*'s Alistair Lock and *Sword of Orion*'s Nicholas Briggs aim for a cinematic feel to their scores. They achieve it, but not without the music feeling more overworked than usual. There's something silly in the pretence that these Eighth Doctor adventures should sound like movies. They're not! The last time I queued to see *Doctor Who* at the cinema, I caught an old Peter Cushing film. Movie scores are all-encompassing, science-fiction ones in particular. Lock's might fit a George Lucas film, but grand and majestic though it is, it's about as *Doctor Who* as the theme to *Neighbours*. Briggs's composition does mine greater menace, but it still should sound more intimate than it does.

Distorted guitar lends William Allen's *Minuet in Hell* the feel of a rock musical, complete with cheesy pastiche to relieve the tempo. *The Stones of Venice* composer, Russell Stone, easily had the best play to work with – melodramatic, and camp as Christmas. The city of art, music and carnival sees the composer spoilt for musical motifs; his bizarre *Ducal Hoofers* cutting in like an intro from an old Noël Coward track. Add themes for a curse, a mad priest and web-footed gondoliers, and Stone punts off with the least repetitive score of the set.

to mistrust her world, which, late in the day, makes the book feel less superficial. Eventually revealing the rotten heart of Esselven's power, *Palace of the Red Sun* swerves away from panto and becomes an Orwellian thriller, where questions are frowned upon and truth is hidden.

Much of the book feels like it's been lifted from various TV stories

It's a shame that the change is such a long time coming. The novel's sunny mood takes a strong hold; it's leisurely, comfortable, and a mite too familiar. There's rarely a part of the book that doesn't feel like something else, or remind us of ideas already tackled by TV *Doctor Who*; *The Androids of Tara* did royalty and robots and, towards the end, the novel begins to feel very reminiscent of *Castrovalva*. Even the slow trek to the Palace is like a summery *The Five Doctors*. The surprise revelations are there – the old video message that explains away much of the story is a powerful moment, as is the author's trademark final twist – but overall it lacks threat, without either *Imperial Moon*'s sense of adventure, or the edginess that made *City at World's End*. Judd, the character we start the book with and who draws much of our interest, quickly becomes a background figure; kept aboard a battle cruiser, from where he hunts the missing royals. Journalist Dexel Dynes, from Bulis' *The Ultimate Treasure*, returns to trail Judd's journey for a press exclusive, but feels crowbarred in.

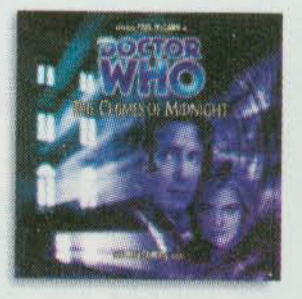
Although *Palace of the Red Sun* eventually takes on some deeper meaning, just like those who live in Aldermar's gardens, it never really escapes its fairytale confines. VANESSA BISHOP

Terrifying

For Who the bell tolls ...

DOCTOR WHO: THE CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT

AUDIO DRAMA Big Finish
AUTHOR Robert Shearman
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 58 0

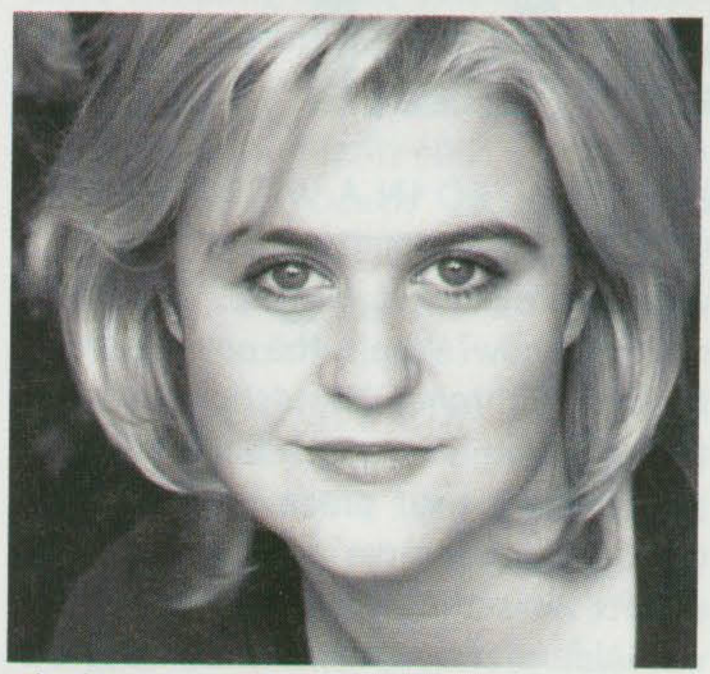


Central Television's *Sapphire and Steel* was an all-too-brief fantasy adventure series about two 'time detectives' who appeared in lonely places to deal with time gone awry. These were not President Hitler or Rome Never Fell scenarios, you understand, but personal curses involving tormented souls reliving tragedies or trapped in surreal domestic prisons. For all of *Doctor Who*'s supposed sense of terror, *Sapphire and Steel* far outstripped it by depicting nightmare situations one could not run away from – and merely recalling its cliffhangers still brings me out in goose pimples. *Doctor Who* came close a few times – with *Inside the Spaceship*'s melting clocks, *The Space Museum*'s time anomaly and *Carnival of Monsters*' selectively amnesiac 1920s specimens, for example, but these are merely tantalising glimpses of a what a series putatively concerning time travel could – and perhaps *should* – have been more like. *The Chimes of Midnight* is a proud homage to *Sapphire and Steel*, and proves what a good idea this is by being far and away the scariest release from Big Finish so far.

As the Doctor and Charley arrive in darkness and she uses her remaining senses to determine where they are, one is reminded of Joanna Lumley's Sapphire in communion with David McCallum's Steel. They are radically different characters, though – Paul McGann, far from barking orders, adopts a slippery *modus operandi*, half-falling into the expectations of those around him. And India Fisher, unburdened by aloof detachment, becomes more concerned as the story progresses, and follows skillfully the narrow course between being a typical member of the 1930s gentry – and therefore quite unlikable – and being one of the show's somewhat embarrassing glut of too-good-to-be-true liberals.

Author Robert Shearman astutely gives the listener some thinking to do. Pay attention in the opening installment, and it becomes evident that the time travellers are occupying the same rooms in the house at the same time as the other characters, yet they do not meet one another. Working this out for oneself is far more unsettling than being told it. It's also satisfying, for example, to pre-empt the Doctor's observation that the murder victims have been dispatched in a manner in keeping with each's profession. The mystery, both fascinating and disturbing to a rational mind, is admittedly more satisfying than its solution, which perhaps owes too much to the author's previous *The Holy Terror*.

The series' norms are dramatically subverted here – rather than being driven to stay by a sense of curiosity or moral obligation, the Doctor is all for getting away from the house as soon as possible. When he does attempt to leave, at the end of Part Three, it's obvious he won't succeed (not least because there's another episode to go), but his failure powerfully confirms the feeling that no-one has ever been upstairs in this house, let alone outside. Assuming there even *is* an outside ... And this must surely be the first time ever in *Doctor Who* that our heroes have been found standing over a fresh corpse and been hailed as sleuths rather than framed as suspects!



Charley: too good to be true? © LB Photography

I was led astray by the rationale of the house's maids and chauffeur – that they are nothing. This, combined with the Stoppardian dialogue which has them questioning the date, their circumstances, their culpability, even their very existence, made me suspect they were merely artifacts, but all are real enough for the macabre humour surrounding their deaths to be quite shocking.

Russell Stone's music carries tension magnificently and the rising chorus at the end of each episode evokes a nightmare sense that something awful is going to happen. When the Doctor speaks to Charley of a force letting them into its time continuum, the music groans and contorts, emphasising sheer *wrongness*. And then, when the chimes of the title do arrive, they are terrifying. I'm unsure why chiming bells should be a trigger for fear in us, but they are – from *Doctor Who*'s own cloister bell to the sonorous clanging that once accompanied Vic Reeves' giant-headed Lloyd Grossman. The stakes are raised further as Charley is drawn into the time loop within the house, and it becomes apparent that she is personally linked to the tragic situation. In fiction, terror is more eloquent when paired with misery as well, and there is suffering aplenty in the wretched life of Edith the scullery maid, at the very bottom of a below-stairs hierarchy every bit as rigid as that of her masters. Poignant musical cues demonstrate her sadness, which manifests throughout the house, and the final battle of wills is accompanied by a moving theme that ensures that the production communicates emotionally as least as well as it does intellectually.

Chimes is a proud homage to the terrors of Sapphire and Steel

Casting and performance are never less than ideal, with Paul McGann now routinely offering far more texture and zest than he did on screen, Lennox Greaves making Shaughnessy a memorably cruel butler, and the remainder of the domestics giving the cast of *Gosford Park* a run for their money. *The Chimes of Midnight* is blatant in its allusions, but it would be churlish to hold this against it when the end result is so wonderfully distinctive. In conception and realisation, this is as perfect as *Doctor Who* has ever been. Dave Owen

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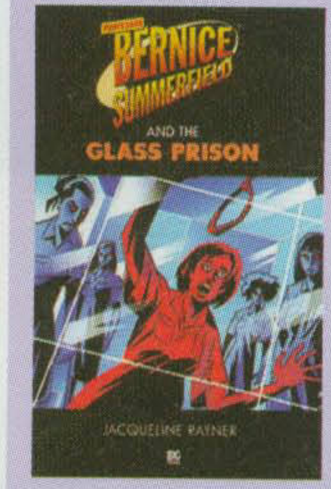

PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD AND THE GLASS PRISON

Big Finish, £6.99

The Glass Prison may be the last Benny book, save a tenth anniversary anthology in September – and if so, Benny goes out banged up. In two senses ...

Heavily pregnant, and doing porridge in Deirbhile's notorious Glass Prison for flying her craft into private air-space, Benny might think life couldn't get more uncomfortable. But after 29 solo novels, she should know better. There's a murderer loose, and despite the see-through prison, nobody knows who it is. With threats on her life, Benny also has reason to fear for her child, whose birth is awaited by two groups – a fanatical cult, who have proclaimed the baby as their prophesised saviour, and the military Fifth Axis, who just want it dead.

Jac Rayner swaps *The Squire's Crystal*'s broad comedy for a taunt 'whodunit' that's strong in gore and brutality; a scene where a mob rip another inmate apart being the height of its gruesome detail. We're spared nothing of Benny's condition either. *The Glass Prison* is the total 'having a baby' experience, from the emotional and physical strain to the importance of choosing the right name. Benny's adventures have always been a blend of her professional and personal life. We guested at her wedding; now, privy to another life-changing moment, we get more intimate than ever before. At least we're spared the pushing – Benny has a caesarean.

Rayner's humour and quirky characterisation isn't entirely absent in prison. Off-the-wall observations and Benny's darting psychology glimmer through; Benny misses shaving her legs, looking at the other women prisoners with "you'd think we were in a forest of hobbits". Rayner writes this Benny in the first person and it confirms that, though she wasn't Benny's creator, no-one quite balances her ironic and genuine qualities so well.

So for now, we leave Benny in print, enjoying motherhood and freedom – and fervently hope Rayner will let Lisa Bowerman join in the fun by scripting her an audio adventure very soon ...

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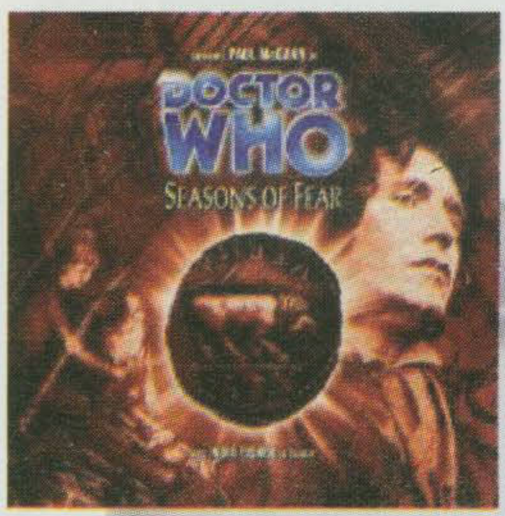

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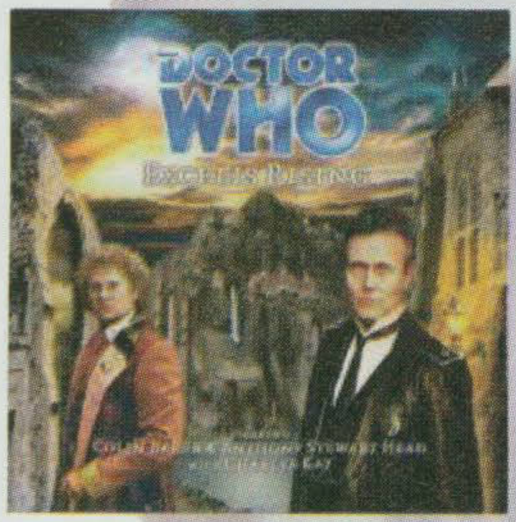

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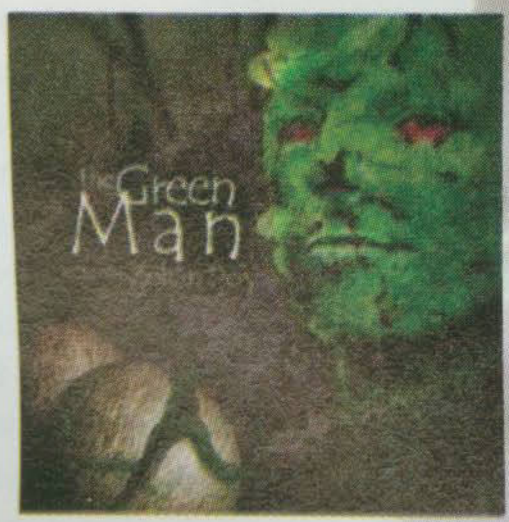

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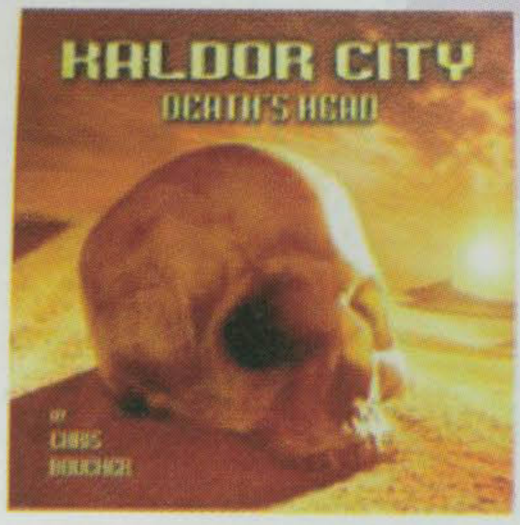

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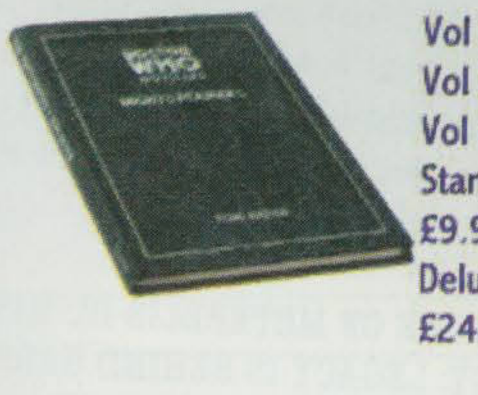

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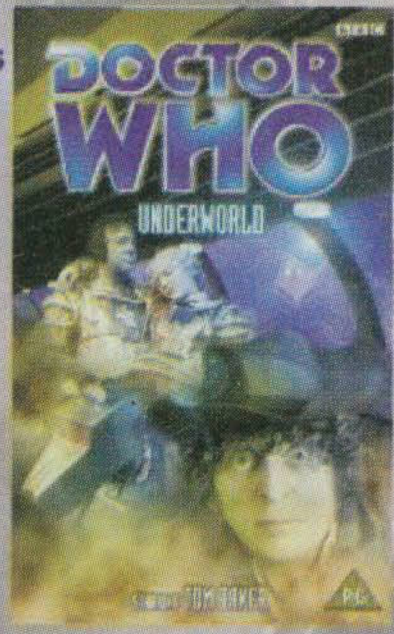

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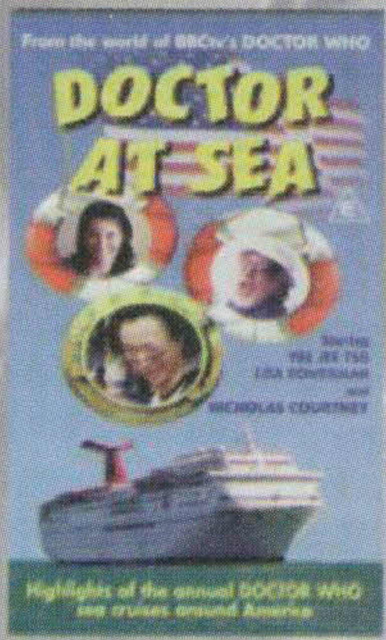

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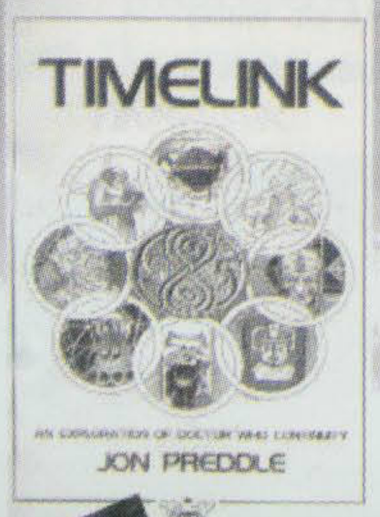

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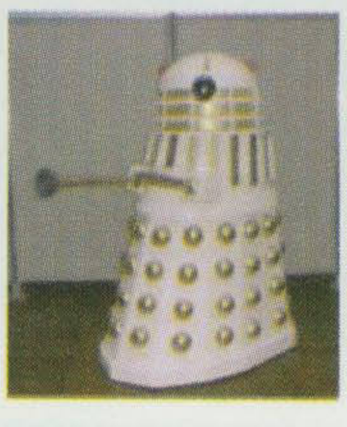

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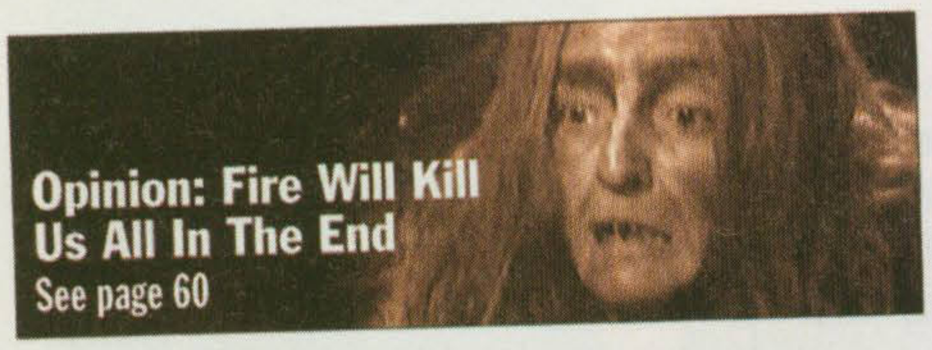
Opinion: Fire Will Kill Us All In The End
See page 60

Panic As Final McGann Photo Used
See page 95

Weekly Readers 'Ugly'
See STYLE, page 58

Space-Time Telegraph

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ISSUE 1 APRIL 2002

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INSIDE

Woman Wakes From 32-Year Long Coma Desperate To See End Of 'Ambassadors Of Death'

Krankies Sign To Star In McCoy/Aldred Biog TV Movie

Lawrence Miles Trapped In 'Last Who Book' Occlusion

Ratings Error Shock!

'Battlefield' Actually Seen, Enjoyed By 31 Million

IN A STUNNING REVELATION, the BBC have confirmed that 1989's season opener 'Battlefield' achieved not only the highest ratings ever enjoyed by 'Dr Who' but the highest ratings ever achieved by the BBC. A computer error has been blamed for the mistake which led directly to the cancellation of fresh, ever-vibrant 'Dr Who' and the continuation of tired, flagging ITV soap 'The Coronation Street'.

In the light of this revelation, Channel 4's 'Top 100 Classic TV Moments' has now been re-edited for its repeat screening. Host Graham Norton has recorded new links, which see Classic Moment 3 – 'Del Boy Falls Through Counter' – replaced by Part Two's tense encounter between Morgaine and the Brigadier; "Ah! A warrior no less – how goes the day?" and Classic Moment 2 – 'Student Climbs On Tank During Massacre In Tiananmen Square' – replaced by the Doctor's powerful address in Part Four, "There will be no battle here!"

A **Space-Time Telegraph** straw poll of passers-by our offices confirmed the BBC's findings. Every one of the huge audience, it seems, has their favourite classic 'Battlefield' memory. In the words of the Knight Commander – "Magnificent!"

'I loved it when the devious Seventh Doctor used his mysterious powers to 'zzzz' Mordred's bonce.'

'What about when Bessie took off like a lightning flash in front of the startled Ace and Shou Yuing? Really effective.'

Above: The cast of 'Battlefield' smile, secure in the knowledge that 31 million viewers can't be wrong.

'I wept like a new-born babe when the Doctor fears that Hace has become the Destroyer's handmaiden – in Hell-ll-ll!!! For emotional impact, it was right up there with 'Metrosexuality''

BBC examines 'bids' for new Who!

THE BBC HAVE CONFIRMED that right now, someone could possibly be preparing to maybe bring back 'Dr Who'! Yes, Gallifrey Guardian headlines such as "No News Yet!" and "Still No News!" could soon possibly be a thing of the past. So far, **Space-Time Telegraph** has learnt of three rival bids which might see the return of the Time Lord but probably not.

BID 1: DAN FREEDMAN

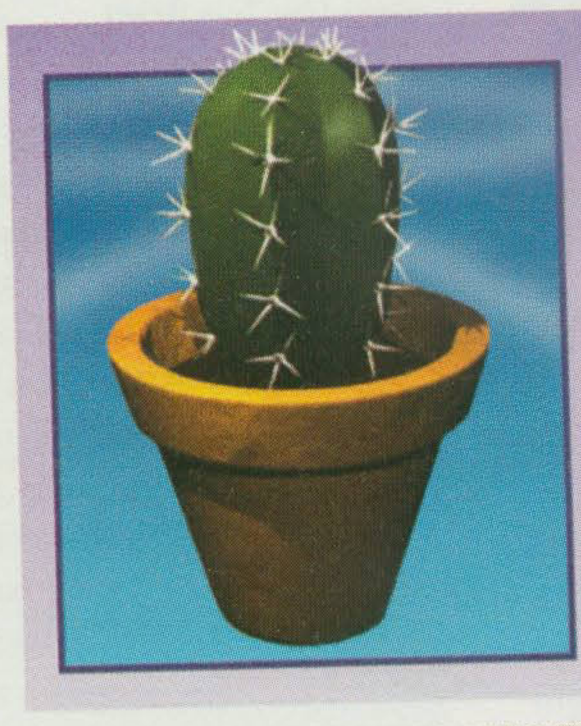
Radio producer Freedman's proposal promises "no continuity", "no concessions to the fan audience", and "absolutely not made by fans for fans". The series will tell the story of how the Doctor and his companions fight the Daleks, who have allied themselves with a corrupt alternative High Council of the Time Lords, the Valeyard, Barbara and Kroll, and guest appearances will be made by stars like James Bree, Michael Sheard, Paul Darrow, Peter Miles and someone out of 'Buffy' possibly. Production could doubtless begin any moment now.

BID 2: MARK GATISS & GARETH ROBERTS

Tune in every week for twenty-five minutes of BAFTA-winning horror and badly structured fun. The 'handsome twosome' promise wildly varied settings for the TARDIS's many materialisations; but usually it will be a strange, isolated English village or a generic space station full of brightly-lit corridors. A fresh new Noughties look for the show is promised, which will be remarkably similar to 1978's 'The Stones of Blood'.

BID 3: RUSSELL T DAVIES

'An Adventure in Manchester and Time' is the subtitle for Davies's bid, as a Waterstones bookshop in Deansgate becomes the setting for an epic battle between the Doctor and some woman who was in 'Casualty'. The action then shifts to the Master's TARDIS, cunningly disguised as a gay club in Canal Street. The Master's plan is to financially screw over the poor Northern workers at a Rusholme textiles factory in a manner worthy of a contemporary 'Play for Today'. Davies guarantees the audience two emotional 'Kleenex' moments – and another kind of 'Kleenex' moment altogether – in every deftly humorous forty-minute episode. And the 'Dr Who' theme played on a glockenspiel.



Mystic Meglos

Your destiny lies in the spines of the cactoid villain...

Dear Mystic Meglos, I was born in late September 1977. What's in my stars?

Sally, Rhyll

Meglos says: *Dear Sally, You are on the cusp of the Graham Williams era, which means that you are cheap, flashy, very popular and well-remembered; but Doctor Who fans still can't bring themselves to like you, however hard they try. Your life will therefore be utterly miserable.*

Dear Mystic Meglos, I was born in mid-May 1971, making me a 'Colony In Space' with 'Dæmons' rising. My new wife is on the midheaven of parts two and three of 'The Time Warrior'. What are the portents for our relationship?

Paul, Stockport

Meglos says: *Dear Paul, At first glance you would seem to have little in common with your fiancée. As we Whostrologers know, those born under pseudo-historicals can be demanding, predictable and often just plain wrong. However, there is an excellent aspect between Professor Rubeish and Miss Hawthorne in your House of Eccentricity, and between Captain Dent of IMC and Hal the Archer in the House of Bad Wigs.*

MYSTIC MEGLOS'S MESSAGES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE – KANE OF SVARTOS: LOOK IN DRAGON'S HEAD FOR TREASURE ... GREAT ONE OF METEBELIS III: MISSING BLUE CRYSTAL IS ON EARTH ... LEELA OF SEVATEEM: EVIL FACE WILL BRING TRAVEL OPPORTUNITY ... DOCTOR FIVE OF GALLIFREY: LEGACY IS BEHIND HARP IN COUNCIL CHAMBER ... GARY RUSSELL OF LONDON: LEGACY IS IN REMAINDERED BOOKSHOP.

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AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT?
THIS IS NOT GOOD..."

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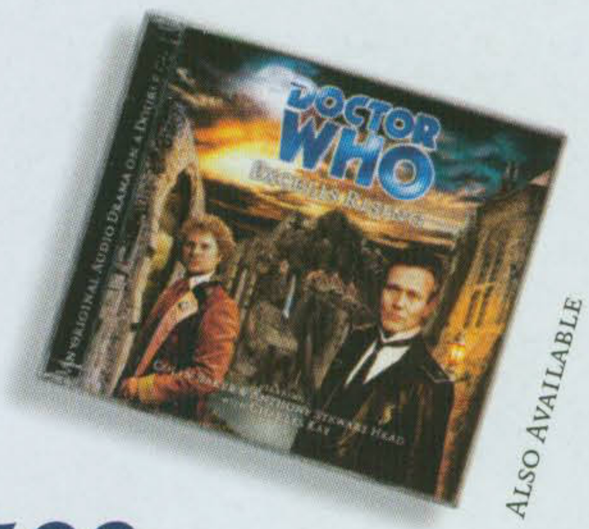

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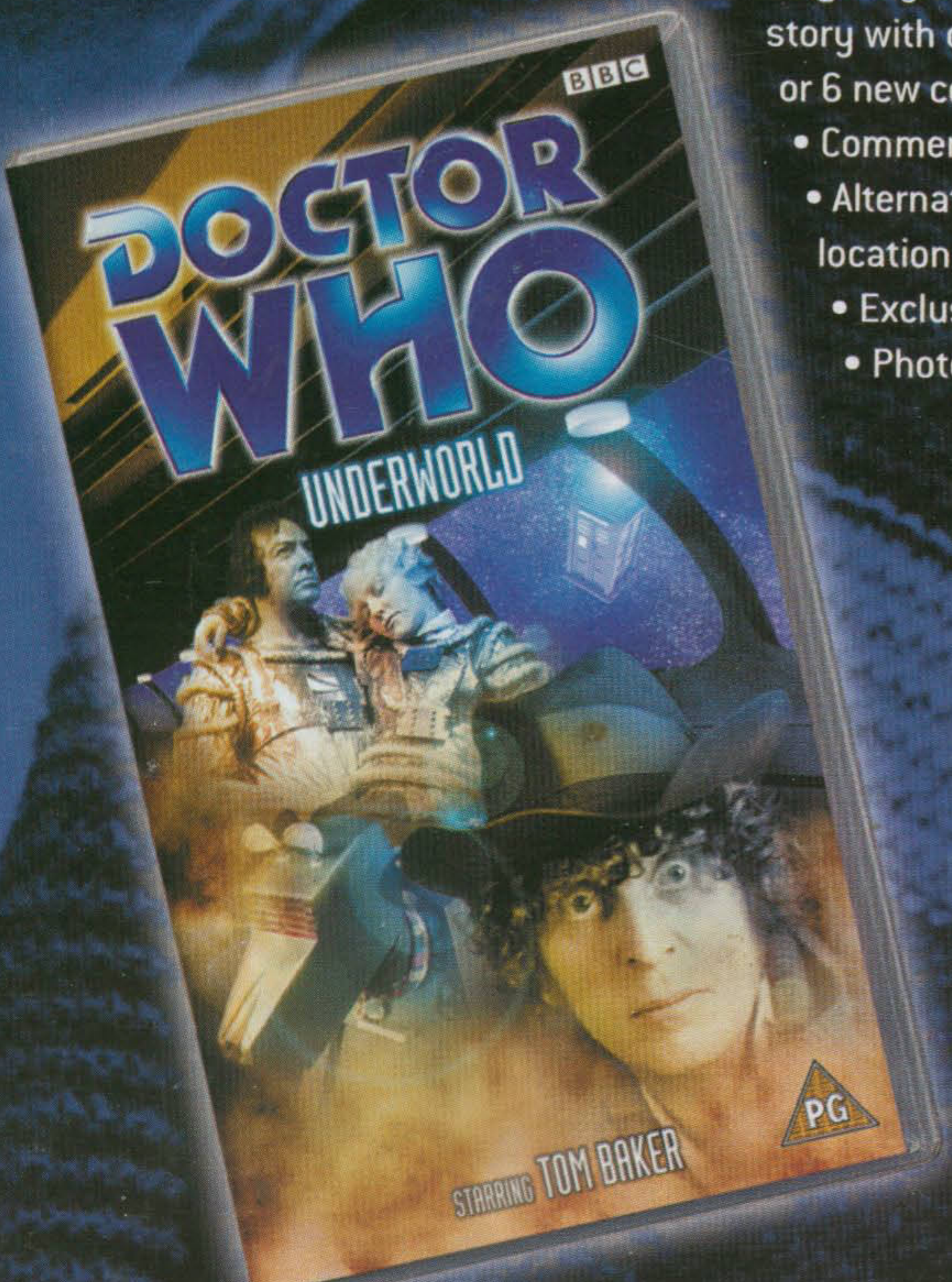

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